

TRAVELS
THROUGH ¹⁰¹⁰⁷⁹²
Holland, Germany, Switzerland,

AND
Other PARTS of EUROPE;

But especially

I T A L Y.

By the late

MONSIEUR DE BLAINVILLE,
Sometime SECRETARY to the Embassy of the STATES-GENERAL,
at the Court of Spain.

TRANSLATED from the AUTHOR's own

MANUSCRIPT,
(Never yet PUBLISHED)

By GEORGE TURNBULL, LL.D.
AND
WILLIAM GUTHRIE, Esq;

Illustrated with proper MAPS.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:

Printed by W. STRAHAN, for the PROPRIETOR; and sold by
JOHN NOON, at the *White-Hart*, near *Mercers-Chapel*, *Cheapside*; by
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Slaughter's Coffee-House, in *St. Martin's Lane*. MDCCCLIII.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

Holland, Germany, Switzerland,

AND

Other Parts of EUROPE;

Not especially

ITALY.

By the late

MONSIEUR DE BLAINVILLE,

Commissaire Secrétaire to the Faculty of the University of Paris.

in French.



TRANSLATED BY

M. A. N. U. S. C. R. I. P. T.

(Now first published)

By GEORGE TURNBULL, LL.D.

AND

WILLIAM GUTHRIE, ESQ.

Illustrated with paper Maps.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by W. Sturges, for the Proprietors, and sold by
John Noon, at the Woburn-street, near St. Martin's Church; by
R. Doolittle, at St. John's Church, in St. Martin's Lane; and at the
Shewell's, Coffee-house, in St. Martin's Lane.

NOTATION

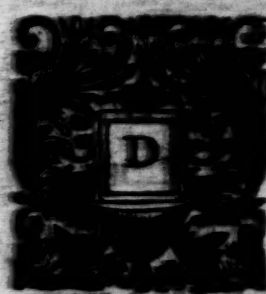
TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord **JOHN SACVILLE.**

My Lord,



Devotions to Persons distinguished by their Rank and Merit, are often intended and used by way of an innocent Stratagem to help a Work in making its way into the World: But being fully persuaded of the Excellence of this, and sure of the good Reception it would meet with from the Public without that Aid, if, I presume, my Lord, to address it to you in that Form; 'tis merely out of real Respect, and, if I may use that familiar Expression, a most tender Regard for your Lordship.

In a long continued Intimacy, which I formerly had the Honour of enjoying with your Lordship, I could not avoid discovering a great many excellent Virtues, happy Dispo-

DEDICATION.

Dispositions, both of Mind and Heart, in your way of Thinking and Behaviour; and these being since so considerably improved by constant Application, I cannot but indulge myself in the pleasure of giving this Public Testimony of my Veneration for them.

You, my Lord, have already seen several considerable Parts of *Europe*, but was interrupted from proceeding farther, by being called to the Service of the State in a double and very important Station: Your Attention to the Duties of it, may possibly never permit you to visit that Part, which is generally esteemed the most agreeable, and most useful to a Lover of Antiquity, and the polite Arts and Sciences.

The following Sheets will, I hope, my Lord, in a great Measure supply that Loss; for Monsieur *de Blainville* has been so exact, so copious in his Description of *Italy*, that I flatter myself your Lordship will be so fully satisfied with it, as perhaps not to think it worth your while to go upon the Spot and view its various Curiosities.

History and Literature were always ranked among the principal Objects of your Delight, and therefore a Work like this, consisting chiefly of such Kind of Learning, must of Course be highly acceptable to your Lordship.

But

DEDICATION.

But as a *Briton*, and a Noble *Briton*, particularly as a Member of the *British* Legislature (the great Bulwark of our Liberties) your Lordship cannot but be extremely delighted with an Author, who, though born in a Country where the natural Rights of Mankind are looked upon as a mere Chimera; yet constantly pleads in Favour of that invaluable Blessing, and most heartily deplores the hard Fate of so many Nations, as he has seen in his Progress, who groan under the Oppressions of Arbitrary Power.

As an Officer of Distinction in our Armies, your Lordship will, in all Probability, be no less pleased to find Monsieur *de Blainville* so skillful an Engineer, so expert at Fortifications, and giving the most accurate Description of every strong Place he meets with in the Course of his Travels.

May your Lordship long have it in your Power, as I am sure it is your Inclination, strenuously to serve your King and Country in both Capacities! Thus you will tread in the Steps of a long Train of noble Ancestors; but more especially will imitate the noble Example set before you by a most illustrious Father, whose Administration in several Posts of the highest Trust and Eminence; particularly in the Lord-Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, has so justly won him the Esteem, the Love, and Admiration of these three Kingdoms.

DEDICATION.

Endeavour, my Lord, by your Zeal, by your Love
for your native Country, to equal that most excellent
Model. This will lead you to Glory, and transmit your
Name with Honour to Posterity. I am with the most
profound Respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient

and

Most humble Servant,

DANIEL SOYER.

PREFACE

BY THE

EDITOR.

THIS Work lay buried in Oblivion for upwards of thirty seven Years, and without my helping Hand would, in all Probability, have been irrecoverably lost. It is therefore high Time to communicate to the Public, a Performance so useful, and, at the same time, so entertaining.

It doubtless may appear very strange, that the Author, who died but nine or ten Years ago, did not publish it himself. But after having considered very attentively a short Preface of his, (which, in my Opinion, was not material enough to be prefixed to this Work) I have sufficient Grounds to conclude, that he was restrained chiefly, on that Occasion, upon the three following Accounts.

First, by his Illnesses, which were many, long, and very grievous, especially in the last Years of his Life: So that being confined to his Apartment, and very often to his Bed, he consequently was incapable of producing and recommending his Work, in a proper Manner, to the learned World.

It appears, secondly, that, through an Excess of Modesty, he dreaded the Judgment of the Public; and that, never satisfied with what he had done, he was perpetually employed in revising and amending his Writings, and making considerable Additions to them: A noble Example indeed! and which ought to intimidate many Writers, who, with far less Capacity than our Author, have the Confidence to brave that inexorable Judge.

Lastly, I conjecture that Monsieur de Blainville was aw'd by another kind of Fear. In many Places he had spoke with an uncommon Freedom of several Persons, and those too of the highest Rank and Distinction, most of whom were living a long Time after he had ended his Travels. Now, calling to mind the extensive Power of Princes, and how ready they generally are to resent the Reflexions cast upon them by Writers, he, in all

Probability, dreaded some Storm from that Quarter: especially from *Italy*, and *Rome* in particular, whose Grandees he had often lashed, and that with the utmost Severity.

I own, that by suppressing or softening some of the harshest of those Passages, he might easily have got rid of this Uneasiness. But then, as he was naturally inclined to satirize, I am apt to think that he was particularly fond of those very Passages; and consequently that he could scarce have been prevailed upon to retrench them. When I mention his satirical Inclination, I don't mean that Mr. *de Blainville* was for traducing, right or wrong; but that after the Example of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*, he loved to call Things by their true Names; and to censure, without the least Reserve, the gross Vices of those whose ill Example is extremely pernicious to Mankind.

However that be, I have endeavoured to supply this Defect, if it be one to profess a downright Sincerity, by softening here and there some of these Strokes; and that merely for the Sake of such delicate Readers as are perhaps too much accustomed to speak, or rather to hear others speak, with an excessive Regard for Men in exalted Stations, especially Sovereign Princes; who in Fact, seem only entitled to our Veneration in proportion to their real Merit; or, in other Words, according to the more or less Good they do to those who live under them.

For this very Reason, I did not always think proper to observe that Rule; and now and then left my Author entirely to his own Sincerity: For Instance, in the Case of the two late Emperors *Leopold* and *Joseph*, Father and Son, whose Characters he has drawn with the utmost Freedom. But then, they appeared to me to resemble so much the Originals, and so perfectly answered the Idea which History has given us of these two Princes, that I could not allow myself the Liberty of softening even the most inconsiderable Feature in their Pictures.

But if Monsieur *de Blainville* be inexorable, in exposing the real Defects of some Sovereigns, I must do him the Justice to observe, that he shows no less Impartiality with Regard to the eminent Virtues of others. In the Course of his Travels, he met with several whom he represents under such amiable Colours, that the Reader is almost tempted to worship them, as so many living Images of the Supreme Being, as Tutelar Angels sent among Mankind, in order to make them as happy, as it is possible for Men to be in this World.

As I never had the Advantage of being acquainted with our Author, I am by no means able to answer the Expectation of the Public, who, doubtless would be very desirous to learn some Particulars of his Life. We generally are fond of knowing every thing, and even the minutest Circumstances, relating to a Man whose Lucubrations have afforded us some Amusement or Instruction. But all my Endeavours to gratify the Reader in that Particular have hitherto proved unsuccessful.

What

What I could gather from all my Enquiries amounts to this. Monsieur *de Blainville* was born in the Province of *Picardy* in *France*. Having apply'd himself closely, in his younger Years, to the most useful Branches of Learning, especially *Polite Literature*, he left his Native Country, on account of the Revocation of the famous Edict of *Nants*, in 1686, and retired into *Holland*. Here he lived some Years; and was sent in 1693, to *Madrid*, in Quality of Secretary to the *States General's* Embassy, when *Myn-beer van Citters* was Ambassador at that Court. This Post, of very great Trust, he filled with Distinction four Years at least; and then quitted it on account of the Death of the said Minister *. From *Spain* he came directly to *London*, where having resided a considerable Time without any Employment, he was at last invited, by a Gentleman of Distinction, † to accompany his two Sons in making, what they call, *the Grand Tour of Europe*. He joyfully accepted this Offer, as it gave him a fresh Opportunity of seeing the World; especially that Part of it which he had not yet visited, I mean *Italy*. In a Word, he spent no less than four Years in this delightful Journey, which afforded him the Materials of the curious and entertaining Collection I now offer the Public, and of which I shall here give an Account.

This Account, I imagine, will be more acceptable, and of greater Use to the Reader, than any Particulars I might have collected concerning the Author's Life. Strictly speaking, we are concerned only with his Works; and by a thorough Knowledge of them, we shall be far better acquainted with his true Character, than if we had had a personal Acquaintance with him: Nothing being more certain, than that an Author can scarce avoid drawing himself to the Life in his Writings. And as I have perused those before us a very considerable Time, and with all possible Attention, I presume that I am thereby enabled to give the Reader a complete Satisfaction in that Respect.

This Work is written by way of Journal, or in an exact Chronological Order. 'Twas Mr. *de Blainville's* Custom to set down his Hints daily, and send, at Intervals, to a learned Correspondent in *England*, an Account of the several Particulars which had happened to him, as well as of the various remarkable Objects he had met with in the Course of his Travels. He looked upon this Method as the easiest and most natural, and as giving him the Opportunity of treating with Wit and Humour, the several Subjects handled by him. In this Epistolary Style a Writer may deliver himself with a peculiar Life and Spirit; be cheerful, and rally as much

* The Reader may well imagine, that our ingenious Traveller could not reside so long in that Kingdom, without making a vast Number of curious Remarks upon it: And this he had actually done, as appears by several Passages of this Work. But the Ship that carried to *Holland* the Corpse of the late Ambassador, and on board of which were his Papers, was unfortunately cast away. By this Accident we are deprived of his Observations; a Loss the more to be lamented, as that Country is seldom frequented by Travellers, and consequently very little known.

† Mr. *Blatbourn*, then Secretary at War. The Eldest of his two Sons is dead, and the Second, a very worthy Gentleman, is now Colonel in the King's Horse Guards.

as he pleases; now and then make his Friend speak in his Turn; start a Difficulty, or raise an Objection; in order to give him an Occasion of answering the one, and resolving the other. In short, he may say a thousand pleasant Things, which would scarce be suffered in a Dissertation, or in a mere Historical Relation.

This of our Traveller is amazing on many Accounts, especially with Regard to the endless Variety of curious Subjects contained in it. 'Tis unaccountable to me, how he could have leisure enough to put his Materials together, to range them in such Order, and describe them with the extreme Accuracy, which is so remarkable throughout his whole Work. I know by my own Experience how difficult it is, amidst the Toils, Fatigues, and numberless Distractions which are inseparable from a long Journey; and that confused Multitude of Objects which offer themselves to the Eye and Mind of a curious Traveller, for him to set down every thing considerable he meets with. But the Truth is, *Monsieur de Blainville* was one in ten thousand; a Man equally sagacious and indefatigable. He was besides, sober and temperate in the highest Degree, he seldom allowing himself even the most lawful Pleasures of Life. Thus he found Time, when other Travellers can scarce find any, and these invaluable Moments he improved usefully at Home; he, whenever he had lost a few Days, sometimes spending whole Nights in enriching and adorning his Composition.

The more I peruse it, the more I am convinced, that it far exceeds whatever has been hitherto published of this Kind. Our Author seems to have possessed, by Nature, and by the strongest Application, all the Qualifications requisite in One, who intends to communicate his Observations to the World. In the first Place, he was Master of most Modern Languages, at least of such *European* ones as are generally esteemed the most useful. He understood *English, French, German, Dutch, Spanish* and *Italian* almost equally well. Thus qualified, he could inform himself, by Reading and Conversation, of a numberless Multitude of Particulars, which must necessarily have escaped the Observation of other Travellers, who were commonly deficient in that Respect. He also was thoroughly enabled to enliven, as he has frequently done, Narratives, with his agreeable and useful Quotations, and to speak of every thing with uncommon Accuracy. For want of it, how strangely have many Historians, and Writers of Travels disguised numberless Names of Places, as well as of Men and Things? How awkwardly have they often copied Passages of Authors, Inscriptions, and such like, that happened to be writ in a Tongue to which they were utter Strangers? But here, I may assert with Confidence, that every thing is correct; and that the Author's Orthography is unquestionable in the several Languages above-mentioned.

As to those commonly called, the Learned ones, I mean the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages, every Page of his Work demonstrates how familiar they were

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were to him. Witness the numberless Quotations, and happy Applications made by him of the most beautiful Passages in ancient Writers, especially the Poets, which he explains on those Occasions, and thereby adorns almost every Subject treated of by him. The late ingenious Mr. Addison, in the short Account of his Travels, had distinguished himself thereby in a peculiar Manner; and yet that excellent Writer is not, I dare venture to affirm, any way comparable, in this Respect, to Monsieur de Blainville*.

Next to Languages, the Knowledge of Geography and Chronology, of History Ancient and Modern, are highly necessary to a Traveller, and in all these Branches of Learning our Author excelled. Nothing can be more entertaining than to follow him from one Province to another, and from Town to Town; to hear him give an exact Account of their Situation, of their Past and Present, their Civil and Ecclesiastical State, as well as of the various Revolutions they have undergone. One cannot but admire the Strength of his Memory, which furnishes him, upon almost every Subject, with some curious historical Fact, and the Judiciousness with which he applies it. The Roman History, in particular, he had studied with a more than ordinary Attention; insomuch, that he had composed a delightful Abridgment of it, which I have by me; and may, perhaps, one Day communicate to the Public.

Our Author was equally well versed in most of the Liberal Arts; such as Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Fortifications, &c. This is evident from the very accurate Descriptions he gives of the magnificent Buildings, Ancient and Modern, Sacred and Profane, which he so frequently meets with, especially in Italy; as well as of the many strong Towns, whose Works he describes, and very often discants upon, with as much Art and Skill as the ablest Engineer could have done.

His Diligence and Accuracy are likewise remarkable in many other Instances: In his copying an endless Number of curious Inscriptions and Epitaphs, ancient and modern, most of which had never been published, and some very imperfectly: In giving a full and judicious Account of the most famous Libraries, Cabinets of Curiosities, Collections of Medals: Of great Men both dead and living, Princes, Generals, Scholars, Artists: Of the Courts of many Sovereigns, of their Character, their Ministers, Politics, Revenues; in short, of every thing useful and entertaining. And in treating of these several Particulars, he ever shews a superior Taste and Judgment.

His very Digressions are extremely entertaining and instructive: Witness the many Anecdotes, or secret Histories, scattered up and down his Work: His judicious Remarks upon the Government of Venice, and his historical Detail concerning the several Changes it has undergone, from

* Mr. Addison's Book had just made its first Appearance in Public, when Mr. de Blainville was at Vienna, and returning to England after his Travels. Sir Philip Meadows, then British Minister at that Court, lent it him, and desired his Remarks upon it; Mr. de Blainville did accordingly; all which critical Observations will be seen together in the last Volume of this Work. I thought it necessary to mention this, on account of the Uniformity of both Authors in quoting and applying several Passages from ancient Writers; and thereby to prevent a Suspicion which otherwise might have arisen, as tho' Monsieur de Blainville had copied Mr. Addison.

Time to Time: His accurate Description of Mount *Vesuvius*, with his Account of its several dreadful Eruptions: His Experiments upon the Lakes of *Constance* and *Geneva*, in the Neighbourhood of *Naples*, at *Pouzzol*, and in the *Solfatara*; and a Multitude of Subjects of this Kind, all highly worthy a Reader's Attention.

But what seems to crown his Performance, is the Vein of judicious Criticism which runs through every Part of it. Many learned Travellers had gone before him in the same Career, and published their Observations; such as the Author of the *Mercurius Italicus*, a German named *Pflaumer*, whose Work was printed at *Lyons*, in 1628: The anonymous Writer of Travels through *France* and *Italy*, printed at *Paris* in 1667: *Jourin de Rochfort*, who visited most Parts of *Europe*, by Order (as he says) of *Lewis XIV*: *Huguetan* a famous Lawyer of *Paris*: Messieurs *Charles Patin* and *Spon*: Father *Mabillon*, and *Monf. Miſſon*: Among the *English*, *Dr. Burnet*, late Bishop of *Salisbury*; *Richard Laffels* a *Romish* Priest; *Mr. Addison*, and a few others. Now *Monſieur de Blainville* has made it his Business to follow these several Authors Step by Step, and to rectify all their Mistakes. And, I wil. not scruple to affirm, that he has performed this difficult Part of his Task with such a Justness and Solidity of Reasoning, as seems irresistibly to extort the Assent of the Reader; who is amazed at seeing the numberless Oversights and Errors of these otherwise most ingenious Writers.

To compleat our Author's Character, and consequently that of his Work, I cannot forbear taking particular notice of four other valuable Qualifications, that constantly shine in him; and which, in my humble Opinion, gave him the Preeminence over all other Travellers I have hitherto met with: I mean, his judging with Impartiality of all Nations: His being by no means a Bigot: His not having the least Tendency to *Libertinism*; and his being a sworn Enemy to Slavery and Arbitrary Power.

He judges with so much Impartiality of all Nations, that were it not for his Language and the Purity of his Diction, it would be extremely difficult to find out what Part of the World he was born in; he never exalting his own Nation above others, and always expressing himself like a true Citizen of the World. Few of his Countrymen leave their native Soil, to view other Parts of *Europe*; and many of those who do, are so puffed up with Self-Conceit, that they seem to have scarce any other Design, than merely to despise all other Nations; and to talk contemptuously both of their Languages and Manners. Our Traveller, on the contrary, perceives, in all Countries and Places visited by him, many Maxims, Practices, &c. which appear to him praise-worthy; though he, at the same time, takes notice of whatever is evidently ridiculous and vicious. In short, go wherever he will, he finds, even in the most savage and most unfrequented Places, rational, good-natured, and even polite People; such as, perhaps, are no ways inferior to those who set themselves up for the sole, the perfect Models of fine Breeding and good Manners.

I own that he has made pretty free with the Character of the *Italians*, and with that of the *Romans* in particular. But how could he do otherwise? As an honest Traveller, as a sincere Historian, it surely was incumbent upon him to mention, and consequently to censure the most notorious Vices of that Nation, such as are almost peculiar to it. Yet, even on those Occasions, he has kept within due Bounds, and gone far short of many *Italian* Writers themselves. This is evident from the many long and curious Passages cited by him, at the End of his Article of *Rome*, from those Authors, who were all excellent Poets.

Such as don't understand *Latin*, will perhaps be displeased to see so great a Collection of Verses, in that Language, in one Place. However, by only turning over a few Leaves they may easily get rid of them. But those to whom that Language is familiar, will, I am pretty confident, be highly delighted with the Sight. By those beautiful Specimens they will perceive, in the first Place, that Modern *Italy* is not destitute of very ingenious *Latin* Poets, who almost equal, if not those of the *Augustan* Age, at least such as flourished under his immediate Successors. In the next Place, those beautiful Passages prove, that, even in the present degenerate State of the *Italians*, there still exists among them a considerable Number of Men of Honour, who, so far from sharing in the scandalous Vices of their Countrymen, have the noble Assurance, vigorously to oppose the Torrent of Corruption; and to fulminate against it with a Zeal and Fervour worthy of the Primitive Christians.

But to return, I observed in the second Place, that Monsieur *de Blainville*, was no ways a Bigot; so far from it, he perpetually, exclaims with the utmost Vehemence, against Bigotry in all Parties without exception. In his Opinion, (which indeed is that of all thinking Men) Superstition destroys the very Foundation of Religion; at the same time that 'tis the Bane of all useful Knowledge, and of every Moral Virtue. It even deprives those who are enslaved by it of most, if not all, their worldly Advantages, by persuading them to sacrifice their Wealth to a numberless Multitude of chimerical Objects of Devotion.

But in inveighing against it, our Author never enters into a serious Argument, as thinking it would be intolerably tedious to act the Part of a Controversist; and do too much Honour to superstitious People, gravely to dispute against them. In short, he treats Superstition as it ought only, in my Opinion, to be treated; I mean, by burlesquing and ridiculing it. And this he has ever done with great Wit and Humour; consequently, that Part of his Work will necessarily be very entertaining.

Libertinism is the opposite Extreme to Bigotry, and with that, as I observed in the third Place, Mr. *de Blainville* was not in the least tainted. 'Tis my firm Opinion that our Author, in Matters of Religion, as in all other Things, thought like a true Philosopher; that is, with perfect Freedom, and without confining himself to any particular Creed. But then, I must do him the Justice to observe, that he never attacks, directly or indirectly, any of those which are commonly received among the true Christians.

stian Churches. Much less does he ever attempt to sap any of those Doctrines, which are generally considered as Fundamentals, or as the Basis of our present or future Happiness. On the contrary, we often hear him inveigh against Atheists, and such who deny the Immortality of the Soul; whose Number (says he) is prodigious, even in that Country which pretends to be the very Center of Christianity. And, with regard to Morality, nothing can exceed the Purity of his Notions in that particular; constantly speaking like a Man of strict Honour and Virtue. Thus nothing will be found, in this whole Work, that can in the least corrupt the Mind, or rather which does not tend to produce a quite contrary Effect.

Lastly, I assert, that our Traveller appears, on all Occasions, a sworn Enemy to Slavery, and Arbitrary Power of every Kind; a Circumstance which cannot but recommend him highly to this Free Nation. Having spent far the greatest Part of his Life in *Holland* and *England*, he thus had long been an Eye-Witness to the invaluable Liberty, and consequently to the Happiness with which both these Countries are blessed. Now from these fortunate Regions he, on a sudden as it were, enters many others, where Things are upon a quite different Foot. To several of them Nature has been extremely bountiful in every Respect; and yet most of them are very thinly peopled, and their Inhabitants miserable in the highest Degree; a Circumstance which is wholly owing to the constant Oppression of their despotick Government. No Wonder therefore, that he should entertain, at the Sight of these melancholy Objects, an utter Aversion to the true and only Cause which necessarily produces them.

But of all Tyrannies, that of the Church appeared to him most intolerable; and, unluckily, the History of that Church in all Ages and Places, abundantly proves that he is not mistaken. The Priestly Government is the more burthensome, as its Power extends over every thing; over our Minds, as well as over our Bodies and Estates. Its poisonous Influences are obvious in numberless Parts of the Globe, but much more in *Italy*, and particularly in the Pope's Dominions. That beautiful Country, which formerly could scarce contain its Inhabitants; which, by its Fertility and a vast many other Advantages, might have been crouded with People to this Day, is now either a frightful Solitude, or interspersed with a few Inhabitants who lead a miserable Life. Now, their sad State could not but strongly affect a generous and humane Traveller, and put him often upon extolling to the Skies the Prudence and Felicity of those Nations, who have struggled hard for, and luckily preserved, their spiritual and temporal Liberty.

Such, in my humble Opinion, is the true Character of Monsieur de *Blainville*, and that of his Travels. As to the Style, it is pure, elegant, lively, and full of Humour; and therefore, in Justice to so valuable a Work, it ought naturally to have been first published in *French*; nothing being more certain, than that the best of Translations, can scarce ever come up to the Beauties of the Original. For which Reason many People would, no doubt, have read it with much more Satisfaction in *French* than in *English*. But as the

the Number of those who understand the former Tongue is very inconsiderable in this Country, compared to those who do not, I thought it my Duty to pay a due Regard to the Majority of the Readers.

Besides, had I done otherwise, and this Work meeting with so favourable a Reception from the Public, the natural Consequence would have been this: It would soon have been translated into *English* by another Hand; and pirated, at the same Time, beyond Sea: Whereby I should have been deprived, in a great measure, of the Fruit of my Labours; and consequently not have been indemnified for the vast Expence I have been at, in purchasing, fitting for the Press, and publishing this valuable Manuscript.

Having mentioned my Labours, it may not be improper to give a short Account of them. My first Care was, considerably to abridge this Work, which, though still very extensive, was, at least, one Fourth larger when it came to my Hands. The Author did not, it seems, at first intend it for the Press; and as he wrote to a Friend who was desirous to be acquainted with every Particular, how minute soever, which happened to him in his Journey, he, in Compliance to his Request, used to set down in his Journal a Multitude of Incidents, which might be very acceptable in familiar Letters, but would perhaps appear too trifling in a printed Book. For Instance: He informed his Correspondent of all Parties of Pleasure, Entertainments, Balls in which he had been engaged; as well as of the several Operas, Plays, of which he had been a Spectator; of almost every Person, high or low, he had been acquainted with; and of his many Conversations with them: In short, of the various Illnesses, and such like Accidents which had befallen him or his Fellow-Travellers.

I must confess, that I myself perused these little Particulars with great Pleasure, because most of them were related with Wit and Humour. But then, reflecting on the Size of the Work; and considering that many Readers might not be of the same Taste with myself, and consequently would dislike those numerous and long Digressions concerning Matters of no real Use, I thought it incumbent upon me to retrench these Superfluities. But this was a very difficult Task: To suppress, in a voluminous Work, a numberless Multitude of Passages, and then to rejoin the various severed Members; to connect them together so as to appear in a natural and easy Order, could not be well performed without great Toil and Labour.

There were several other very considerable Defects in this Work, which must have rendered it very tedious. The whole was written in an uninterrupted Strain, without proper Stops or Divisions; and even without Marginal Notes or the Contents of the several Paragraphs, at least, of accurate ones; a Thing so highly necessary in Works of all Kinds, especially in one of this Length. In fine, the Paragraphs themselves were either very ill divided, or of an excessive Length. Now, the supplying of all these Defects required vast Application, and took up very near two Years of my Time.

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Shall I dare add, that as I have abridged this Performance considerably, I also have ventured to extend and enlarge, here and there, some Passages, which appeared to me either too concise, or not to explain sufficiently the Author's Meaning; and even to correct others where I was sure he was mistaken.

Nay farther, I now and then have been so free as to introduce, in the Body of the Work, some Observations of my own, which I imagined would add some little Lustre to it, and render it more acceptable to the Public. I shall give only one Instance, and that a pretty remarkable one, of this Kind. The Dissertation upon the pretended Continence of *Alexander the Great*, and of *Scipio Africanus*, and found under the Article of *Augsburg*, is not by *Monfieur de Blainville*. He, indeed, hinted that curious Subject to me, and furnished me with the two most material Quotations contained in it; viz. that of *Valerius Antias* and *Nevius*: And upon this slight Foundation, consisting but of a very few Lines, I raised the whole Superstructure, which, with the other Interpolations of mine, will not, I hope, prove disagreeable.

Having mentioned this, I cannot forbear observing, that though our Author cited *Valerius Antias*'s own Words upon this Subject, he yet did not inform us of the Source from whence he had taken that most important Passage, which decides the whole Controversy concerning *Scipio*'s Continence and Moderation towards the *Iberians* or *Spanish* Princes. After many Researches, I at last was enabled to supply this Omission, and found, that it was *Aulus Gellius*, (*Noct. Att. Lib. VI. Cap. 8.*) and he only, who had preserved this invaluable Fragment of an Historian, whose Works are otherwise entirely lost, though he was in very high Esteem among the Ancients. And this Passage, as well as the Satyrical Verses of *Nevius* against *Scipio*, are found in a more Modern Writer, who has collected all the Fragments of ancient Historians, particularly those of our *Valerius Antias* *.

The copious Index added to this Volume, and those which I propose to annex to each of the succeeding ones, is the last, and perhaps not the least difficult Part of my Task. The Want of an exact Table of proper Names, Things, &c. in most of our Modern Books is, methinks, an intolerable Defect; and no Book, perhaps, ever stood more in need of such an Aid than *Monfieur de Blainville*'s Travels. They contain a vast Variety of important Particulars, which a curious Reader is fond of having always ready at Hand; and within Call, as it were: And a compleat Index, such as this I hope will be found, is the only Way to procure him that Satisfaction.

It may be proper to inform the Public, that, besides the present large Work, our Author had composed another, which, though much smaller, will perhaps be found no less entertaining; I mean, a very curious History of the Republic of *Geneva*. He spent, upon his Travels, four Years in all; fifteen or sixteen Months of which, he passed in that celebrated City. The

* *Riccobonus De Historia*, p. 429.

P R E F A C E

Consequence of so long an Abode was, that he was necessarily obliged to break off the Thread of his Journal: For how could he continue it in a City, where the way of Living is pretty uniform; and in which Curiosities, such as Antiquities, magnificent Buildings, and such like, are not very numerous.

Under those Circumstances, Monsieur de Blainville, being ever averse to Idleness, resolved one way or other to make amends for this Suspension, and advantageously to fill up this great Chasm of his Work. Accordingly, he, with Pleasure and Industry, made use of a full Permission, which was granted him by some of the Principal Magistrates of Geneva, to look into and search all the Monuments and secret Archives of that City. He then, by a constant Application, collected a vast Number of Materials, such as remarkable Facts, curious Anecdotes, &c. which having digested maturely, he put them at last into a natural, chronological Order, and thus formed this valuable Piece of History. Since it came to my Hands, it has been perused by several very ingenious Genevans settled in this Country, and they all admired it. I therefore presume it won't be amiss, to annex this short, but very entertaining Account, to the present Work.

The History in Question contains a most exact Narrative of the ancient and modern State of that small but renowned Republic; of its numberless Differences with the Dukes of Savoy, and its Alliances with other neighbouring Powers: A very accurate Journal of the great Revolution which happened there in the sixteenth Century, when the Inhabitants shook off the Yoke of their Bishops, and that of Rome. Then follows, a very particular Description of the City and Territory of Geneva; of its excellent popular Government, and its admirable Police, which might very well serve for a Model to many other States.

Our Author, as well as many other Travellers, seems to have been quite in love with Geneva; and therefore 'tis no Wonder that he should not omit any thing which may set it off; that he is never tired with enumerating the several Excellencies of that delightful little State; and with exhibiting in its strongest Light, the amiable Character of its Magistracy and Inhabitants.

He concludes this agreeable Account, with a very judicious Criticism upon the celebrated Monsieur Spon's History of that Republic, which is crowded with Blunders and gross Mistakes.

But these Remarks are sufficient to give the Public a compleat Idea of our whole Work, which, if I am not very much mistaken, will equally please two Kinds of Readers, though of different, nay quite opposite Characters. The first Sort are young, active, vigorous Persons, who fear none of the Toils and Fatigues inseparable from long Travels: The second, being more advanced in Years, and commonly indolent, would think themselves in a manner undone, were they to remove ever so little a Distance

take from their native Country. The former, by reading this Relation, where so many curious Particulars are naturally described, will, in all Probability, be strongly excited to visit them: The latter, no less desirous of Information, will be highly delighted to find, that our Author, by his accurate Descriptions, has saved them this Trouble; and that, without stirring from their Fire-side, they may be Spectators, as it were, of that immense Variety of pleasing Objects drawn from the Life.

With Regard to myself, I freely confess, that I am one of the Latter; and consequently, in a particular Manner obliged to our ingenious Traveller. My Curiosity is so fully satisfied, by his lively Pictures, that I could scarce be prevailed upon to go and view the Originals upon the Spot, though I should be enabled to do it with all imaginable Convenience.



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A New Map of the
UNITED PROVINCES
OR
NETHERLANDS

By Herman Moll Geographer.

0 5 10 15 30 45
English Miles

NORTH



SEA.

- Chief Cities
- Cities
- Universities
- Condensations Harbors
- Villages
- Artificial Canals
- The Zype
- The Waart
- Schermer
- Beemster
- Wormer
- Turner
- Marken I.
- Heinder Meer
- Vecht R.
- Rhein R.





TRAVELS

THROUGH

Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, &c.

— *Ire quò vult fortis, terrasque per omnes
Currere, diversos hominum perpendere mores,
Diversos spectare locos, & vivere ubique :
Qualibet urbs totusque orbis patria esse videtur
Egregio, fortique viro.*

MARCELLUS PALINGENIUS.

SIR,



HAVE examined upon the Spot all the Accounts of the United Provinces which have been published, that by Mr. ^{1705.} *Misson*, very lately, in particular, and I find them so full of *Faults of Omission and Commission*, to use a favourite Phrase of Mr. Bayle ; so unaccurate, or so deficient ; so imperfect in almost every Matter of Consequence, that it is by no means an unnecessary Undertaking to correct their Errors, and supply their Defects, and to give a more full and exact Relation of this truly curious Country. One has no great Reason to expect more Accuracy in their Descriptions of other Parts of the World, there being none that better deserves the Attention of Travellers than this. But, tho' I should not find my Predecessors, who have given us their Travels, quite so faulty, when I come to compare their Descriptions of other Countries or States with the Originals ; since you were pleased at parting to desire a Journal of mine, I shall

B

1705. *January.* shall, in Obedience to your Commands, send you from time to time the best Accounts I am able, of whatever seems to me most worthy of Observation, where I make any Stay, with Relation to Government, Policy, Religion, Manners, Arts, Commerce, Learning, Natural Curiosities, &c. In Truth I am obliged to you for laying this Task upon me; for while I consider myself as engaged to give you a faithful, and as satisfactory Information as I can, about every Thing of Moment; my Attention can never flag; but every Thing worth communicating to you will give me double Pleasure. I now send you some Miscellaneous Observations upon the *Netherlands*, in which many Mistakes, or Inaccuracies of Mr. *Misson* and others, who have described this Country are corrected: Afterwards you shall have a Journal continued in Form: We are soon to set out for *Germany*.

C H A P. I.

Of Rotterdam, its Name and Origin. A Description of it. The Statue of Erasmus. Many Particulars of his Life. The great Church. Several Tombs of Admirals. The Meuse.

ROTTER-
DAM.
The Ori-
gin of its
Name.

I Begin with the City of *Rotterdam*, which took its Name from its Situation, at the Mouth of a small River called *Rotte*: For *Dam* in the *Flemish* Tongue signifies a Bank, Mole, or Rampart: So that *Rotterdam* signifies the Mole, or Rampart of the River *Rotte*. I should not have made this Observation, which is indeed of very little Importance, if *Edward Brown*, a learned *English* Physician, had not said, that it derived its Name from one *Rotterus*, King of the *French*, who is interred here: But not to insist upon the Etymology just mentioned, which is much more natural, it is certain, that the name *Rotterus* is not to be found, neither in the fabulous nor in the true Chronology of the Kings of *France*.

Its Def-
cription.

The Harbour of this City is large, and divided into three Basons, in which there are at all Seasons, besides a great Number of Merchant-Ships, a good many Men of War of the Squadron of the *Meuse*: (for the Naval Force of the *States-General* of the *United Provinces* consists of five Squadrons, that of the *Meuse*, that of *Amsterdam*, that of *Zeland*, that of *North Holland*, and that of *Friesland*.) That Part of this Town which lies along the *Meuse*, is at present the best peopled, and most busy and mercantile; but every Corner of it is pretty much so. Yet it is quite an open City; its Fortifications being of no Consequence. It is however one of those which contributed the most towards the Establishment of the Common-wealth. All the Streets and Houses in it are exceeding neat, as they are indeed in all the Towns of *Holland* in general.

Assuredly I ought not to miss putting you in mind, that the celebrated *Erasmus. Desiderius Erasmus*, one of the principal Restorers of polite Literature, was born here. His Mother conceived him at *Tergoud*, but for certain Reasons she came to *Rotterdam* to be brought to Bed. His vast Erudition emboldened him to attack the Infallibility of *Cicero* in the *Roman* Tongue, which the Learned

Learned of that Age so greatly revered; and he shewed several Spots in *that Sun of pure Latinity*, which none before him had discovered: This daring Attempt embroiled him in a Quarrel with *Scaliger* the Father, a great Admirer of *Cicero*; * and his Highness of *Verona* gained nothing in this Literary-Skirmish, but the Nickname of *Ciceronianus*. I am surprised that *Scaliger* should have been offended at a Modern for finding Fault with *Cicero's* Language, since one of his extensive Learning could not be ignorant, that an Ancient had long ago charged him with having a Tincture of the *Savoyard*, as we learn from *Juvenal* in his 7th Satire.

He finds Fault with Cicero's Style.

*Sed Ruffum atque alios cedit sua quæque juventas;
Ruffum, qui toties Ciceronem Allobroga dixit.*

This *Ruffus* was, as you know very well, a famous Rhetorician, tho' born in *Gaul*, *Cicero's* Cotemporary, and one of his Rivals, as well as the Orator *Hortensius*.

As to *Erasmus*, there never was any Person in the learned World who gave so much occasion to talk of him both Ways, i. e. good and bad. 'Tis not in our Days only that he has been railed against by all Parties: The Calvinists always accused him of having wish'd a Reformation much less rigid than theirs, and of entertaining no small Complaisance for *Rome*. The Lutherans could never forgive him for having said in his Writings, *Poteram in Lutheranâ factione esse Coryphæus; malui totius Germaniæ in me odia concitare quam à sacrosanctæ ecclesiæ consortio discedere*. This and some other such Expressions in his Works have made not a few suspect him of having ambitioned of a Cardinal's Hat; and the Monks of his Time, who were, the greater Part of them, very ignorant and debauched, charged him with Latitudinarianism and Impiety. There have however always been very many of all Sects who have greatly honoured him, and looked upon his Reputation as immortal.

Erasmus blamed by all Parties.

He was loaded with an Infinity of Presents by the Princes of his Time, whom he has celebrated in his Epistles. I have read some where, that when he went to the French Court, he desired that *Francis I.* (who was a great Patron of Learning;) might be told, *That a Stranger come from a Country where the Land is much lower than the Water, and the Inhabitants burn their Mother, desired the Honour of an Audience from his Majesty*. And that having obtained it, he told the King his Name, and thus explained this Riddle to him: That without the very strong Banks, which the Dutch support at a vast Expence, the Sea would soon lay their whole Country under Water; and the Fuel they commonly use is Turf, dug out of the Earth, the common Mother of Mankind. This Prince caress'd him not a little, entertained him with great Respect at his Court for a considerable Time, and honoured him with very distinguishing Presents.

He was well received at the Court of France.

* The Translator begs leave, out of Regard to *Cicero's* Writings, to observe, that *Erasmus* having contracted some Prejudices against *Cicero* when young, made a Recantation of them when old, in a Letter to his Friend *Ulatenus*. See *Eras. Ep. ad Jo. Ulat. in Cic. Tusc. Quæst.* and *Dr. Middleton's* Preface to his Life of *Cicero*, p. 32.

A pleasant
Trick the
King of
England
played
him.

Henry VIII. King of *England*, did him the Honour to write several Letters to him with his own Hand, in which he earnestly entreated him to come to his Court, that he might confer with him about the Change he had made in his Kingdom with Regard to Religion. *Erasmus* obey'd, and went into *England*; and this Prince, who was naturally haughty, and of very difficult Access, received him in the most gracious Manner. They spent several Days in Conference about the Reformation of the Clergy, the greater Part of whom lived very scandalously; and it is believed that this learned Man gave Advices to the Monarch, which he happily followed. When *Erasmus* was about to return into his own Country, the King gave him new Marks of his Favour, and presented him with a hundred *Angels* of Gold, which at that Time made a very considerable Sum: But he sent private Orders under his own Hand to the Custom-house at *Gravesend*, which visits the Baggage of all who leave *England*, to take his Money from him, under Pretence of executing the Law which forbids exporting more Money out of *England* than is barely necessary for one's Expence to the first Sea-port he intends to land at. This Order being punctually obeyed, *Erasmus* returned to *London*, and went to the King, who ask'd him with a Smile, what was the Reason of his sudden Return. *Erasmus* told the King his Adventure with a very melancholy Tone. His Majesty laughed most heartily, and commended the Diligence of his Officers. In fine, after diverting himself a while with this Frolick, he owned to him, that it was done by his Order; made him a Present of another hundred *Angels*, with Provisions of all Sorts for his Voyage, and commanded a *Pass-port* to be given him, with Orders to the Custom-house of *Gravesend* to restore him the hundred *Angels* they had taken from him. And thus *Erasmus* went back to *Holland*, charmed with his gracious Reception, and the Honours the King of *England* had done him; and with two hundred *Angels* of Gold in his Purse.

His brass
Statue.

A brass Statue of this very learned Man is one of the principal Curiosities in *Rotterdam*. It stands in the great Market-place, and is as big as the Life; it has for Drapery a long Gown, and a Doctor's Bonnet on its Head, and holds an open Book. It was erected by Order of the Magistracy in Memory of this most illustrious Citizen, with this Inscription in Capital Letters.

DESIDERIO. ERASMO.

And its
Inscrip-
tion.

MAGNO. SCIENTIARUM. ATQUE. LITTERATURAE. POLITIORIS. VIN-
DICI. ET. INSTAURATORI. VIRO. SAECULI. SUI. PRIMARIO. CIVI.
OMNIUM. PRAESTANTISSIMO. AC. NOMINIS. IMMORTALITATEM.
SCRIPTIS. AEVITERNIS. JURE. CONSEUTO. S.P.Q. ROTTERODAMUS:
NE. QUOD. TANTIS. APUD. SE. SUOS. QUE. POSTEROS. VIRTUTI-
BUS. PRAEMIUM. DEESSET. STATUAM. HANC. EX. AERE. PUBLICO.
ERIGENDAM. CURAVERUNT.

On

1705.
January.
ROTTER-
DAM.

On the Front of the Pedestal to the Left are the following Verses :

*Barbaricæ talem se debellator ERASMUS,
Maxima laus Batavi nominis, ore tulit.
Reddidit en fatis ars oblectata sinistris,
De tanto spoliū nacta quod urna viro est.
Ingeniū celestis jubar, majusque caduco
Tempore qui reddat, solus ERASMUS erit.*

This City had first of all set up a Statue of Wood in Honour of *Erasmus*: One of Stone was erected afterwards; and last of all that of Brass, which still subsists, in 1622. He died at *Basle* in 1536. *Mandeslo* in his Voyage of *Holland* places the Birth of *Erasmus* in 1457, and makes this great Man ten Years older than he was when he died.

Misson, who seems to value himself so much upon his Exactness, has not only not given us the Inscription on the Pedestal of this Statue, but he has also omitted the two last Verses of that on the Front of the House where *Erasmus* was born. Here it is at full Length.

Inscrip-
tions on
the House
where
Erasmus
was born.

*Ædibus his ortus mundum decoravit ERASMUS
Artibus ingenuis, Religione, Fide.
Fatalis series nobis invidit ERASMUM,
At DESIDERIUM tollere non potuit.*

There is another Inscription in *Flemish* on the same Front, with a Bust of *Erasmus*, and these four *Spanish* Verses.

*En esta Casa es nascido
ERASMO Theologo celebrado,
Por Doctrina senalado
La pura Fe nos a revelado.*

As mean and pitiful as this House is, it has had the Honour to have been visited by several great Princes, and amongst others by *Philip II.* of *Spain*: This Monarch being at *Rotterdam* in the Year 1595 would needs see it, and accompanied by *Mary Queen of Hungary*, his Aunt, went into the Chamber where *Erasmus* was born. But this House, rendered so remarkable by the Birth of so considerable a Personage, is at present a little blind Tavern.

This
House vi-
sited by
several
great
Princes.

The same Traveller, in his Account of the great Church of *Rotterdam*, and its formerly hanging Tower, does not deign to take the least Notice of three remarkable Tombs in it. The first is that of *Admiral Corneille de Wit*, built in the Form of an Altar, and adorned with Pillars of white Marble. There is a long *Latin* Inscription on it in Praise of the Defunct, which informs us, among others Things, that this brave Man was Admiral for the

Tombs of
three Ad-
mirals in
the great
Church.
Of Admi-
ral de Wit.

Space

1705-
January.
ROTTER-
DAM.

Of Admi-
ral Corte-
naer.

Space of twenty Years, that he fought fifteen pitch'd Sea-Battles, *Rarò equatà clade, plerumque Victor & Triumphator*. He was killed by a Cannon-Ball in an Engagement with the *Swedish* Fleet in the *Baltick*, in the Year 1658, the 8th of *November*; but not till he had maintained a very long and bloody Fight, and disabled the Enemy's Admiral and Vice-Admirals.

The second is that of *Admiral Egbert de Cortenaer*; and it is also of Marble, and almost in the same Taste of Building with that just mentioned. His Statue is of white Marble, and adorned with Armour of all Sorts: It lies stretched out at full Length, with his Head leaning upon a Cannon; the Battoon of Admiral is in his Hand; and the Helmet at his Feet: Over all which there is a magnificent Trophy of all Kinds of Arms; and upon the Statue there is the following Inscription.

*Heroi incomparabili Egberto Bartholomæi à Cortenaer
Archi-Talasso. Hoc virtutis, & gloriose mortis Monumentum
Posuere Nobilissimi Domini Præfecti rei maritimæ ad Mosam.*

Of Admi-
ral Brakel.

The third and most remarkable, in one Sense, is that of the famous Admiral *Brakel*, killed by a Shot from a Cannon in the Sea-fight, gained by the *French* in 1690. All the World knows that this Battle was lost, and this brave Commander killed, because Lord *Torrington*, Admiral of the *English* Fleet, which ought to have vigorously assisted the *Dutch*, kept off during the Action, and contented himself to be a simple Spectator, suffered his Master's Allies to be beat without coming to their Assistance. It is true, at the Request of the States-General, King *William*, of glorious Memory, made a Council of War call him to Account; but most of its Members being Friends or Creatures of *Torrington*, Means were found to exculpate him. Let us however return to Admiral *Brakel*. His Bust is of white Marble; and his Epitaph on black Marble in Golden Letters, was wrote by the learned Professor *Francius*, an excellent *Latin* Poet. Here it is.

*Hoc tegitur saxo Brakelius æquoris horror,
Cui flamma & ferrum cessit, & unda maris.
Fallimur, an flammæ & nunc vomat; adspice, jamjam
Ferreæ qui rupit vincula, rumpet humum.*

The Beginning of the last Line alludes to *Brakel's* undertaking to break through the Iron-Chains that were stretched across the River *Midway*; which that he accomplished is well known.

Rotterdam
consider-
able for
Trade.

It is not true, as Mr. *Misson* asserts, That *Rotterdam* is not reckoned amongst the principal Cities of that Province. For besides that, it is the first of the five Admiralty Seats in the *United Provinces*; it is known to be the most considerable in Commerce next to *Amsterdam*: And indeed it has pushed its Trade, within this short Time, in such a Manner, as to threaten no small Diminution to that of the other. As *Rotterdam* is incomparably better situated for Commerce on Account of the *Meuse* that washes one Side of it, and runs into the Sea at the

Distance of about four or five Leagues from it; this Town has for sometime engrossed almost all the Trade with *England*, and no small Part of that with *France*. If Things continue so for some Years, the Prediction of a certain Person, whom many look upon as a Prophet, but one of very difficult Interpretation, may happen to be fulfilled: I mean the famous *Nostradamus*, who says in one of his Centuries.

1705.
January.
ROTTER-
DAM.
Nostradamus's Pro-
phesy con-
cerning it.

*Un jour viendra qu'en sage République
Noble Cité rivale d'Amsterdam;
Se fera riche & puissante à son dam;
Meuse au Texel ôtera la Pratique.*

You know that the *Meuse* is classed among the great Rivers in *Europe*. Its Source is near *Montigny le Roy* in *Champain*, and not, as some Maps place it, from Mount *Vegefus*. It runs to *Verdun*, *Sedan*, *Mezieres*, *Charlemont*, *Dinant*, *Namur*, *Huy*, *Liege*, *Vifet*, *Mastricht*, *Maseick*, *Ruremonde*, *Venlo*, *Grave*, *Ravenstein*, *Heusden*, *Worcum*, *Gorcum*, *Dordrecht*, *Rotterdam*, *Delfs-baven*, *Schiedam*, *Vlaerdingen*, *Maeilandsluys*, the *Brille*, and discharges itself into the Ocean, a League beyond this last Town; but not without being enlarged by several other Rivers, as the *Sambre*, the *Veze*, anciently called *Viturgis*, the *Ourte*, the *Albe*, the *Ecker*, the *Rure*, which flows into it at *Ruremonde*, the *Wabal*, the *Ling*, the *Leck*, the *Iffel*, and the *Rotte*.

CHAP. II.

Of the City of Delft. Its Churches, Sepulchres. The splendid Monuments of the Princes of Orange. Tomb of Tromp. Other Singularities. History and Description of this City.

WHAT is most remarkable at *Delft* is the Tomb of the famous Prince of *Orange*, Founder of the *Dutch Republic*. And here I must tell you, that Mr. *Misson* certainly did not know that all the Princes of *Orange*, who have governed it, are buried at *Delft*, except *William III.* King of *England*. For in his first Volume he just mentions to his Friend the Monument of *William I.* without giving any Description of it, tho' it be the most curious one in the whole *United Provinces*. I will give you a short Account of it, tho' you have formerly seen it, if it were only to call it back to your Memory.

DELFT.
Tomb of
William I.
Prince of
Orange,
very mag-
nificent.

The Brass-Statue of the Prince is placed under a Sort of Dome at the Entry of the Sepulchre: The whole of it is clad in Armour, except the Head: It holds the Battoon of supreme Command in one Hand: And the Helmet is laid upon one of the Steps, which are all of Touch-Stone. Behind this Statue there is another of white Marble, in a long Gown, and laid out at full Length, to represent the Habit in which he was assassinated. Some have fancied that the Brass-Statue is done for Prince *Maurice's* Son, and that it was not placed there till after his Death: But the Epitaph only mentions

1705.
January.
DELFT.

Its beauti-
ful Inscrip-
tion.

mentions the Father. As beautiful as these two Statues, and all the others, with which this magnificent Tomb is adorned, must be confessed to be, yet the Figure representing Fame is incontrovertibly far superior to all the rest, which is also of Brass. She holds a Trumpet in her Mouth to sound aloud the glorious Achievements of the interred Hero. Let me just add, that this Statue supports itself wholly upon the Toes of the left Foot. At the four Corners of this Monument there are four other Statues of Brass, all as big as the Life, representing some of this Prince's Virtues, i. e. his Prudence, Justice, Piety, and above all his Love of his Country. On the Top of each of the four Corners there is a Pyramid: The Arms of the Princes of Orange are on every Part of it; but in the Middle there is an Inscription in Golden Letters, which Mr. Mandello has sadly spoiled and mangled by his wrong Pointing, and by leaving out several Words. Here it is exactly copied from the Original.

D. O. M.
Et Æternæ Memoriae
GUILLIELMI NASSOVII.
Supremi Arausoniensium Principis.
Patr. Patriæ.
Qui Belgii Fortunis suas posthabuit
Et suorum.
Validissimos Exercitus ære plurimum privato
Bis conscripsit, bis induxit.
Ordinum auspiciis Hispaniæ Tyrannidem propulit.
Vere Religionis cultum, Avitas Patriæ Leges,
Revocavit, Restituit.
Ipsam denique Libertatem tantum non assertam
MAURITIO PRINCIPI
Paternæ Virtutis Heredi Filio,
Stabiliendam Reliquit.
Hæc verè Pii, Prudentis, Invidi,
Quem PHILIPPUS II. Hisp. Rex, ille Europæ timor timuit.
Non domuit, non terruit.
Sed enigmæ Percussore, fraude nefandâ sustulit.
FEDERATI BELG. PROVINC.
Perenne Meritor. Monument.
P. C. C.

The Prince
of Orange
assassinated
at Delft,
in 1584.

This great Prince was most unhappily assassinated at Delft, by a Shot from a Pistol, loaded with three Balls, the 10th of July, 1584, in the 32d Year of his Age. His vile Murderer of *Francbe Comté*, whose Name was *Balthazar Guenard*, being taken and broke alive upon the Wheel, was cried up by the Preachers in the *Spanish Netherlands* as a Martyr and an exemplary eminent Saint: The Dutch on the other Hand look upon William I. as the real Founder of their Republic, who suffered most terrible Persecutions,

tions, in order to make them free, and rescue them from the tyrannical Yoke of the Spaniards. The whole History is well known to you: But, perhaps you may not have met with one little Incident that happened when Vargas, by Order of Phillip II. his Master, carried off the eldest Son of that Prince, who was a Student at the University of Louvain: The Rector of this University complained, in a fine Latin Harangue he made to Vargas, that he had highly violated the Privileges of the University: But the Spaniard, not having much Clergy, answered the Rector in barbarous Latin: *Non curamus Privilegios vestros.*

1705.

January.

DELETT.

They shew'd us likewise, in this old Church, the Tomb of the renowned Peer Heyn, the first Dutch Admiral, who from the Spaniard took a whole Fleet loaded with Gold and Silver, returning from America. History informs us, that in this Fleet there was found a huge Heap of Ingots of Gold, 156,496 Pounds of Silver, a great Quantity of Plate, and a vast Number of Chests, filled with Pieces of Eight, not to reckon all various Sorts of the most valuable Indian Goods. This rich Seizure contributed not a little to put the Republic in a Condition to support with Vigour the War against Spain, and she at last obliged that arrogant Monarch to agree to a long Truce with her.

Other Tombs of memorable Persons in this ancient Church. Of Admiral Peter Heyn.

There is also the funeral Monument of the famous Martin Harpit Tromp, Father to the last Admiral of that Name. The Father entirely defeated and ruined a powerful Spanish Fleet, commanded by Don Antonio d'Oquendo, in your Road of the Downs, the 22d of October 1639. The Son often beat the English and other Enemies of his Country. These two Sepulchres are ornamented with marble Pillars and Trophies of Arms; and the Statues of the Admirals lie extended at full Length in complete Armour, Head-pieces only excepted. The Inscription on the second is well worth mentioning.

Of Admiral Tromp, the Father.

ÆTERNÆ MEMORIÆ

Martini Harpertii Trompæ.

Qui Batavos, qui virtutem, & verum Laborem amas,

Lege ac Luge.

Batavæ gentis decus, virtutis bellicæ fulmen hic jacet, qui vicus nunquam jacuit; & Imperatorem stantem mori debere exemplo suo docuit. Amor Civium, Hostium terror, Oceani stupor, Martinus Harpertus Trompius, quo nomine plures continentur laudes quàm hic lapis capit sanè angustius: cui Schola Oriens & Occidens, Mare materia Triumphorum, Univerfus Orbis Theatrum Gloriæ fuit. Predonum certa perniciēs, commercii felix assertor, familiaritate utilis, non vilis. Postquam nautas & milites (durum genus) paterno & cum efficacia benigno recit Imperio; post quinquaginta prælia, quarum dux fuit & pars magna; post insignes suprâ fidem Victorias; post summos infrâ meritum honores; tandem Bello Anglico, tantum non victor, certè invictus, x. Aug. anno Ære Christianæ MD. LIII. Æt. LVI. vivere ac vincere desit.

Its Inscription.

Fœderati Belgii Patres

Heri optimè merito

Monumentum hoc posuerunt.

C

We

1705.
January.
DELFT.
Tomb of
Philip de
Marnix's
Daughter.

We were conducted in the same Church to see the Tomb of the only Daughter of the learned and much celebrated *Philip de Marnix*, Lord of St. *Aldegonde*, who equally employed his Pen and his Sword against the Enemies of his Country. This Lady was married to an *English* Knight, Sir *Charles Morgan*, of the noble and ancient Family of the *Morgan's*, in the Kingdom of *Wales*. Her Statue of Marble is likewise extended upon her Monument, with the Head supported by a rolled up-Matt, which is very naturally represented. The greatest Virtue of which the Epitaph of this Lady vunts is, that she had the Art always to please her Husband: *Rara avis in terris, nigroque similima Cygno*. Here is the Epitaph.

*Illustri serie, longæque ab origine gentis,
MORGANI hic conjux Elizabetha tegor.
Marnixi soboles, quod non nescitur in Orbe
Nomen, & invito tempore semper erit.
Virtutum satis est uni placuisse Marito,
Quod pro me loquitur tam pretiosus amor.*

Other Sin-
gularities
in Delft.

The other most observable Particulars in *Delft* are, the Cabinet of natural Curiosities belonging to the *Sieur Van den Boongaert*, the Town-house, the Arsenal, which was once blown up by its own Magazine of Powder, and laid a Part of the City in Ruins, and under them buried a great Number of its Inhabitants; the Market-place, where the Town-house stands (which the *Sieur Pontier*, in his Cabinet of the Great, says, is the Fellow of that of *Amsterdam*, and of the same Architecture, what Absurdity!) the Palace of the *Stadtholder*, the grand Hospital, and the beautiful Store-house belonging to the *East India* Company. Let me just tell you by the by, that the *East India* House of *Rotterdam*, and that of *North-Holland* together, have but a fourth in the Stock of this rich and famous Company, *Zeland* another fourth, and *Amsterdam* a half.

History of
this City.

Delft, in *Latin Delphium*, is not a very ancient City. It was built about the End of the eleventh Century by *Godefroid*, surnamed the hump-backed, Duke of *Lorraine*, and Uncle to the famous *Godefroid de Bouillon*, King of *Jerusalem*, with a strong Citadel without it, in which the Duke ordinarily resided, during the four Years that he governed *Holland*. *Albert of Bavaria* took it after a long Siege in 1361; and razed its Castles and Walls to the Ground. In the Year 1536, this City was almost reduced to Ashes by an Accident: But it was rebuilt with greater Beauty and Magnificence. It is said to have taken its Name from the Canal which its Inhabitants dug from it to *Delfs-haven*, because *Delfen* in *Flemish* signifies to dig. However that may be, the fatal Catastrophe of *William I. Prince of Orange*, its Cloath Manufactory, which formerly passed for the best in *Holland*, its fine Earthen Ware, and its Beer, are the Things that have made it known. *Frederick Henry*, the youngest Son of this great Prince, and Grandfather to King *William III.* was born at *Delft*. This City has the third Rank in the Assembly of the States

Its present
State.

States of the Province: Its Streets are exceeding neat, and so are most of its Houses, and the Trees which are planted on the Sides of its Canals are extremely large, and must be very old. It is like most Towns, that think themselves secure from all Danger of War, without any Fortifications: A simple Wall with a Ditch full of Water is all its Defence. *Delft* perhaps appeared so much the more solitary to me, that we sometimes took a Walk from the *Hague* to it: It appears ill peopled, because the greater Part of its Inhabitants are People who live upon their Rents, and seldom appear on the Streets, but keep at home, or make little Parties, every Family in its own Neighbourhood. *Hugo Grotius* so justly renowned for his Learning, and many useful excellent Works, was a Native of this City.

1705.
January.

C H A P. III.

The Prodigious Birth by the Countess of Henneberg, and a Refutation of that Story. Considerable Omissions in Mr. Mission's Travels. The Tomb of Admiral Obdam. The magnificent Way from the Hague to Scheveling. The plentiful Fishing there. A compendious History of Mr. de Wit. The Hague described.

THE first Thing I shall mention in this Article is, the pretended Birth HAGUE. which has made such a Noise in the World, by *Margaret* Countess of The Story of the Countess Henneberg: *Henneberg*, Daughter to *Florent*, fourth Count of *Holland*. The Legend says, that this Lady having reproached a Beggar-Woman, who carried about Twins in her Arms, as if she could not have had them both by one Man; the poor Woman in her Indignation lift her Eyes to Heaven, praying, that God to convince this Lady of her Innocence, and punish her for such a rash Judgment, would grant that she might bring as many Children into the World at one Lying-in, as there are Days in the Year. After this short Prayer the Beggar went away all in Tears. Some Time passed before the Countess found herself to be with Child, but so soon as she perceived that she was, she asked leave of her Husband to go to lie in at the House of the Count *Florent* V. her Nephew being Son to her Brother *William*, King of the *Romans*, which he granted to her very willingly. Her Time being come, she was laid at the Village of *Loosduyn* of three hundred and sixty five Children, one half Boys, and the other Girls, all of them alive and sound, and they were all baptized in two large Basins of Brass. The Boys were all named *John*, and the Girls *Elizabeth*; but they were no sooner christen'd than they all died, and the Mother too. In Commemoration of this Miracle, they shew now in the Church of *Loosduyn* the two Basins which were used in baptizing this vast Spawn, upon which there are two Inscriptions, one in *Latin*, and the other in old *German*. Here follows the first, which I Yesterday took the Trouble to copy very exactly.

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January.
HAGUE.

MARGARETA *Hermani Comitis Henebergæ Uxor, & Florentii Comitis Hollandiæ & Zelandiæ filia: cujus mater fuit Matbildis filia Henrici Ducis Brabantia, fratremque habuit Guillelmum Alemannie Regem. Hæc præfata Domina Margareta, anno salutis 1276. ipso die parasceves horâ nonâ antè meridiem, peperit infantes vivos promiscui sexus numero trecentos sexagintaquinque: qui postquam per venerabilem Dominum Guidonem Suffraganeum Episcopi Trajectensis, præsentibus nonnullis proceribus & magnatibus, in petribus duabus ex ære, baptismum percepissent, & masculis Joannes, foemellis verd Elizabeth nomina imposita fuissent, simul omnes cum matre uno eodem que die satis concesserunt, & in hoc Loosdunensi templo sepulti jacent. Quod quidem accidit ob pauperculam quandam fæminam, quæ ex uno partu gemellos in ulnis gestabat pueros: quam rem admirans ipsa comitissa, dicebat id per unum virum fieri non posse, ipsamque contumeliosè rejecit: undè hæc paupercula animo turbata ac perculsa, prolium tantum numerum ac multitudinem ex uno partu ipsi imprecabatur, quot vel totius anni Dies numerantur: quod quidem præter naturæ cursum, obstupenda quadam ratione ita factum est, sicut in hac Tabula, in perpetuam rei memoriam, ex vetustis tam manuscriptis, quam typis excusis Chronicis breviter positum & narratum est. Deus ille ter maximus hac de re suspiciendus, bonorandus, ac laudibus extollendus in sempiterna sæcula. Amen.*

Above this long Inscription we find the following Verse:

Hoc lege, mox animo stupefactus, Lector, abibis.

And below the Inscription these Lines:

*En tibi monstruosum nimis & memorabile factum,
Quale nec à Mundi conditione datum.*

A Refutation of this Story.

Tho' this Story be related for Truth by many Authors, yet it has not the least Air of Probability; and therefore People of good Sense, who do not give Credit to every miraculous Legend, will look upon it as they do upon the fabulous Traditions concerning the Saints forged by the Monks, in the Times of Barbarity and Ignorance. First of all, it is but too well known that all the Histories wrote in those Days are stuffed with Fables and Absurdities, in such a Manner, as if their Authors had contended one with another, who should have the Honour of inventing most Prodigies. So that we may justly apply to those weak Minds who give so readily into the Belief of Miracles, what the learned *Palingenius*, Author of a beautiful Poem, entituled, *Zodiacus Vitæ*, said to his Contemporaries.

*Prob superi! quanta est penuria mentis ubique!
In nugas quàm pronavia est! quid creditis ista
Insani, quæ nec possunt ratione probari,
Nec sensu agnosci?*

In

In the second Place, those who have handed down to us the Story of this prodigious Birth, said to have happened in an Age wherein Superstition and Ignorance were at their greatest Height, bring no better Proofs or Testimonies to vouch for the Truth of it, than the Monk *Helinand* had to prove that the Poet *Virgil* was a Sorcerer, i. e. obscure, uncertain Tradition, to which none can ever trust without swallowing down the grossest Absurdities. Here very probably, as in many other such Cases, Authors have copied one another; and the Story grew as it passed from Hand to Hand till it was swelled to the monstrous Size in which it is now told to us.

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HAGUE.

*Sic observatio crevit
Ex Atavis quondam malè cepta, deinde sequutis
Tradita temporibus, serisque nepotibus aucta.*

In good earnest, what Probability is there, that the Countess of *Henneberg*, whom the Writers, who have mentioned her, represent to have been a Woman of good Sense and exemplary Piety, could have been so startled to hear of a Woman's bearing Twins; so ignorant or so uncharitable as to upbraid the poor Woman with it as a Crime: A Thing so common, a Thing, I say, one sees every where Examples of every Day, and that ever did happen very frequently in all Ages and Countries? What Likelihood is there that any Woman should imagine this could not be without Commerce with more than one Man? I would likewise ask those who believe every Thing that favours of Prodigy so easily, why the Countess, who ought naturally to have gone to lie in at the *Hague*, in the Palace of the Count *de Hollande*, her Nephew, having asked Permission from her Husband for that Effect, should have chosen the little Village of *Loosduyn* for the Place to discharge her Burden? Surely she could not hope to be better attended and taken Care of there: Let me add to all this, that the Chronicles of *Holland*, which relate this strange Story, do not agree with the Inscription in the Church of *Loosduyn*, with Regard to the Bishop's Name who baptized this huge Draught of Children. In the former he is called *Dom Guillaume*, Suffragan of *Treves*; but in the Inscription he is called *Guido*, Suffragan of *Utrecht*.

All these Particulars incline me to apply on this Occasion a Saying of *Laetantius*: *Turpe est hominem ingeniosum dicere id, quod si neget, probare non possit.* If the greater Part of Historians had taken as much Care to observe this Maxim, as they have to appear Learned, and to make an Ostentation of their Reading, we should not have had so many Fables put upon us for Facts. The Majority of Men are Liars, either thro' Weakness and Ignorance, or Interest: And many Authors of the best Parts like to make believe or impose, and hence it is that we find so many Falshoods in their Writings:

Magni sæpè viri mendacia magna loquuntur.

However this Story may be, in order to evince the Truth of such an extraordinary Event, I think two good Witnesses or Attestations ought to be

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HAGUE.

be produced in Form: His Testimony, who baptised these 369 Children of the Countess of Henneberg, (By the by, the *Sieur Pantier*, in his Cabinet of the Great, calls this Countess *Mathilde*, Countess of *Danaburg*; The same Author places the Statue of *Erasmus* upon the great Bridge of *Rotterdam*; and Admiral *Tromp's* Monument in the great Church of that City, tho' it be in the old Church of *Delft*;) and another from the Persons of Distinction who must have been Godfathers and Godmothers on this Occasion. However, Mr. *Misson*, who is one of them that seems to give Credit to this Story, assures us, in the 36th Page of his first Volume of Travels, That the Disagreement between the Annals and the Inscription, as to the Name of the Bishop who christened these Children of the Countess of Henneberg, does not Prejudice the Truth or Probability of this Fact. And what can those who suspect the Certainty of this uncouth Story, reply to that deep Reasoning?

Other
Omissions
of Mr.
Misson.

But to go on, I have always been exceedingly surprized at the Insipidity and Dulness of this Traveller's Descriptions of the Towns of *Holland*, of the *Hague* in Particular. For a Man who values himself upon his Exactness in all Matters, ought, methinks, to be less superficial in his Accounts of Things. For Instance, after telling us, p. 14. of his first Tom. That the *States-General* hold their Assemblies at the *Hague*, it would not have been improper to have added, that they have taken for their Motto this Sentence of *Sallust*, in his *Jugurthin War*: *Concordia res parva crescant, Discordia maxime dilabuntur*. That it is here also that the *States* of the Province meet; that the latter only take the Title of their Noble *Mightinesses*, whereas the former take that of *High and Mighty Lords*. That besides these two Assemblies there are in the same Village many other very considerable Ones, as the Council of State, the Chamber of Accounts, the Tribunal which they call *Het Hof van Holland*, i. e. the Court of *Holland*; that they call *Het Hooghen Raad*, or a Sovereign Council, which was translated from *Malines* to the *Hague*, in the Year 1582; that this latter judges finally of all Causes, like the Parliament of *Paris*; there being no Appeal from it to any other Tribunal; and nothing more being allowed than to demand a Bill of Review of the Process under the Pretext of Error or Mistake in Law, which must be proposed instantly upon passing the Decree: That the Cities, who have Suffrages in the *States*, have their Houses here, with their Names and Arms upon them, merely for lodging their Deputies, whom they send to the Assemblies of the *States*.

Several
Courts at
the *Hague*.

The great
Hall of the
Palace of
the Counts
of *Holland*.

That in the great Hall of the Palace of the ancient Counts of *Holland* there is yet to be seen a vast Quantity of Colours and Flags, and other Trophies, taken by the Republic from her Enemies by Sea and Land; and amongst others those which the Prince of *Orange Maurice*, took from the Archduke *Albert*, at the famous Battle of *Nimpoort*, which saved the State: That this Palace was built in 1250 by *William II.* Count of *Holland*, and King of the *Romans* (who removed his Court from *Gravenland* to the *Hague*) for him and his Successors: That all the Wainscoting of this House is proof against Worms, Spiders, all Sorts of Vermin, and Putrefaction.

That

That it was at the *Hague* that the *States-General* declared, by a Decree of 26 July 1581, *Philip II.* King of *Spain*, to have lost all the Rights of Sovereignty he might have had, or pretended to have over the *Seven United Provinces*, and ordered his Seal and Arms to be broke to Pieces publicly: That the *Hague* is the largest and most beautiful Village in *Europe*, since there are between four and five thousand Houses in it: That the greatest Part of its Canals, Squares, and publick Places are planted with fine Trees, and adorned with magnificent Palaces and Buildings; the *Voorhout*, as they call it, in Particular, which is the Place where the Persons of Quality take the Air in their Coaches: It was beautified with the fine Trees that still adorn it, in 1536, by the Monks of the Convent, which *Marguerite*, Wife to *Albert* of *Bavaria* erected in that Place, and the ancient Church there still bears the Name of *Clooster-kerk*, i. e. Church of the Convent.

Here likewise is the great Church that was anciently dedicated to *St. James*, built in 1399, by the same *Albert* of *Bavaria*, in the Quire of which there are 32 Blasons or Coats of Arms, of so many Knights of the Golden-Fleece, with this Inscription in Capital Letters, *PRÆMIUM NON VILE LABORUM*, and the honorary Monument of the famous Admiral *Obdam*, who after a bloody Engagement with the *English Fleet*, commanded by the Duke of *York*, Brother to *Charles II.* and having sadly shattered the Ship this Prince was in, finding himself enclosed amidst several large Men of War of the Enemy, had the Resolution to set Fire to his Powder-Room, and blow himself up rather than surrender: This Action is represented there on a Bas-relief, his Statue stands upon the Monument crowned by *Fame*, with this Epitaph.

Honori & Gloriæ.

Herois Illustriss. & ex vetustissima Nobilitatis Batavica stirpe percontinuum & legitimam Successionem prognati, D. Jacobi Dynastæ de Wassenaer, Domini in Obdam, Federati Belgii Archibitalassi, &c. Rebus præclarè terrâ marique gestis, non tantum in Atlantico Oceano, unde sparsa fugataque Lusitanorum Classe, magnâque onustus prædâ domum rediit: Sedet in freto Baltico, ubi pulsus adversariis & insigni partâ Victoria, laboranti Danicæ succurrit, & simul Majestatem recip. afferuit & stabilivit. Ac tandem contra universam Regiam Anglorum Classem, cum paucis fortissimè dimicans, & undique cinctus, ne sic quidem cessit hostibus, sed magna prius edita strage, incensaque demùm Prætoria sua navi, Hercules exemplo, flammis viam sibi ad superos paratam invenit.

Anno ætatis LV.

Illustriss. & potentiss. federati Belgii proceres viro fortiss. optimèque de Rep. merito Monumentum hoc posuere, Anno reparate salutis, 1667.

The Fabrick of this Church is of a very particular Kind, being neither supported by Columns, Pillars, nor Pilasters.

But what is still more unpardonable in *Mr. Misson*, is his saying simply, as he does Page 14 of the same Tome, that we may go in half an Hour from the *Hague* to *Scheveling*, by a straight Avenue cut across Downs. First of all, 'tis at least three Miles, that is, a full League from the *Hague* to *Scheveling*. And

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Hague.
Several
Particulars
concerning
the
Hague.

Honorary
Monu-
ment of
Admiral
Obdam.

His Epi-
taph.

The noble
and truly
marvellous
Avenue
from the
Hague to
the Sea.

1705.
January.
HAGUE.
Errors and
Omissions
of Mr.
Miffen.

And in the second Place, all the Curious and Intelligent who have seen this Avenue, agree, that it is a Work in some respects as admirable as the famous Consular High-ways of the ancient Romans. Yet the dry jejune Manner in which Mr. Miffen speaks of it, is not likely to give a very high Idea of its Magnificence to such as have never seen it; whereas, had he attempted to have done it Justice, he would have said, that with almost inconceivable Labour, and with Patience that demanded all the Phlegm of the Dutch, they have cut a Way across Downs and many Mountains of Sand, extending from the Bridge of North-Eynde, i. e. from the most Northern Part of the Hague, to the Sea-Coast, which is four large Miles in length, and above 24 good Feet in breadth; so that three Coaches may very conveniently go abreast in it without incommoding Foot-Passengers. And he ought to have added, that this wonderful Way is quite straight, and paved with small yellowish Bricks extremely hard, and joined Side-wise very close together; that it is bordered on each Side with four Rows of lofty Trees planted in a Line, and an infinity of Gardens made in the Sand with vast Labour and Expence; and that the Village, Church and Clock of Scheveling, with the vast Ocean, terminate this admirable Visto. It was the Chevalier Constantin Huygens Lord of Zuylichem, Secretary to the three last Princes of Orange, Frederic-Henry, William II. and William III. an excellent Poet, and Father to the celebrated Mathematician who made so many noble Discoveries in Geometry and Astronomy, that projected and contrived this delightful Avenue. And after he had finished it, he composed a very fine Poem upon the Subject, consisting of above 1200 Verses, and put the following Inscription above the Entry into it:

Inscription
on the
Front of
the Gate
of this fine
Avenue.

V I Æ

*Per colles invios & immane Sabuletum
Magno Procerum animo, Impensâ Nobili,
Et Industriâ verè Batavâ,
Depresse, complanata, munita.
Arborum pulchrâ serie Septo, Aggeribusque perpetuis
Ornata; marginata, vallata.
Operis augusti
Se Autore, pridem agitati, adumbrati, & promoti,
Constantinus Hugenius Eques
Initia, progressum, finem, fructumque,
Et in his æternum Patrie decus Posteritati,
Hoc qualicunque Monumento transmissum ac testat. voluit.*

He likewise wrote the 12 excellent Latin Verses engraved below a Print of this charming Avenue, which I had great Difficulty to find here.

Hic

*Hic ubi tota stupens de se Natura triumphum
Ducit audaci victa labore videt,
Hic ubi se Batavis tumidus submittere Collis
Cogitur, & Laterem subter Arena latet,
Hic ubi me sterili sabulo frondescere iussa
Populus umbrosam spondet adulta viam,
Judice me, vili suspensis cardine clatbris
Lignea magnificum Janua fœdat opus.
Eia, Viri proceres, solido de Marmore Portam
Addite; pro modulo nostra papyrus erit:
Ecce, Patres, operæ tantum pars altera restat,
Dimidium facti fecit Episcopus.*

CONSTANTER.

Mr. *Misson*, after having mentioned this magnificent Way very superficially, adds, with no less Coldness and Indifference, *that there is a good Fishery at Scheveling*. Now as to the Fishery here, in my Opinion, it well deserves a higher Epithet, since it furnishes throughout the Year such a prodigious Quantity of Sea-fish, Lobsters, Crabs, Shrimps, and other Shell-fish, not only to the *Hague*, but to *Voorburg*, *Ryswick*, *Delft*, *Leyden*, and not uncommonly to *Amsterdam*, and that at very moderate Prices. I will tell you, by the way, with Respect to this Fishery, that every House-keeper in the *Hague* has the Privilege of assisting at the Sale of Fish, which is publicly made here to the Fishmongers, and of buying at the same Prices with them whatever they choose, reserving still to the latter the Right of Out-bidding the former, if they think fit.

The plentiful Fishing at Scheveling.

Upon a Subject of such Consequence, *Misson* might naturally have told his Friend of a Fishing carried on in this Country, that may, I think, be compared with that of the Whale-fishing, since it brings in Millions of Livres yearly to *Holland*: I mean the Herring-fishing, which ordinarily is set about here in the Month of *July*. The People of *Ziriczee* in *Zeland* were the first who went to fish Herrings in the Year 1165. And the Cities of *Amsterdam*, *Rotterdam*, *Enckbuisen*, and *Vlissing*, furnished each of them a Man of War to escort the Fisher-ships, which very often were between 700 and 800 in Number, and this Fleet is called in their Language *Haring-Buysen*. It is well known that it is *Holland* that sends Fish almost to the whole World; to the *Roman Catholic* Countries more especially, which make a prodigious Consumption of them during *Lent*, and their other meagre Times. It was one *Guillaume Bukking*, or *Bukkum*, who found out the Art of Salting, and preserving them in Barrels, and of smoaking the Red-herrings, and hence the latter are called *Bukkum* in *Flemish*. He died in 1447, and was interred at *Bieroliet* in *Zeland*. The Emperor *Charles V.* so highly esteemed this Invention, that he went on purpose from *Middlebourg* to *Bieroliet* in 1556, to visit the Tomb of the Inventor. The Town of *Horn* in *North-Holland*, boasts of having first found out the Secret in 1416 of making Nets proper for this Fishing, which

The vast Herring-fishing in Holland.

1705.
January.
HAGUE.

The grand
Pensionary
of *Hol-
land* assassi-
nated in
1672, by
the Popu-
lace of the
Hague.

A Mistake
of an *En-
glish* Tra-
veller, and
of the D.
de Roban.

are woven in quite a different Fashion from other Nets. This Fishery brings in so considerable a Revenue to *Holland*, that it certainly deserved to be taken Notice of in a Description of this Country; as does also the prodigious Quantity of good Butter and of Cheeses of various Sorts, which they make here, and export to the *East-Indies*.

Another Remark that deserves a Place here, is, that it was at the *Hague* that the Grand-Pensionary (that is to say, the first Minister of this Republic) the famous *Jean de Wit*, one of the greatest Men, perhaps the greatest Genius the *United Provinces* ever produced, was murdered by the Populace, together with his Brother *Corneille de Wit*, in the Year 1672, just four Years after the latter, with Admiral *de Ruyter*, had taken the Fort of *Sheerness*, and burnt the *English* Ships of War that were at Anchor in the *Medway*. The furious Mob not contented with pulling these great Men out of the Prison, where they were confined, in the most barbarous and outrageous Manner, massacred them in the cruelest Way: dragging their mangled Bodies thro' the Streets to the Gallows, they hanged them up upon it by the Feet, ripped open their Bellies, tore out their Bowels, cut off their Privy-parts, their Ears, their Fingers, their Toes, which were sold to the Curious, who preserve these Fragments in Spirits of Wine to this Day. In one Word, every Barbarity was exerted upon these unfortunate Persons, and all this for their having shewn too much Zeal for the Liberty of their Country. It is believed, not without Reason, that the Intrigues of the Prince of *Orange's* Faction contributed a great deal to bring about this horrible Tragedy. But what shall we say of Sir *Edward Veryard*, an *English* Physician, who published about four Years ago an Account of the *Netherlands*, *France*, &c. which I run over the other Day? This Traveller, speaking of *Dort* or *Dordrecht*, assures us, it was there the Populace cut the *de Wit's* into Pieces. He says, the Countess of *Henneberg* was Wife to *Florent IV.* Count of *Holland*, to whom she was really Daughter, and he takes a Statue in the Entry of the Town-house of *Amsterdam*, representing that City, for one of the Virgin *Mary*. What Stress can one lay upon such Relations? It is yet more surprising to find the famous Duke *de Roban* (who was afterwards the Head of the Protestants in *France*, and made so great a Noise during the Civil Wars in the Reign of *Lewis XIII.*) saying in his Travels thro' *Germany*, *Italy*, the *Netherlands*, and *Great Britain*, That the *Hague* having formerly been pillaged by *Martin van Rossem*, one of the Captains under the Duke *de Gueldres*, its new Inhabitants fearing that the Desire of Spoil might draw upon them another such Attack, determined to fortify themselves, choosing, for the sake of Security, that the *Hague* should lose the Reputation of the most beautiful Village in *Christendom*, and only be called one of the finest Towns in *Holland*. If I had not the Book before me I could not have believed that such an Error could have slipped from so great a Man. It is not however the only Mistake in this Author's Travels.

In Fact, the *Hague* is properly speaking no more but a Village, tho' it be certainly the most delightful and magnificent one in the World, for 'tis quite open. You know it is for this Reason that 'tis not ranked among the Ci-
ties,

ties, tho' it deserves the Name as justly as the finest one in its Neighbourhood. It enjoys the same Privileges, with Relation to Magistracy, and other political Employments, with this Difference only, that it sends no Deputies to the States of the Province, tho' it be the Seat of that Assembly, as well as of the Assembly of the *States-General*. You have not surely forgot that the Air here is very pure and healthful, that it lies a full League from the Sea between *Delft* and *Leyden*, and that there is something very peculiar in its Situation above all the other Towns in *Holland*, having arable Lands on the East, Downs, on the West, Meadows of immense Extent to the South, and on the North towards *Leyden* a charming Wood. The *Sieur Gideon Pontier*, Author of the *Cabinet des Grands*, affirms, that this Wood is full of Deer, but it is not so. The Prince of *Orange* has a very fine House, and many private Persons have Gardens and Pleasure-houses in it; so that the Walks are so frequented, so crowded, that there needs no more to have scared and frightened away all the Deer, if ever there were any.

1705.
January.
HAGUE.
Its charming Situation.

Sieur Pontier criticized.

Over and above all these Advantages, the Ministers from Foreign Courts reside here, and, together with them, a vast Number of Persons of Quality employed in Civil or Military Offices; and the Company here is much more sociable than in most other Towns of *Holland*, witness the Assemblies of Persons of Distinction of both Sexes that are held here every Evening, sometimes in one House, and sometimes in another, and even in several Houses at the same Time. There is likewise a very good Academy, with a well provided Riding-house, and excellent Masters for all the Exercises. Coaches are here in Plenty, there being a very great Number of rich Families, which occasions a good deal of Consumption and Traffick: And Strangers, who are disposed to make any Stay in this agreeable Place, may hire Coaches and Lacquies at very reasonable Rates.

CHAP. IV.

Dort, its National Synod, its Situation, Edifices, Commerce. Leyden, the University there. The Tomb of Joseph Scaliger. Its memorable Siege. Its Illustrious Men.

DORT, or *DORDRECHT*, is counted the Capital of the Province of *Holland*. The Counts were anciently installed here in Presence of those who had a Right to assist at this Ceremony. And it is by Virtue hereof, that its Deputies still hold the first Vote in the Assembly of the States, give their Opinions, and declare their Sentiments, immediately after the ancient Nobility, called in their Language *De Ridderchap*. This has given occasion to address these two Latin Verses to it.

DORT.
Capital of
Holland.

*Cum legit Hollandus communia vota Senatus,
Atque post Equites, Suffragia prima petuntur.*

1705.
January.

DORT.

Its famous
Synod.

An English
Traveller
corrected.

Unjust
Proceed-
ing of this
Assembly
against the
Arminians

Situation
of Dort.

Public
Buildings

Plenty of
Fish.

It is famous among the Protestants for the National Synod assembled and held there, in 1618. and 1619, under the Authority of their High-Mightinesses. For Sir *Edward Veryard*, whom I have quoted above, and who tells us that the Tragedy of the Assassination of the *De-Wits* happened at *Dort*, says, this Synod was held in 1611. A very considerable Number of Professors of Divinity and Ministers assisted at it, not only from the United-Provinces, but likewise from *Switzerland*, *Germany* and *Great-Britain*. The Republic of *Geneva* sent to it its two most learned Professors, *Jean Diodati* and *Theodore Tronchin*, the First of whom was chosen, with five others, to draw up its Canons. If the *Arminians* were condemned by this Synod, without the smallest Regard to their Remonstrances, there is nothing surprising in it. The *Gomarists* supported by the Prince *Maurice* and his Faction, against the famous *Barneveld*, *Hugo Grotius*, and other Partisans of the Liberty of their Country, which this Prince endeavoured to destroy, found themselves to be ten against one. Accordingly the Remonstrants have compared this Synod to the Council called the *Rabble of Ephesus*. Poor *Barneveld* lost his Head on a Scaffold: *Grotius*, with the principal Men of that Party were imprisoned in the Castle of *Lovestein*; and the *Arminian* Doctors were turned out of their Charges, and exiled with a Rigour unworthy of Christianity.

Dordrecht is a very ancient City, being thought to have been built more than 1200 Years ago. Mean time we know nothing for certain about its Origin. It is situated upon three Rivers mingled together, the *Rhine* or one of its Branches named the *Wabal*, the *Lingen* which falls into that Branch at *Gorcum*, and the *Meuse*, precisely on the little Gulph which the *Romans* called *Fossa Merovea*. It joined to the Land before the terrible Inundation that happened in the Year 1421. now it, with a Part of its Territory makes an Island. It is a Town of considerable Bigness, but longer than broad, and divided by several Canals running through it. The most remarkable public Edifices here, are, its great Church, a very bold Building, with a vast square Belfry exceeding massy and solid, upon the Top of which are four large Dials, one to each Front, to which we mount by 312 Steps; the Town-house; one for coining Money, with an Inscription on the Front, which tells us that *Charles V.* granted several Privileges to this City, and amongst others that of minting Money. There is an Exchange where the Merchants meet, an Arsenal, publick Schools and many Charitable Foundations, i. e. an Hospital, an Orphan-house, a House for the Maintenance of poor aged Men, another for old destitute Women; and a Place called *Le Doel*, where they used formerly to exercise themselves in shooting at a Mark, in which is the large Hall where the Synod was held. The *French* and *English* have each a Church here, where divine Service is performed in their Languages. Its Fish-market is one of the best furnished with all Sorts of Fish, with Sturgeon and fresh Salmon in particular. The latter formerly swarmed in the Neighbourhood of this City; and made a chief Part of its Revenue. They were in such Plenty, that by common Tradition, the menial Servants made it in their Bargain when they hired themselves, that they should not be obliged to eat Salmon above twice or thrice a Week. Now they are free from that Pain,

Pain, for the Salmon have left *Dort*, and are gone towards *Gertruydenberg*: There is still however considerable plenty of them not far from *Dort*. 1705.
January.

Trade hath greatly enriched this Place, that of the *English* Wool in particular, and of the *French* Wines of which it is the Staple, and which it distributes through all the Provinces under the Dominion of the States; a Privilege granted to this City, preferable to all the other Towns of the Province, by Count *Florent V.* The Beer of *Dort* is greatly esteemed, and being very pleasant to the Taste, is sent through all the Seven United Provinces; nay, to the *East-Indies*. DORT.
Its Commerce.

Its Outlets are the most charming one sees any where: They are nothing less than spacious Avenues of Trees planted regularly, on each Side of which are delightful Gardens. This Town is strong by its natural Situation, tho' it be only surrounded with a single Wall flanked with some old ruinous Bastions, and a deep Ditch full of Water. Accordingly it was never taken by Force, and tho' it has its Gates, with several Openings on the Side of the River to let Ships and Boats in and out, the *Spaniards* were never able to make themselves Masters of it during their Wars with *Holland*. I had almost forgot to tell you, that *Thierry*, or *Theodoric IV.* Count of *Holland* and *Zealand* was killed here by a *German*, in the Year 1048, and that the Street where this Massacre was committed takes its Name from hence to this Day, being called *Grave-Straat*, i. e. the Count's Street. Outlets.
Strength.

I have remarked to you in the Articles of *Rotterdam*, *Delft* and the *Hague*, several Blunders of Travellers in their Descriptions of these Places; I now proceed to give you an Account of *Leyden*, in Latin *Lugdunum Batavorum*. And here I shall add to what Mr. *Misson* has said of it, that this large and beautiful City is the Capital of a Country they call *Rbynland*, which contains near 50 Towns and Villages, many of which are more considerable than some little Towns: That this is the most fertile Country in *Holland*, according to *Boxhornius*, who speaking of it uses these Words. *Ager circumjectus totius Hollandiae uberrimus est, qui Rbinolandiae nomine vocitari consuevit.* And that next to *Amsterdam* it is the greatest in the United Provinces. LEYDEN.

Our Traveller after telling us, p. 18. that what renders *Leyden* most famous at present is its University, stops short here, and says not one Word more of this renowned University founded in the Year 1575, by *William I.* Prince of *Orange*, after the Siege which the *Spaniards* had laid to this City was raised. He ought at least to have mentioned some of the many learned Men who have professed the Sciences here, and contributed greatly to its Fame. Such as *Joseph Scaliger*, *Salmasius*, *Baudius*, *Arminius*, *Coccius*, *Episcopius*, *Blondel*, *Junius* Father and Son, *Spanheim*, *Sylvius*, *Delboe*, *Le Moine*, *Drelincourt* and many others. Its Library, tho' inferior to many others in *Europe*, is however very considerable, having been augmented at different Times by the private Libraries of several learned Professors, and amongst others, by that of the celebrated *Joseph Scaliger*. Its University founded by Will. I. Prince of Orange, in 1575, one of the most famous in Europe.

This Name puts me in mind of a Blunder of *Misson*, with Relation to the *Scaligers*. He says in a Marginal Note, that *Julius Scaliger* lies interred in the *Walloon* Blunder of Mr. Misson concerning Joseph Scaliger.

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LEYDEN.

Walloon Church of Leyden. *Julius Scaliger* never saw *Holland*: This learned Man died and is buried at *Agen* in *Guienne*, where his Tomb is yet shewn to Strangers. It is his Son *Joseph* who was entered in the *Walloon* or *French Church* at *Leyden*, with this Epitaph that deserves to be transcribed, because he has carried the Prize of Glory from Hundreds who were infinitely superior to him in Erudition.

The tomb
of *Joseph*
Scaliger.

DEO
OPT. MAX.
SACRUM

Et aeternae Memoriae Josephi Justi Scaligeri, J. Cæs. à Burden F. Principium Veronensium Nepotis; Viri qui invicto animo unà cum Patre Heroë maximo contra Fortunam adsurgens, ac jus suum sibi persequens, Imperium Majoribus ereptum, Ingenio excelso, Labore indefesso, Eruditione inusitata, in Litteraria Rep. quasi fataliter recuperavit; sed præsertim ejusdem Modestiae, quod sibi fieri vetuit, iidem qui in Urbem hanc vocarunt Curatores Academiæ, ac Urb. Coss. hoc in loco Monumentum P. E. L. C.

Ipse sibi æternum in animis Hominum reliquit.

Upon the Top of this Monument, an Eagle with expanded Wings holds a Laurel Crown in its Bill, and a Book in one of its Talons. Below are the Arms of the *Scaliger* Family, Princes of *Verona*. A Portrait of him is carefully preserved in the public Library.

Some Particularities
relating
to the Siege
of *Leyden*.

Let us not omit some Particularities in the famous Siege of this City; as for Instance, that it lasted more than five Months: That the *Spaniards* exasperated by the holding out of this Town so much longer than was apprehended, spared no Labour to take it, and lost a vast many Men in this Siege; that their General *François Valdez*, finding Force would not do, flattered the Inhabitants with many specious Promises to persuade them to surrender; but that they always answered him in the same Tone.

Fistula dulce canit, volucrum dum decipit Auceps.

Adding, that after they had eat, for want of Provisions, each his Left Arm, they should still have their Right left to defend themselves; and that they were resolved, like the *Saguntines* in *Spain*, to set Fire to their City, and burn themselves, their Wives and their Children, rather than give themselves up to their cruel Enemies: That a large Fish having been taken up out of a Well in the Castle, called *Le Burg*, which some say was built by the *Romans*, and others by the Counts of *Holland*, they threw it with a Loaf of Bread over the Walls of the City to the Besiegers, to make them believe that they did not want Provisions, tho' they had been reduced to the Necessity of eating Cats, Dogs, Rats, Mice, and the Leather of their Coaches.

Agacious
and heroic
Action of
a Burgo-
master.

That at the height of the Pestilence and Famine with which the Besieged were equally distressed, a Band of mutinous Persons having gathered together before the House of a Burgo-master, whose Name was *Peter Adrianides Vander-*

Vander-Werff, and crying aloud, that it was more eligible to surrender upon any Terms, than to be miserably consumed by Famine or the Plague: This generous Magistrate (remembering with what Barbarity the People of *Harlem* had been treated by the *Spaniards* two Years before, notwithstanding their Capitulation) offered his whole Body to those Mutiniers to be divided among them, to allay their Hunger. "*Atque hoc tam masculo responso adeo omnes perculsi sunt, says the learned Boxhornius, ut pedem inde statim referrent.*" This Action equals, in my Opinion, that of the *Decii*, of *Marcus Curtius*, and other *Romans*, who voluntarily devoted themselves for the Safety of their Fellow-Citizens, since we may say of this Magistrate of *Leyden*, what *Valerius Maximus* said of one of the *Archons* of *Athens*: *Et hic quidem pro Republica non est extinctus; sed admirabili virtute ne Respublica extingueretur, providit. cupiebat enim Patrie, quam vita sua longiores esse terminos.*

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LEYDEN.

Another very memorable Particular in this Siege, is, that while it lasted the Inhabitants made use of Pigeons to convey Intelligence from time to time of the Condition they were in to *William I.* Prince of Orange, who sent them back his Answers by the same Messengers; that these wonderful Couriers are preserved still embalmed in the Town-house; and that this Prince, after the Siege was raised, would have the Citizens, who had learned and taught the three Pigeons to perform this singular Service to their Country, take three Pigeons for their Coat of Arms. Let me add, that the very Day the Enemy retreated, there fell suddenly a large Piece of the Wall above 26 Fathom in breadth, and that there happened a strong southerly Wind, which dried up almost all the Waters they had let out from their Sluices, which Incidents would infallibly have put the Besieged into the Hands of their Enemy, had the latter but waited one Day longer before they retired from before the Town. This unexpected and almost miraculous Retreat of the Enemy, made the People of *Leyden* strike a Medal, representing it with this Legend

Pigeons
made use
of to carry
Letters.

Remark-
able Acci-
dent.

Sicut Sennacherib à Jerusalem.

Sic Hispani à Leyda Noctu Fugati.

There happened yet another very singular Thing during this famous Siege. It was this: The horrible Cruelty of the *Spaniards* at the Siege of *Harlem*, *Naerden*, *Zutphen*, and other Towns, had enraged the *Dutch* with such implacable Fury and Hatred against this Nation, that a Sailor in the Fleet which came to the Succour of this City having killed a *Spanish* Soldier, ripped up his Breast, pulled out his Heart, bit off a Piece of it warm and bloody as it was, swallowed it, and threw the rest to a large Dog that attended him. 'Twas on Occasion of this inhuman Act, that *John Vander-Does* Lord of *Nordwick*, so well known in the learned World, by the Name of *Janus Douza*, and who was one of the Governors of this City during the Siege, made this Epigram.

A barba-
rous Acti-
on of a
Dutch Sai-
lor.

Lugdunum

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LEYDEN.

Lugdunum cingit Batavorum miles Iberus

A Batavo contra cingitur ille Mari.

Non opus est Gladiis, ferroque rigentibus armis,

Sola pro Batavo belligerantur Aquæ.

Facturam Pecoris Batavus quam fecit & Agri,

Humano decies sanguine, Iberi, laus.

Macra caro est, nuper cum Cor gustasset Iberi,

Respuit, & canibus Nauta vorare dedit.

Tolle metus, Hispani fuge, & ne respice terras,

Pro quibus Oceanus pugnat & ipse Deus.

Many Particularities relating to Leyden.

The chief Church of *Leyden*, anciently dedicated to the Apostle *St. Peter*, is the largest in the Province, after that of *Harlem*. This City has eight Gates. Its Walls are of Brick, its Ditches large and deep, and full of Water to the Level of the Banks, without any other Fortifications. It was enlarged for the last Time in 1658, by *William II.* of that Name, and fifteenth Count of *Holland*, who was elected Emperor in 1246. in the Room of *Frederic II.* who was born at *Leyden*, in 1222. His Son *Florent V.* of that Name, who was assassinated when he was a hunting, in 1296. by a Gentleman called *Seigneur de Velsen*, to revenge himself upon that Count, for having forced his Wife in his own Castle, while he had sent him out to negotiate some Affair, was also born here. This City likewise gave Birth to the famous *John Buckold*, who of a simple Taylor, found Means to make himself King of the *Anabaptists*, after having surprized the City of *Munster* in *Westphalia*; and to the celebrated Painter *Lucas Van Leyden*, of whose Hand there is a Capital Picture carefully kept in the Town-house, representing the last Judgment, to purchase which, 'tis said, the Emperor *Rodolph II.* would have covered it over with Ducats of Gold to the Magistrates of *Leyden*.

The Country about Leyden, and its Manufactory.

The Fields about *Leyden* and all its Out-lets are charming: not to mention the magnificent Mall just at its Gates, it is surrounded on all Sides with an Infinity of beautiful Gardens, Pleasure-houses, and Meadows which abundantly yield the best Milk, Cheese and Butter in the World. This City is also famous for its Cloth Manufactory, its Camelots, Fustians, and Silk-Stuffs, and yet more for the beautiful Printing of its *Elzevirs*, to whom we owe such charming Editions of all the *Classic* Authors, and of many other good Books.

CHAP.

1705.
January.
HARLEM

CHAP. V.

Harlem. *The Siege it sustained against the Spanish Army, and the Barbarity of the Spaniards to its Inhabitants. The Origin of this Town. Many Particularities relating to it, and among others, the Invention of the Art of Printing, by Laurent Coster.*

LET us supply some Omissions of our modern Traveller [Misson] with regard to *Harlem*, and give some Account of the no less memorable Siege, than that of *Leyden*, which this City held out against the *Spaniards*, in 1573. *Frederic*, or to give him his own proper Name, *Castellan*, *Dom Fredriquez de Toledo*, Son to the cruel and inhuman Duke of *Alba*, who was then indisposed at *Brussels*, having received Orders from his Father to reduce the Cities of *Holland* that had rebelled on Account of his unheard-of Cruelty, invested *Harlem* in the Beginning of December 1572. *Embald Ripperda*, a Gentleman of one of the most illustrious Families in *Friesland* commanded there, assisted by *Batard de Brederode*, and several other Persons of Distinction. The Monstrous Outrages *Frederic* and his Army had committed at the taking of *Naerden*, *Zutphen* and other Places, had made the Citizens of *Harlem* resolve to defend themselves to the last Extremity. It is impossible to express the Miseries to which this brave People were reduced by Famine. To such an Extremity were they pinched, that a young Girl of three Years of Age, who had died a few Days before, was dug out of her Grave by her Father and Mother to uphold their miserable Life. This Siege was very desperate, bloody, and long; it lasted from the Beginning of December 1572, to the End of July 1573. The *Spaniards* lost in it between ten and twelve Thousand Men, with many Officers of Distinction; among others, the *Sieur Cressonier* Grand-master of the Artillery, and *Bartblemi Campi* of *Pisaro* in *Italy*, one of their ablest Engineers.

The learned *Boxhornius*, in his Theatre of the Towns of *Holland*, relates, that a Widow-Woman about 46 Years of Age so spirited up the Women of *Harlem* to defend their Liberty, that they excelled the Men in Courage, and repulsed the Enemy with great Bravery, in the several Assaults they made upon the Town. *Illuxit in hac obsidione virtus feminarum, & præcipue Kennovæ virilis animi viduæ, annos nate quadraginta sex, quæ cæterarum Dux, robore & constantia animi in propulsandis Hostibus, non sexum suum modò, sed viros vicit.* *Frederick* tired by such a long and vigorous Resistance, and almost despairing of Success, sent to ask leave of his Father to raise the Siege. But the Duke of *Alba*, blaming his Impatience, sent him word that he would come himself, sick as he was, to continue it, or that if the Excess of his Illness should not allow him to do it, he would send for his Mother from *Spain* to supply his Place; a Reproach which determined *Dom Fredriquez* to go on with it.

E

Marry

1705.
January.
HARLEM
Several
remark-
able
Events
during
that Siege.

Many very remarkable Incidents happened during this Siege. The Prince of Orange having sent a Succour of two thousand Men under the Command of *Philippe de Kening*, a brave Officer, in order to steal some of them into the Town: The *Spanish* General, having Intelligence of the Design, prepared an Ambuscade for them, which defeated it, and proved fatal to a great Number of the intended Reinforcement. Among those taken Prisoners were *Kening* and *Antoine the Painter*, who the Year before had by the Information he gave to Count *Ludovic of Nassau*, Brother to the Prince of Orange, greatly facilitated his taking *Mons*, the Capital of the *Hainault* by surprise. *Frederic*, as cruel as his Father, ordered, with Inhumanity unparalleled, those two Prisoners to be beheaded, and their Heads to be cast into the City, with this Inscription, *Here are the Heads of Philip de Kening, who came to assist Harlem with his two thousand Men, and of Antoine the Painter, who delivered the City of Mons into the Hands of the Rebels.* The Citizens of *Harlem* exasperated by seeing the most sacred Laws of Nations so abominably and outrageously violated in the Persons of those two Prisoners of War, put to Death eleven *Spaniards*, and packed their Heads into a Barrel, which in the Night they rolled into the Enemy's Trenches, with this Writing upon it. *The Inhabitants of Harlem send the Duke of Alba ten Heads in lieu of the Tenth-penny that he demands from them, and give him the Eleventh for Interest.* The *Spaniards* and they went on insulting and committing terrible Outrages one upon another in this Manner mutually for along Time; the one hoping to be Masters of the City in a very few Days, and the other daily flattering themselves with receiving Succours: The Besiegers held up to the View of those within the City, Figures representing the Prince of Orange, the Magistrates, Ministers, and chief Personages of this City, which they pierced thro' in their Sight with a thousand Wounds. The Besieged, on the other Side, repaid them in the same insulting Coin: They stuffed Figures of Priests, Friars, Cardinals, and Popes with Straw, and setting them on their Walls, put Fire to them: All which only served to exasperate one another more and more.

The City
surrenders
at last to
the *Spaniards*.

In fine, after a Siege of eight Months, the City being reduced to the last Extremity by a Death, which had swept away above 15000, and the last Recruit which the Prince of Orange sent to them, under the Conduct of Count *La Marche* and Baron *de Batemberg*, being destroyed; the besieged, seeing no Hopes of Relief, were forced by the Cries and Tears of their Wives and Children, who had escaped the Famine, to capitulate; for as to the Men, they had resolutely determined to sally forth in a Body, and to die gloriously, or cut a Passage for themselves Sword in Hand through the Enemy.

The bar-
barous
Manner in
which the
Surren-
derers are
treated.

The perfidious *Frederic*, far from keeping his Faith, committed the most horrible Cruelties against the Rights of Nations and the Laws of War. The Garrison was put to the Sword. *Riperda* and *Lancelot Batard de Brederode* were beheaded by the common Hangman. And this Monster, worthy Son of an equally villainous Father, caused to be hanged and drowned for several Days above 3000 Persons, and amongst them all the Magistrates, Ministers, and chief Inhabitants. So inhuman a Proceeding hurt the *Spanish* Interest exceedingly, instead of serving

serving it. The People became resolute, and determined to suffer every Thing rather than to submit themselves to such a cruel and tyrannical Domination, their natural Hatred of the *Spanish* Nation being thus inflamed to a higher Pitch than ever. The *Dutch* agreed unanimously to use the bloody Word *Harlem-Harlem*, to animate and excite one another on every Occasion, to give no Quarter to those who had treated their Compatriots so barbarously. Accordingly the Town of *Alkmar*, to which the same *Frederic* laid Siege some time after taking *Harlem*, boldly repulsed his most vigorous Efforts, and at last obliged him to make a shameful inglorious Retreat. Much about the same Time the Prince of *Orange*, having surprized the City of *Gertrudenberg*, his Soldiers upon crying out *Harlem*, with great Fury, cut every one of the *Spaniards* to Pieces, notwithstanding all the Care of this humane Prince, to hinder them from taking such cruel Reprisals.

This City is not very ancient; yet its Rise is very much disguised by Fables, in most Historians who have mentioned it. *Boxhornius* thinks it was founded by the *Normans* who came into this Country from *France*, under the Conduct of the Duke *Roux* or *Raoul*: Others make it older, and ascribe its Foundation to *Lem* Son of a King of *Friesland*, who lived about the 300th Year of *Christ*. *Petrus Scriverius* refutes this Opinion, in his Encomium upon this City, where he says:

Non quod ab antiquo repetas primordia Lemo.

What appears most incontestable, is, that it was founded by *Lem* or *Willem*, Son to *Thibaud*, Viscount, or Burgrave of *Leyden*; that it was originally no more but a little Hamlet, with a Castle where this *Lem* kept his chief Residence; whence 'tis called *Heer-Lems stede*, i. e. the Residence of Lord *Lem*; but that in Process of Time it was enlarged and beautified, and became the Capital of a District which is called *Kennemerland*.

It is strange that so judicious a Traveller as the *Sieur Mandeflo* should have affirmed in his Travels, that make a second Volume to those of *Olearius*, that *Harlem* is the largest City in *Holland* next to *Amsterdam*, since every one knows that *Leyden* is much greater. *Harlem* before the Reformation was the only Bishoprick in the Province, founded by Pope *Paul IV.* in 1559; and its great Church formerly dedicated to *St. Bavon*, is indisputably the most beautiful in *Holland*.

The ancient Building called *Het-Princen-Hof*, i. e. the Princes Court, took that Name from hence; that *Florent*, surnamed the *Fat*, Count of *Holland*, and his Consort *Petronilla*, Daughter to the Duke of *Saxony*, transported their Court to *Harlem*, and settled it there. *Jean*, the eldest Son of *Florent V.* sick of the Bustle of the World, resigned his States to his Nephew *Jean II.* retired to *Harlem*, and passed the rest of his Life quietly in the same Palace to his Death, which happened in 1300. In this *Princen-Hof* there are Portraits of the ancient Counts of *Holland*, and a Picture of the taking of *Damietta* in *Egypt*, by these Princes in the third Croisade against the *Saracens* in 1190. Those of *Harlem* who accompanied *Florent III.* Count of *Holland*, in this Expedition, observing, that the Infidels had shut up the Entry into their Port,

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Origin of
Harlem.

Mistake
of Man-
d'flo.

Old Pa-
lace of the
Counts of
Holland.

A fine
Stratagem
of the
People of
Harlem at
the Siege
of Damiet-
ta.

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with two vast massy Chains of Iron, fastened to two large Towers which defended it, contrived a Manner of fixing with Cramp-irons to the Keels of their Ships twenty Saws of Steel, and upon the first favourable Wind, crowding all their Sails, rushed full drive against these Chains, and cut thro' them both; and by this Stratagem opened an Entry to the Christian Fleet into the Town. In Recompence of this noble Action the Emperor *Frederic Barberossa* added to the Arms of their City, which before were three Gates, with four Stars-Field-Argent, a Sword surmounted by the Cross of *Jerusalem*, with this Motto: *Vicit vim Virtus.*

Mandeflo
and Brown
corrected.

Mandeflo, whom I have already mentioned, assures us, in Page 641. of his Travels. That they got for their Reward the Bells of *Damietta*, which were remarkably well cast, and that they brought them home with them to *Harlem*, where they are still. *Edward Brown*, a Physician, and Member of the Royal Society at *London*, says, That these Bells were of Silver. But with Submission to those Gentlemen-Travellers, if I am not mistaken, the Use of Bells was unknown to the *Saracens*. In this Hall there are several excellent Pictures by *Heemskerck*, *Goltzius*, and *Cornelius van Harlem*; among others, a *Prometheus* by the second; the Murder of the Innocents, and a Feast of the Gods by the last, which are esteemed the best.

Lake of
Harlem.

Since Mr. *Misson* has thought fit to mention the lofty Wood near to *Harlem*; he ought not to have forgot its Lake, which is about six Leagues in Length, and subject to Storms and Tempests like the Sea. *Frederic V.* King of *Bohemia*, who retired into *Holland* after he was driven out of his Dominions, being curious to see the Fleet laden with Silver, which the Admiral *Hein* had taken from *Spain* and brought to *Amsterdam*, had almost been lost in this Lake. The Bark he was aboard of was run against with such Violence by another that came upon it full Sail, that it was split and sunk. With great Difficulty was this Prince saved, after he saw his eldest Son, who attended him, perish. While the Prince of *Toledo* besieged *Harlem*, there was a Naval Engagement upon this Lake, in which the *Spaniards* lost Part of their Fleet. It freezes in Winter so hard, that the People go from End to End of it on Skates and Sledges.

Its Inha-
bitants,
why called
Florists.

The People of *Harlem* were anciently nick-named *Florists*, for this Reason; that in the Year 1634, 35, 36, and 37, they were possessed with such a Rage, or to give it its proper Name, such an Itching after Flowers, as to give one, two, nay often three thousand Crowns for a Tulip that pleased their Fancies; a Disease that ruined several rich Families. The Duke of *Roban* in his Travels, says, that between *Harlem* and the *Hague*, which makes seven Leagues, there is a Forest, which he believes is the only one in *Holland*; yet in the Paragraph immediately following this he mentions, the Charming Wood of the *Hague*, and besides, that of *Harlem* is at its very Gates.

Errors in
Misson and
the Duke
de *Roban*
about
the Inven-
tion of
Printing.

Our Traveller, among the *Germans*, who dispute with *Coster* of *Harlem* the Invention of the Art of Printing, names first of all *Guttemberg* of *Strasbourg*, and then the pretended Magician *John Faustus* of *Mayence*, *Peter Scheffer*, *Peter Gernsheim*, and others. If *Misson* had carefully read *Pancirollus*, whom he cites two Pages after, he could not have fallen into three such considerable Blunders

as

as he has here committed. He would have learned from the Appendix *ad* *Titulum XII. de Typographiae inventione*; and from *Salmutb*, who hath commented upon *Pancirollus*, in the first Place, not to have confounded the pretended Magician *Faustus*, of whom many ridiculous Tales are told, with an honourable Burgefs of *Mayence*, whose Name was *John Fust*, the first Inventor of Characters cut in Wood according to the *German*, who was never accused of Magic. At the End of *Cicero's Offices* and other Books printed by him, he always calls himself *Johannes Fustus civis Moguntinus*: *Salmutb* calls him *Johannes Fustius* and not *Faustus*: Secondly. he would have learned that *Guttemberg*, whom he gives (copying the Duke of *Rohan's* Error) for the first Inventor of Printing, was not of *Strasbourg* but of *Mayence*; and that far from being the Inventor of this Art, he was no more than one of *Fustus's* Partners, and that a long time after *Fustus* had invented the Art he learned from him: But these two falling by the Ears about some Money matters, and *Guttemberg* being cast in the Suit then retired to *Strasbourg*, where he set up a Printing-house, after having by Force of Money allured thither many of those who had worked under *Fust*. In the third Place *Peter Scheffer* and *Peter Gernsheim*, of whom he makes two different Persons, were but one and the same Person, who was first Apprentice to *Fust*, and then became his Son-in-Law, on Account of his having invented the Art of casting Types, and not *John Mentel*, to whom Mr. *Misson* attributes the Honour of that Invention; He added to his Name of *Peter Scheffer*, that of *Gernsheim*, a little Town in *Germany* the Place of his Nativity, as may be seen at the End of the Books which he printed afterwards for himself, where he always takes the Name of *Petrus Scheffer of Gernsheim*.

Misson, Page 25 of his first Volume, after having mentioned the first Book printed at *Harlem* by *Coster*, intituled *Speculum humane Salvationis*, which is kept in the Town-house in a Silver Chest; He says, that there is in the same Town-house, a Statue of this *Coster*: If it be true that he had seen it, as is probable, why did he not give his Friend the Inscription as he ought naturally to have done. I will transcribe it to you as it is.

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M. S. VIRO CONSULARI

*Laurentio Costero Harlemensi, alteri Cadmo, & Artis
Typographicae circa annum Domini 1430. Inventori primo,
De Litteris ac toto Orbe optimè merenti, haec Q. L. C. Q.
Statuam quia Aream non habuit, pro monumento posuit Civis gratiss.
Adrian. Roman. Typogr. Anno 1630.*

All I have further to add is, that *Harlem* is the Second in Precedency of the Towns in the Province of *Holland*.

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CHAP. VI.

Amsterdam, its magnificent Town-house. The famous De Ruyter's Monument, and the Tombs of several other Admirals. Charity-houses. The Arsenal of the Admiralty, and Magazine of the East-India Company. The Trade of this Company. Its Power; a short History of it. A Description of Amsterdam. Its Fortifications. Some Particulars relating to Utrecht.

The
Town-
house,
why its
Gate so
small.

IN the Article of *Amsterdam*, Mr. *Misson* has omitted to tell his Friend, that this famous City derives its Name from *Amstel*, a small River which runs into it under the great Bridge at what is call'd the *Utrecht Gate*, and loses itself in its Canals. He should have added that this City was enlarged at three different Times, before it came to be what we now see it.

In the very short Description he gives us of the Town-house of *Amsterdam* Page 10, he expresses some Surprise that they should not have given it a magnificent Entry, instead of the low and narrow Gates which lead into this vast Palace; tho' the Reason of this be very well known. After the ancient Town-house (built as is imagined in 1428, in the Time of *Philip the Good*, Duke of *Burgundy*, and Count of *Holland*) was burnt in 1652, none could ever discover how; the Magistrates who ordered the Building of the new Town-house, reflecting that the Bank of the Seven *United Provinces*, consisting of immense Sums, in which most of the Merchants in *Europe* were concerned, must be lodged there; and well knowing, that the Populace of *Amsterdam* is composed of the Dregs of all Nations, and naturally insolent, mutinous, and exceedingly given to plunder, judged it expedient to make the Gates of this Town-house low and narrow, that it might be more difficult to force them, and easier to defend them.

Short Def-
cription of
that Build-
ing.

It is still more astonishing that Mr. *Misson*, who is so copious upon a hundred other Things that do not so well deserve it, should pass over in Silence, the Beauties of this vast Palace. In fact this Town-house is suitable to this grand and splendid City. It is very regular without, being built of hewn Stone, and within it is proportionably beautified. In Architecture nothing equals this House in the *United Provinces*. Within there is throughout it a Profusion of Marble, Alabaster, Jasper; in the Galleries, Halls, Apartments, Pavements, Incrustations, Bas-reliefs, Statues by *Artus Quellin*, Pillars and Pilasters of the *Corinthian Order*; Frizes, Chapters, Cornishes, and all the most exquisite Ornaments. Every thing is of the most finished Workmanship; and all the Paintings are of excellent Masters. The Pavement of the Great Hall is inestimable, not only because it is all of Marble, but chiefly on Account of the admirable Finishing of three large Globes, Celestial and Terrestrial, on which every thing is marked and adorned with the greatest Correctness and Beauty; the different Countries, being distinguished by Stones of

of different Colours, so joined, as agreeably to represent their different Situations and Forms. The principal Cities, Sea-ports, Gulphs and Rivers, are perfectly well delineated. This large Sale is 120 Feet in Length, 56 and a half in Breadth, and 98 in Height. And what is most admirable, is, that this prodigious Mass of Stones and Marbles is supported by 13659 Piles, which with the Building cost above 12 Millions of Livres, and that in a very small Space of Ground. Mr. Charles Patin makes this Expence amount to 30 Millions, which is exaggerating: On the other hand *Misson* says three Millions, which is ridiculous.

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Mrs. Patin
and Misson
corrected.

As you have formerly seen all this Magnificence, I judge it would be superfluous to give you a particular Detail of it. I will just put you in mind of the *Latin* Inscription above the Grand Tribunal of white Marble, that immediately presents itself upon entering into this Palace. This Tribunal, from which Sentence of Death is pronounced against Criminals, is of the finest white Marble of *Carrara*, the Steps as well as the Benches of the Judges. It is adorned with charming Bas-reliefs representing the Judgment of *Solomon*; the elder *Brutus* cutting off the Heads of his own Sons, and *Zaleucus*, King of the *Locrians*, who having made a Law condemning Adulterers to the Punishment of having their Eyes put out, to support the Authority of his own Law, caused one to be plucked out of his own Head, and another out of his Sons, who had been surpris'd in this Crime. The *Latin* Inscription I am to give you marks the *Æra*, when the first Stone of this magnificent Building was laid.

Beautiful
Tribunal.
Its Inscription.

IV. CAL. NOV. M.DC.XLVIII.

Quo compositum est Bellum, quod fœderati inf. Germ. Populi cum tribus Philippis potentiss. Hispaniarum Regibus, terrâ marique per omnes ferè Orbis oras ultra octoginta annos fortiter gesserunt: Assertâ Patriæ libertate & Religione, auspiciis Coss. pacificatorum optimorum, Gerb. Paneræ, Jac. de Graef, Sib. Valkenier, Petr. Schæp, Consulium Filii & Agnati, jacto primo fundamenti lapide, banc curiam fundarunt.

It is under a fine Statue of the City of *Amsterdam*, which Sir *Edward Veryard*, as I have already remarked, took for a Statue of the *Virgin Mary*.

Monf. Misson, in a Marginal Note, lets us know, that *de Ruiter's* Tomb is worth seeing. And since this Traveller condescends to descant to his Friend upon the Play-things for Children in the Glass-house, and such little Trifles; I think he might have said something of a Monument he tells us is worth noticing: It is in the new Church, at the Bottom of the Quire, inclosed by a Rail of Brass, which hath always been esteemed a most curious Piece of Workmanship in its Kind. There is a Statue of *Ruiter* bedecked with all Sorts of Arms, and with the Admiral's Battoon in his Hand, laid out at full Length, with his Head leaning upon a Cannon. It is accompanied with two Tritons that seem to rise out of the Sea, and to sound each a Trump Marine. In *Lontano* is represented a Sea-fight in Bas-relief, above which is *Fame*, proclaiming the Atchievements of this Hero. On the Sides

The famous, Ad-
miral de
Ruiter's
Tomb.

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are two Female-figures, one of which represents *Prudence*, and the other *Valour*. Several Angels support the Family-arms of the Defunct, crowned with a Duke's Coronet, with which Title *Charles II.* King of *Spain* had honoured him. The whole is of exceeding fine black and white Marble, except the Pillars and Pilasters, which are of a charming red Marble, with white Veins running through it. There are three *Latin* Inscriptions upon it, the middle one in Prose, and too long to be transcribed here, containing a particular History of his Actions : The other two are in Verse as follows.

MICHAELI RUITERO.

I.

*Ruiteri hoc cinerem victoris et ossa Sepulchro,
Adserta equoreo Marte recondit humus.
Tantillum Exuvias spatii complectitur omnes,
Funere de tanti quas tulit Urna viri.
Nil tamen egisti, Mors importuna, Triumphum
De te perpetuum Fama superstes aget.
In titulos Europa parum est, scit Americus Orbis,
Africa laurigeri scit decus Ora Ducis.
Vix capit Oceanus, vix Sol Oriensque, cadensque,
Tot palmis gravidum, tot spoliisque manum.
Maxima quod si quem virtus sacravit Olympo,
Hanc Animam æthereâ fas jubet Arce frui.*

MICHAELI RUITERO.

II.

*Martius hic tumidi Moderator & Incola Ponti,
Qui sibi se totum debuit, ecce jacet.
Ipse lapis, Cinis ipse Viri spirare videntur,
Inchyla pro Patriis quæ tulit arma focis.
Hosti intentat adhuc marmor clademque, fugamque,
Saxa cruentatas strage minantur aquas.
Naufragas hunc sensit scopulum quicumque Batavas
Æquora turbanti classe premebat opes.
Hic Hostes ubicumque jacent : commune Sepulchrum
Cum Duce sortiri, Patria, crede tuos.
Si tamen est Tumulus, moribundis vita Salusque
Civibus, & dextra laus redit undè sue.*

This great
Man's
Elogy.

Mr. *Misson* in the Sequel of his Relation commends I know not how many Persons, who did not merit Praise equally with *Ruyter* ; yet he says not a single Word of this great Man Lieutenant-Admiral, and Commander in chief of all the Naval Forces of the States of the *United Provinces*, who had served in above twenty Land Battles, or Sea Engagements ; who from a Cabbins-boy raised himself to that high Rank by his Merit alone, and was an equally good Sailor, Pilot, Soldier and General : I may add, that he was the greatest and

and best Sea-Officer that ever sailed; and at the same time, one of the most virtuous and pious Men that ever breathed.

You know that he was wounded in the Sea-fight between the *French* and *Dutch* at *Agousta* in *Sicily*; the 22d of *April*, 1676, and that he died of his Wounds seven Days after, on board his own Ship, in the Road of *Syracuse*. His Body was brought to *Amsterdam*, where he was most magnificently buried. And the *States-General* chearfully gave twelve thousand Florins for erecting to his Memory this superb Monument; your Idea of which I have been attempting to refresh. A certain Poet who delighted much in Puns and Conceits made this *Latin* Couplet upon him after his Death.

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*Terruit Hispanos Ruit, ter terruit Anglos,
Ter rait in Gallos; territus ipse ruit.*

I very opportunely call to mind here that Mr. *Braakel* Captain of the *Waf- senaer*, in which we embarked for *Cadiz*, in 1695, told us something very particular concerning him. He assured us of it, as a certain Truth, that he had from Mr. *Engel de Ruyter*, Son to the Admiral himself; that his Father and the famous Mr. *Du Quesne*, two great Commanders of the naval Forces of *Holland* and *France*, whom their Merit alone had raised, and whom we may with good Reason call the two first Sea-Captains who esteemed and feared each other, mutually apprehended being forced to engage, and to avoid all Occasions of it, kept a secret Correspondence, and informed one another of all their Motions, so that they might not meet, tho' they appeared to be in quest of one another. But at last the Wind, and *de Ruyter's* bad Fate, triumphed over all their Precautions.

Anecdote
concern-
ing this
Admiral
and Mons.
du Quesne.

De Ruyter was at *Ivica*, an Island on the Coast of *Spain* in the *Mediterranean*. He received Intelligence that Mr. *Du Quesne* was in *Sicily*, and that he was preparing to sail towards *Naples*. The Wind which was North-North-West, abated suddenly, so that Mr. *Du Quesne* could not get out from *Sicily*. *Ruyter* on the other Hand, had a Southerly Wind, which drove him to *Messina*, from whence the Wind would not let *Du Quesne* stir; so that he was at Anchor when the other first came in Sight. He put to Sea instantly, taking Advantage of a small Westerly Breeze, and came up with the *Dutch* Admiral, who could not retire out of his Way. It would have been unpardonable Cowardise in the Former not to have gone out to meet the other, and in the Latter to have fled from him: They were both Persons of too great Honour to behave so basely; especially after having seemed to have been looking out for one another for four Months past. They met, and made mutually a terrible Fire for more than two Hours, without losing one Point of Wind, or making either of them one wrong Step in the whole Management of their Fleets. At last, the *Dutch* Admiral's Vessel committed a Blunder that made *Du Quesne* believe that *Ruyter* was dead, or at least wounded; being persuaded that had he been himself in a Condition to command, he would have kept to the Wind, and advanced Broad-side, and not exposed his Stern so much in coming up as he did: For when Mr. *Du Quesne* saw him do it,

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he could not help crying out to his Men, that *Ruyter* was certainly killed; upon which they redoubled their Fire, and would have come immediately to boarding; but the *Dutch* retreated, and Mr. *Du Quesne*, very well satisfied with the Days work, did not pursue them very far. He was very much distressed, his Ship being pierced through and through in several Places; almost all his Mastings being shattered, and all his Tackling broke; and besides, he saw there was a vast Number of Dead and Wounded: In short, he stood in great Need of Time to recruit and repair, and therefore he returned to *Messina*, and the brave *Admiral de Ruyter* died of his Wounds aboard his Vessel in the Road of *Syracuse*. Mr. *Du Quesne* openly gave him this Eloge, that he had done all that could be expected from a great General, good Soldier, and expert able Sailor.

The tomb
of Vice-
Admiral
Jean van
Galen.

There is besides in the same Church behind the Pulpit, the Tomb of the famous *Jean van Galen*, who tho' the Son of a Tavern-keeper, raised himself by his Bravery and good Conduct, to the Dignity of Vice-Admiral. This Monument is of Marble, and his Statue is almost in the same Attitude with that of *De Ruyter*. Underneath it is a Bas-relief, exhibiting the Victory he gained over the *English* near to *Leghorn*, which cost him his Life; and above there is the following Inscription in Letters of Gold.

Its Inscrip-
tion.

Generosissimo Heroi Joanni à Galen Essenfi.

Qui ob res sæpè fortiter & feliciter gestas, sexies uno anno Duinkerkanorum Prædatoriam navem captam, & à Barbaris opima spolia reportata, ordinum classi in mari mediterraneo præfectus, memorabili prælio ad Livornam, Deo Auxiliante, Anglor. navibus captis, fugatis, incendio & submersione deletis, commercium cum dicti maris accolis restituit Idibus Mart. A°. M.D.C.LIII. & altero pede truncatus, nono post victoriam die, annos natus XLVIII. obiit, ut sæcula per gloriam viveret. Illustr. & præpotentiss. Ordin. decreto nob. & potentiss. Archibitalass. qui est Amstelædami M. H. P.

This Inscription is environed with a Trophy in white Marble, composed of large and small Flags, Streamers, Weather-flags, Pikes, and other Kinds of Arms.

A very
particular
Tomb and
pleasant
Calcula-
tion of an
Epicurean.

To the South in the Quire, there is a very ancient funeral Monument of whitish Marble, on which are engraved a Pair of Slippers of a very singular Kind, with these *Flemish* Words, *EFFEN UYT*, i. e. *Exactly*. The Story, if you choose to hear the Tradition, is, that a Man tolerably rich, and who dearly loved good Eating, took it into his Head, that he was only to live a certain Number of Years and no longer. In this Whimsy he counted, that if he spent so much a Year, his Estate and his Life would expire together. It happened by Chance, that he was not deceived in either of these Computations. He died precisely at the Time he had prescribed to himself in his Imagination, and had then brought his Fortune to such a Pass, that he had nothing left but a Pair of Slippers, after paying his Debts. His Relations buried him creditably, and would have the Slippers engraved on his Tomb, with

with the above-mentioned *Laconic* Devise, to express the Exactness of the whimsical Calculation of this *Epicurean* Hog, or if you please *Modern Apicius*. 1705. January.

Mr. *Misson* in a Marginal Note says, there was once a design to erect near to this Church a very high Tower, but that this Enterprize was given over, because that Building sunk in proportion as they raised this Spire. *Olivier Dapper*, a Learned *Dutch* Physician says, in his ancient and modern History of *Amsterdam*, that the Reason for not finishing it was, that the Magistrates were afraid that this Spire might considerably eclipse or obscure that of the Town-house. He adds, that it is a vulgar Error to believe that the Foundation gave way, that it was built upon six Thousand three Hundred and sixty three Piles; and that they were more than thirteen Months in driving those Piles into the Ground.

In the ancient Church there are also two Tombs of two Admirals, which are much talked of. One is that of the famous *Heemskerk*, who destroyed the *Spanish* Fleet before *Gibraltar*, after having rendered his Name renowned from Pole to Pole. *Mandeflo*, p. 646, of his Voyage, has made Nonsense of this Inscription, partly by changing Words, and partly by his incorrect Pointing. The Epitaph stands thus.

AMSTER-
DAM.
A fine
Steeple be-
gun and
not finish-
ed, and
why.

Other
Tombs.
Of Admi-
ral Heemf-
kerk.

His Epi-
taph.

Honori & Aeternitati.

Jacobo ab Heemskerk Amstelredamensi.

Viro fortissimo & optimè de Patria merito.

Qui post varias in notas ignotasque oras Navigationes.

In Novam Zemblam sub Polo Arctico duas.

In Indiam Orientalem versus Antarcticum totidem.

Indèque opimis spoliis anno MD. C. IV. reversus victor.

Tandem

Expeditionis maritimæ adversus Hispa. præfectus.

Eorundem validam Classem Herculeo ausu aggressus.

In freto Herculeo sub ipsâ Arce & Urbe Gibraltar.

VII. Kal. Maji anno MD. C. VII. fudit ac profligavit.

Ipse ibidem

Pro Patriâ strenuè dimicans gloriosè occubuit.

Anima cælo gaudet, corpus hoc loco jacet.

Fave Lector, famamque viri ama, & virtutem.

Cujus ergo

ab

Illustriss. & Potentiss. Fæderat. Provin. Belgii Ordinibus P. P.

H. M. P.

Vixit annos XL. mens. 1. dies XII.

Under this Inscription there is a fine Bas-relief representing a Sea-fight before *Gibraltar*, in which this brave Admiral was killed, after having burnt or sunk the greatest Part of the Enemy's Fleet.

The other Monument is that of Admiral *Cornelis Jansz van Amsterdam*, surnamed the *Cock*, on Account of his Vigilance and Activity.

His Epi-
taph

1705. taph is in Verse, composed by the learned *Caspar Barleus*, Professor of Elo-
January quence and Poetry, in the celebrated School of *Amsterdam*.

AMSTER-
 DAM.
 Tomb of
 Admiral
Cornelis
Jansz,
 and Epi-
 taph.

Virtuti ac Fame fortissimi Ducis
Cornelii Joannis Amstelodamensis, cognomento Galli.
Directores & vindices Oceani Septentrionalis
 H. M. P.
Aspice Spectator nostræ miracula gentis,
Gesta que vitrici bella stupenda manu.
Hic jacet Eoum qui duxit vela per Orbem,
Atque Arabum Hesperio sanguine tinxit aquas.
Quem modo prædatrix potuit Duinkerka timere,
Cum Morinum capte succubere rates.
Una triumphantis toties sese torfit in hostem
Puppis, & adversos exiit una Duces.
Ut vincatur Iber Batavo non classibus ultra
Est opus; una ratis, Dux satis unus erit.
Qui dum se Patriæ mediis Bellator in undis
Devovet, illustri supere victor abit.
Jam Decios jactare mihi cessate Quirites,
Hæc etiam Decii marmora corpus habent.
 MDC.XXXIII.

I likewise observed on the North-side of the Quire a Picture, to which very few seem to have given any Attention, on one Side of which is the Imperial Eagle, and on the other, these *Latin Words*.

Anno 1559.

Hæc in loco celebratæ sunt Exequiæ Caroli Quinti
Imperatoris ac Hollandiæ Comititis, vicesimo primo & secundo Aprilis.

You did not know, perhaps, that the Funerals of *Charles V.* were solemnized in this Church.

Raft-hays,
 or House
 of Corre-
 ction.

In the same Volume, Page 32, Mr. *Misson* speaks of a dark Vault, in which a young Debauchee pumped without intermission, otherwise the Cave would in a Quarter of an Hour have been full of Water, and be in danger of perishing. In a marginal Note he adds, that the Use of these Pumps has been abolished since the first Edition of his Book, without giving the Reason why. I will therefore tell you what it was. The Reason was because a Scoundrel put into the House of Correction, becoming desperate, when he found himself condemned to saw *Brasil-wood* as long as he should live (for they are obliged to saw fifty Pound weight every Day between two of them, which is an extremely hard Task) chose rather to let the Water come in to drown him, than to pump to save himself. Since this Accident, this Kind of Punishment has not been in use, lest some other desperate Malefactor should follow such an Example.

But after he had mentioned, which he does very superficially, the Houses of Correction and the Stews, called in the Language of this Country *Ms. fykbuysen*, surely those of Charity well deserved a Place in his Relation. They are admired by all who see them, and add greatly to the Reputation of *Holland*, on account of their rich Endowments and Revenues, but chiefly for the prudent Oeconomy and admirable Order with which they are governed and managed. Besides the great Hospital called *Gasthuys*, there are Houses for Orphans of all Nations and Religions; others for receiving and taking Care of exposed Children, which sometimes amount to above two Thousand, Boys and Girls: These Children are taught useful Trades: They are kept in these Hospitals 'till they are in a Condition to gain their Living, and then something is given to establish them. There are likewise Houses for the Aged of both Sexes, who have nothing to subsist upon, where they are very well lodged and taken care of all the rest of, their Days. And there are Infirmarys for Lunaticks, and the Disordered in Mind.

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DAM.
Charity-
Houses.

The Principal Magistrates of the City are the Governors of those Charity-Houses, and their Wives and Daughters do not disdain to pass in their Turns a Day in the Week in one or other of them, to oversee and direct the Household-management. All these Foundations and the good Police of this City have this excellent Effect, that there are no Beggars in the Streets.

The Number of those Houses is very considerable. But there is one that more particularly merits our Attention; and that so much the rather that no Traveller, as far as I know, hath ever taken Notice of it. It is the only one of the Kind, perhaps in the World. *Amsterdam* is the perpetual Refort of Persons of all Nations, who come to it by Accident or about Business, a great Number of whom have not much to spend; and the Taverns are in general very dear. Now the Wisdom of the Magistracy has above a hundred Years ago provided against this Inconveniency.

Other In-
stances of
Charity
and Poli-
cy.

They have built and well rented spacious Edifices, where all poor Strangers of both Sexes, who are obliged to make any Stay in this City, are received, neatly lodged, and have Bed, Board and Washing for three Days and Nights, during which Time if any of them happen to fall sick, they are transported into a neighbouring Hospital. But after three Days (which Time is supposed sufficient for the Dispatch of Business to such sort of People) they must move from hence, and they are not allowed to return hither for six Weeks. If any are found out transgressing this Rule, they are severely punished.

Moreover to maintain good Order in this House, amidst such a confused Mixture of Persons of the lowest Ranks, there are several excellent Regulations, which are all observed and executed with the utmost Exactness. In fine, to prevent that scandalous Practice, which is tolerated in so many Christian Countries, though it evidently be the Source of an Infinity of Disorders and Crimes, I mean that of suffering Persons to beg in the Streets, there are Officers to take up all such Vagabonds, and convey them forthwith into Houses on purpose, where they are forced to work every one in his own Business, and in proportion to his Strength and Ability. Here also all the Poor who

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who want Work, who offer themselves voluntarily, are received. And what compleats the Police in this Country, is, that at *Amsterdam*, and in most of the considerable Cities of *Holland*, there is a public Office, where all poor Travellers that can give any Account of themselves may go and take a Loaf, a Penny, and a Pass-port, by Virtue of which they are received gratis into the Boats which carry Passengers and Goods from Town to Town.

The Arse-
nal of the
Admiralty

The Arsenal and Yards of the Admiralty well deserve our particular Notice, as well as the Magazine of the famous *East-India* Company, of which Mr. *Misson* hardly says two Words. The first is a House of three Stories, exceedingly well stored with all the Necessaries for equipping Ships of War, and where People are incessantly at Work about all Sorts of Things, proper for the Sea-Service: It is 200 Feet in Length, and in Breadth 228. Its Walls are thick; and this vast Edifice, tho' built amidst Water, was begun and finished in nine Months. 'Tis a Pleasure to see here the Order and good Arrangement of Cannons, Bullets, Cartridges, of all Sizes. In another Place, are Cables, Ropes, and Rigging of all Sorts; higher up are Sails in vast Quantities; and in another Place, Musquets, Carabines, Pistols, Cut-lashes, Half-pikes, and other Arms. In the uppermost Story are Sea-charts, Mariners-Compasses, Astrolabes, Ship-lights, Pullies, Flags, Streamers, Bandrols, Fanes, Sand-glasses, Matches, and a hundred other Things belonging to Ships of War. But what is the finest Spectacle of all is about seventy large Men of War, the smallest of which carry 40 Cannon; these are inclosed with a double Fence of Palisades. 'Tis true they are not armed or rigged, but lying so near the Arsenal they could soon be fitted out for Service in Case of Need. The Rope-yards are likewise very near the Arsenal. We see Docks here, and Carpenters at Work building Ships, some are just begun, others almost finished, and some are ready to be launched. What a Quantity is here of Masts, Yards, Floor-Timbers, Pully-pieces, Keelsons, Ribs, Spars, Pieces for eking Girts, every Thing in short, for Carpenter's Work in the Building of Ships? On the other Side are Anchors, and all Sorts of Iron-work; at making which a vast Number of *Cyclopes*, in the Service of the Admiralty, labour hard from Morning to Night. In one Word, this Arsenal, tho' not so celebrated as that of *Venice*, well deserves a Visit from Travellers.

East-India
Com-
pany's
House.

The *East-India* Company House lies a little further to the Right-hand; and it is still a much larger Building: For it is in breadth 636 Feet, and 70 in length. It is four Story high, and has two large Pavilions for Wings. It is so filled with all Sorts of precious Merchandise from the *East-Indies*, that it is impossible to express its Riches. This vast Edifice is so surrounded with Water, that we must go to and from it in Boats. Besides this prodigious Fabrick, there are other Houses separated from it for all Sorts of Works and Crafts, necessary to fit out Ships for such long and important Voyages. Among several other Ships, belonging to this Company, we were pointed to one in particular that had made sixteen Voyages to the *East-Indies*. It is true, it is so shattered and wore out that it is now kept merely for Curiosity, and not for Use. The Rope-yard, where all Kinds of Handicrafts are incessantly carried on, is above 2000 Feet in length. It is divided into several

Allies,

Allies, separated by Walls of three Feet thick. It is the longest I have ever seen.

Mr. *Misson* has had very bad Information concerning this Company. It was not established, as he tells us, pag. 29. Tom. 1. in 1594. About the End of that Year some private Persons freighted four small Ships, which they sent for the first Time to try their Fortune in the *East-Indies*. They did not sail from the *Texel* till the 2d of *April*, the Year following; and after a painful Voyage, and losing one of their Ships, which they were obliged to burn, so leaky was it become, the other three returned at the Close of 9 Months. They brought with them Rarities and Spices enough from that Country to encourage other Merchants to send back in 1598 eight Vessels, which had much better Success than the former. The effectual Establishment of the *East-India* Company, with a Patent from the *States-General*, was not till many Years after in 1602. And their Patent has always been renewed every twenty Years. This Company brings immense Riches into the Commonwealth, and is become so powerful in *Asia*, that it possesses whole Kingdoms there, and often bears head against the greatest Princes with no bad Success. Yet its first Fund was but six million and six hundred thousand Guilders.

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Errors in
Misson, in
Relation
to that fa-
mous
Company,

Tho' this vast *India* Trade be carried on under the Name of a particular Company, it is however very certain, that the whole Republic is interested in it. The ancient *Romans* aimed at the Conquest of the World, by Dint, of warlike Valour and Force; and they succeeded while they were united; their Ruin was owing to their Factions and civil Animosities. The Republic of *Holland*, more refined in her Politics than ancient *Rome*, does not aspire at governing all, but at giving Motion to all, and takes a more cunning Way to accomplish her End: namely, by universal Commerce. She knows that *Philip le Bon*, Duke of *Burgundy*, to whom the *Netherlands* belonged, furnished his Subjects Money without Interest, to be employed in Commerce, and That in order to strengthen them for bolder Enterprizes. Moreover, foreseeing that Commerce would one Day bring in vast Riches into his States, he not only granted great Privileges to those who engaged in it, but honoured them with Titles and Distinctions of all Kinds. Yet this wise Prince never engaged in Trade himself, farther than to support the Union, Peace, Credit and Honesty necessary to its Flourishing. He well knew that it is the Merchant alone who understands Commerce; the Negotiant only who can manage Trade. Afterwards in the War which the *United-Provinces* were involved in against *Philip II.* King of *Spain*, whose Yoke they had shaken off, the *States-General*, following the Example of the Duke of *Burgundy*, encouraged Particulars to send Ships to the *Indies*, to make Settlements, and thereby to do all the Prejudice they could to their Enemy. These private Persons succeeded in their Project, and formed a Society of Traders to the *East-Indies*, under the Authority and Protection of the *States-General*.

Its vast
Commerce
Philip the
Good, and
the *States*
General's
excellent
Policy in
relation to
Trade.

See here the Beginning of the Grandeur and Opulence of this Republic, now richer than many Crown'd Heads joined together. Let her be ever so much crushed or oppressed in *Europe*, she can never be destroyed while she continues to be well united at Home. Her *Indian* Commerce, in which

That
Com-
pany's
great
Power in
Asia,
all

1705. all her Subjects are concerned, will always support her. It is by extensive
January. Commerce and wise Policy, supported by great Oeconomy, and a flegmatic
AMSTER- Patience proof against every thing, that this *Common-wealth* hath gradually
DAM. spread its Settlements so far into this Country, acquired such large Territories
How the in it, and been able to make so many Kings of *Asia* her Tributaries and Vas-
domineers sals, whom she keeps in greater Awe and Subjection, than ever *Rome* did those
over the Princes whom she had subdued. In truth, she leaves them the empty Title
Indian of Kings, and the Power of Life and Death over some of their Subjects, but
Kings. they have no Authority over any in the *Dutch* Service, or any of the *Dutch*
 Allies, not even over any that put themselves under their Protection. And
 all this enhaunces the Authority of this *Republic* to such a Pitch, that those
 Princes dare neither make War or Peace, but as it pleases the *Dutch*, who re-
 gulate as Mediators all the Terms and Articles conformably to their own In-
 terests, without the least Regard to those of the *Asian* Princes. Not but that
 they feel their Slavery, but because it is not in their Power to shake it off,
 and they have lost all Hopes of recovering their Liberty, since the *Portuguese*
 were shamefully driven from the Island of *Ceylon*. It is true their Pride and
 insupportable Tyranny, and their brutal abominable Dissoluteness obliged the
 King of that Island to call the *Dutch* to his Assistance, to expel so perverse
 and corrupt a People: But he has long ago found, that he is a greater Slave
 than when the *Portuguese* were in his Island.

Its refined
 Politics in
 that Coun-
 try.

Another Reason which hinders the Eastern Princes from attempting to
 throw off the Yoke the *Dutch* have imposed upon them, is that the Latter have
 the Cunning to involve the Former in intestine Wars one against another,
 and to stir up Seditions and Insurrections within their Dominions in order to
 weaken them, and establish their own Power upon their Ruins: Witness,
 the Emperor of *Mutaran*, the Kings of *Bantam*, Father and Son, and many
 others. The *English* and *French* established in *Asia*, accuse them of having fo-
 mented under-hand, the Revolt of *Sevagi* and *Remraja* his Son, against
 the Grand *Mogul*, *Aurengzeb*; either by supplying them secretly with Money,
 or by privately furnishing them with *Dutch* Enginiers, much more brave and
 expert than the *Asiatic* ones of the *Mogul*. They have, in short, so dex-
 trously managed their Affairs, that they are now in Possession of ten or twelve
 Places in the Dominions of this Prince so strongly fortified, that they are in a
 Condition to hold out against a Royal Army. The Sovereign Princes of *Eu-*
rope count for nothing all the Conquests and Settlements of the *Dutch* in *Asia*:
 This proceeds from their being entirely taken up in *Europe*, with Objects that
 more immediately strike their Senses, and not extending their Views to Futu-
 rity. Yet they may have a Glimpse of future Events in what hath happened.
 How many Things are there which are necessary, or are made so by the Op-
 inion of Mankind, that other Nations, the *English* not excepted, only have
 through their Channel? By engrossing Commerce, will they not always be
 able to have Sovereigns in their Pay and dependent upon them? Such more
 especially with regard to whose States, the *Dutch* Settlements in the *Indies*
 are of no Consequence? Hath not this appeared in several Instances? What
 supported the Treaty of the *Triple Alliance*, but the *Dutch* Money? What
 hath

Mistaken
 Politics of
 the *Euro-*
pean Prin-
 ces.

hath induced so many Princes to make such Diversions in *Europe* in Favour of this Republic? It was the vast Sums with which she furnished them, and she alone perhaps could furnish them. Thus having nothing to fear while she is Mistress of the vast *East-India* Commerce, she may always say, *Sapè premente Deo, fert Deus alter opem.* Let the Fops of *Versailles*, and the Cockneys of *Paris*, and the Writers of the insipid Romances of the *Pont-neuf*, there call her Banker with a Sneer: This Name, which they politely look on as a Reproach, will gain this State Honour in the Sentiments of all the Thinking and Wise: It is an infallible Mark of the Wisdom of her Government, and not a Term of Contempt, as these Fools and Coxcombs imagine.

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It was at the Cape of *Good-Hope* that the Foundation of the Power of the *Dutch* in the *Indies* was laid. This Nation, set upon pushing Commerce, and well acquainted with its Interests, immediately saw the Importance of this Station to their Trade, and resolved to make themselves Masters of it. The *English* had seized it, but had not fortified it sufficiently for its Defence. The *Dutch East-India* Company took the Advantage of a War between *England* and the *States-General* in *Cromwel's* Time, and sent thither a Squadron of ten Ships well manned and armed, having on board above ten thousand Land-Forces. The pitiful Fortrefs of the *English* was soon taken: The Company took Possession of it, and has never been prevailed upon to give it back, for any Equivalent whatever *England* hath offered. They built a strong Fort there which nothing commands, and is almost inaccessible. The Mouth of the Harbour is at present better defended than that of *Constantinople*, by the *Dardanelles*, and the Company keeps always a Garrison there of from twelve to fifteen Hundred regular Troops. She took the Opportunity of a Peace lately concluded, and of a Reduction of the Forces, to choose the Officers and Soldiers that had most distinguished themselves in the War, and who had nothing to trust to besides their Arms. These she sent to the *Indies*, and distributed them there as was most necessary or expedient. This Company treats her Servants with Humanity and Mildness, and makes no partial Distinction, either of Nations or Religions; it is no Wonder if she be well served, and her Troops faithful. This, in my Opinion, is one Cardinal Point in her good Politics: But another that surpasses it is, that the Company hath obtained from the *States-General* equal Jurisdiction over all her Officers and Soldiers, as over the Native *Dutch*, even to the Power of Life and Death, without being accountable to the same *States-General*.

How they
established
themselves
at the
Cape of
Good Hope.

Their Mi-
litary For-
ces at the
Cape.

Upon
what the
Fidelity of
its Officers
and Sol-
diers is
founded.

If this Company be rigorous in punishing Crimes, it is no less punctual in recompensing Merit, and every good Action of every Subject of whatsoever Rank or Condition. This engages every one to do his Duty, as well through Fear of Punishment, as Hope of Rewards; so that till this Moment hath none betrayed the Interests of this prudent Company. The Power of Life and Death with which this Company is vested, may seem to make a double Sovereignty in the *United Provinces*: But it is a Mistake. The Company has this Power in the *Indies* only, and not in *Holland*, there the Authority of the *States-General* is undivided. It is the Interest of the Republic, that this Company should have this Power as far as it extends. It makes the Society more

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feared and respected, and the Republic profits in general by the Riches that it brings from *Asia*. We don't hear of Officers who serve this Colony ill, as we so often do of bad Officers in the Settlements abroad of other Nations, in those of *France* more especially, in which the Officers serve against their Hearts, and are perpetually murmuring that they should be obliged to serve Merchants while they are, as the Saying is, in *France*, diverting themselves with their Wenchies. The Officers of this Company in the Nomination of whom neither * favourite Petticoats of Princes, nor three Corner'd Caps have any thing to do, and who owe their Preferments purely to their Merit, uphold themselves by the same Methods which raised them. And thus a noble Emulation is inspired into their Inferiors, because every one hopes to arrive as well as they, by their good Services, to Employments, which are always bestowed according to Merit.

Vagrants
and Rakes
are sent to
the *Indies*.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the *United Provinces* gain another very considerable Advantage from this Establishment; which is, that it purges them from time to time of the Rakes and Vagabonds that infest it: This is making Profit on all Hands. *France* might easily do the same, if the Commerce with *Asia* and *America* were as prudently conducted there, as it is by the *Dutch*. *Paris* itself alone would furnish more than fifty thousand Scoundrels, who do nothing, but spin and twist, so to speak, a Rope to hang themselves. This Vermin in the Capital of the Kingdom, would find the Correction proper for them, in being obliged to indispensibly necessary Work: The Children would not be tainted by the Infection of their Parents bad Example; and thus by degrees we might come to have an honest Brood. This happened at ancient *Rome*, the first Inhabitants of which City were only a confused Tribe of Robbers conducted thither by two Bastards: This we also see at present in several Colonies, which Originally were nothing better than a Company of Whores and Scelerates.

A De-
scription
of *Amster-
dam*.

Let us now return to *Amsterdam*: And we may say of it in general, that it is one of the most beautiful, and without Controversy, the richest City in *Europe* of its Bulk, and it indeed well deserves the high Renown it is in throughout all the World. Its Situation would very nearly resemble that of *Venice*, being wholly built upon Piles, and divided into several Islands, were it not joined to the Land on the Side where the Meadows lie, if we may call a Country so, which is pierced and cut by Canals, and where the Water is higher than the firm Land. And this whole large City is a Robbery, the Patience and Industry of the People have committed on the Sea. The vast Number of Palisades which defend it against the Violence of the Waves on the Side of the River, and the *Zuyderzee*, is as wonderful as necessary; and its Port is the Rendezvous of all the Riches of the East, West, South and North. It hath carried its Commerce farther than ancient *Rome* did its Conquests. It has enriched itself with the Spoils of two Worlds, whereas *Rome* contented herself with those of one. The vast Forest of Ship-Masts one sees there, so far beyond what is any where else to be seen, proclaims *Amsterdam* the Mistress of the

* *Madame de Maintenon* and the Jesuits.

Sea,

Sea, and the Source and Residence of the best Sailors that have ever been in the World. While one is amidst this prodigious Concourse of Ships, he imagines himself to be in the general Mart or Fair of the Universe. For how can he think otherwise of a City where so many different Nations center, and where such vast Riches are displayed and exposed to Sale? The Canals which cut the principal Streets, the Rows of fine Trees which make so many charming Alleys running along the Sides of them, and the prodigious Number of Stone Bridges, adorned with Rails of Iron Breast high, which make Communications over all the Town, are none of its least Ornaments. The magnificent Houses, the Prospect of which is truly admirable, built with great Uniformity on the Keys of the Canals, add exceedingly to its Beauty, and an immense Number of Magazines, Ware-houses and Shops, that are filled with the richest and most valuable Commodities in the World, testify its vast Opulence. Its Streets, which are for the most part upon a Level, afford on all Sides the most enchanting Views. The People swarm here, and all Hands are busy, so that all is in Motion: In one Word, here Idleness hath no footing, no shelter; and here reign Industry and Commerce, with their inseparable Attendants and Companions, Wealth and Plenty. And yet it is not above 300 Years since it was only inhabited by Fishermen.

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On the Land-side there is a broad Ditch without a Counterscarp, for there is no need of one. Its Strength consists in its being easy to cut a Passage for the Water, and so drown all the Works that can be made in order to approach it. The Sea runs twice a Day into this Ditch which is very deep, and not less than 80 Paces in Breadth; and the Fields being much lower than the Waters, and the River *Amstel*, one may easily comprehend what Condition Works of Approach would soon be in, if an Outlet for the Water were cut through the Bank which confines them. There are no Out-works, for they could be of no Utility; but upon this Side, the City is covered by 27 Bastions, all of which are faced with Bricks, and are as regular as the Figure of the Town's Circumference permitted. The Gates are placed in the middle of the Courtains, with a Clock upon each, and all the Bridges are made to draw up and let down: The Platforms are very good, and there are Wind-Mills on all the Bastions, a great Convenience in a Siege, for the Besiegers will not erect Batteries against every Mill. Yet a severe hard Winter would render all these Fences useless; and the Prince of Orange, Father to King William III. had in all probability succeeded in his Design of making himself Master of *Amsterdam*, had he besieged it in that Season.

Its Forti-
fications.

I say nothing to you of *North-Holland*, nor of the excessive Neatness of its Inhabitants, who carry their Cleanliness to such a Pitch, as to wash and clean several Times in a Day the Stalls for their Cows, and to tie the Tails of those Animals by a Rope to a Post, that they may not dirty them by their Urine or Dung, and an hundred other such Extravagancies which are almost incredible. You, who have formerly seen this Country know, that it abounds with excellent Pasturage that greatly enriches the Peasants, among whom there are who possess above a hundred thousand Crowns of Estate. You know also that its principal Towns are *Enckhuysen*, *Horn*, *Alkmaer*, *Medemblyk*, *Edam* so famous

*North Hol-
land.*

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Their
Turf.

famous for its excellent red-crufted Cheefe; *Monickendam*, *Purmurend*, and *Surdam*, where yearly a great Number of Ships are built.

Mr. *Misson* has very well corrected the Mistake of *Monconys*, who said that *Erasmus* invented the Use of Turf; for besides *Julius Scaliger*, whom the Former quotes, *Charles Patin*, in his Treatise upon Turfs for Fire, assures us that Turfs have been used in *Holland* for above 400 Years. But Mr. *Misson* ought not to have stopt there; here was the proper Place for informing his Friend, that these Turfs or Peats consist of a viscous Substance, dug out of fenny or marshy Grounds, called in *Dutch Veenen*; that after digging them, they are exposed to the Sun and Wind to dry and harden them; that they are cut into square Pieces, and transported over all the *United Provinces* in Barks made on purpose; and that they are so full of Sulphur and bituminous Matter, that all who sit in Winter round a great Peat-fire, appear pale and livid like Ghosts; which puts me in Mind of an Enigma that will quickly be unriddled.

Dic quibus in terris pereunt sua rura Colonis.

Ipsaque concepto fomite flagrat humus?

Et mox effossi vetantur navibus agri.

Naiadesque natant nunc ubi Vesta fuit?

Several
Remarks
on *Hol-*
land in ge-
neral.

I think, before leaving his Description of *Holland*, Mr. *Misson* ought to have observed, that this Province alone is richer and more potent than the six others together; that it has three of the five Courts of Admiralty that are in the whole *United Provinces*; one at *Rotterdam*, one at *Amsterdam*, and the third at *Horn* and *Enckbuysen* in North *Holland*: The other two are at *Middlebourg* for *Zeeland*, and at *Harlingen* for *Friezeland*; but, on the other hand, it raises for the Necessities of the States, 57500 Yearly: That it contains 30 good Towns, and near 500 Villages. That anciently there were but Six Cities in it; *Dort*, *Harlem*, *Delft*, *Leyden*, *Amsterdam*, and *Gauda* or *Tergoud*, which had Votes in the States of the Province; but at the very Foundation of the Republic, *William I.* Prince of *Orange* added twelve more, viz. *Rotterdam*, *Gorcum* or *Gordicbem*, *Schiedam*, *Schoonbove*, *Brill* or *Briel*, *Alckmaar*, *Horn*, *Enckbuysen*, *Edam*, *Monickendam*, *Medemblyck*, and *Purmurend*; that these Cities might by this Honour conferred upon them by turns, be more affectionately attached to him in the Assembly of the States, and because he thought they would contribute more chearfully towards the public Relief, when they were thus made better acquainted with its Distresses.

To draw towards a Conclusion, though this Province produces nothing but excellent Butter and Cheefe; yet, we may justly say that the Conveniencies of Life are here in greater Abundance than in any other Country of *Europe*. Here is an Epigram addressed by the learned *Joseph Scaliger* to his Friend *Janus Doufa*, upon this Subject.

Ignorata

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Epigram
of Joseph
Scaliger
upon that
Country.

*Ignorata tuæ referam miracula Terræ
DOUSA, peregrinis non habitura fidem.
Omne Lanitium hic lassat Textrina Minervæ;
Lanigeros tamen hinc scimus abesse greges.
Non capiunt operas fabriles oppida vestra;
Nulla fabris tamen hæc ligna ministrat humus.
Horrea triticea rumpunt hic frugis acervi;
Pascuus hic tamen est, non Cerealis ager.
Hic numerosa meri stipantur dolia cellis;
Quæ vineta colat, nulla Putatur habet.
Hic nulla, aut certè seges rarissima Lini;
Linifici tamen est copia major ubi?
Hic mediis habitatur aquis: Quis credere possit?
Et tamen hic nulla, Doussa, bibuntur aquæ.*

Its Arms are a Lion Gules, armed or langued azure. Its ancient Inhabitants were the famous *Batavi*, Friends and Allies to the *Romans*, and who, in the Time of *Vitellius* and *Vespasian*, carried on a War so vigorously, under the Command of their valiant Chief *Claudius Civilis*.

Our Traveller, who boasts so much of his Exactness, has likewise forgot, in speaking of *Utrecht*, to tell his Friend, that this City, so famous for the Treaty of Union between the *Seven Provinces*, which was concluded there in 1579, was anciently called in *Latin*, *Civitas Antonina*, and now *Trajectum ad Rhenum*, or *inferius*, to distinguish it from *Trajectum superius*, or *ad Mosam*, which is *Maestricht*. That *Willebrode*, an *English* Gentleman, was the Apostle who first preached the Gospel here, and was first Bishop: That this Bishoprick was founded by *Dagobert I.* King of *France*, about the Year 630. That a Council was held here in 697, in which it was resolved to send the most celebrated Preachers as Missionaries into Foreign Countries, into *Germany* particularly, to preach the Christian Religion there: That the Successors of *Willebrode* became so potent here, that they were not unfrequently able to raise Armies, and make War against the Counts of *Holland* and Dukes of *Guelderland*: That the learned Pope *Adrian VI.* who did not change his baptismal Name, as Popes commonly do, was Son to a Brewer in this City, and raised to the Papal Chair by the Intrigues of the Emperor *Charles V.* to whom he had been Preceptor: That this Prince held a Chapter of the Knights of the *Golden Fleece* here in 1546: That the University of this City was founded by the States in 1636: And that it gave Birth to the much celebrated *Maria Scurman*, one of the most learned Ladies that ever lived, who wrote with equal Elegance in *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Spanish*, *Italian*, and *Dutch*: That there is here a Portrait of this Lady done by herself (for she painted very well, and was also a perfect Mistress of Music) with these two Verses under it of her own Composure.

UTRECHT.
Curious
Observa-
tions con-
cerning
this City.

Cernitis

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January.
UTRECHT.

*Cernitis hic picta nostros in imagine vultus,
Si nupat hinc formam, gratia vestra dabit.*

Its Forti-
fications.

He ought also to have added, that *Utrecht* is a beautiful and large City, and the Capital of one of the *United Provinces*: That its Streets and Places are open, large, and for the most Part very straight: That its Fortifications consist only of some large detached Bastions, raised upon the Ditch, but upon a Line very distant from it, and beyond Bullet-reach: That that Ditch is deep, large, and full of Water: That it is only inclosed by a pretty high Wall, without any other Flanks but those detached Pieces, which I have just mentioned: But its Ramparts are fine, continued Walks, shaded by beautiful Trees: That its Mall is one of the most delightful that can be seen, of an uncommon Length, and so straight that the Sight loses itself in it: So are two other Allies which run parallel with it: The Trees are so thick and bushy, that there are no finer Walks in *Europe*. *Lewis XIV.* was so charmed with them that he forbid cutting them down in 1672.

Errors in
Misson.

Besides, *Mr. Misson*, page 38. speaking of one of the Pillars in the Church of *St. Mary*, now the *English Church*, which is founded upon Ox's Hides, and on which there is the Figure of a Bull, with these two *Latin Verses*, dated in 1099.

*Accipe posteritas, quod per tua secula narres,
Taurinis cutibus fundo solidata columna est.*

says to his Friend, Give any meaning you can to these Lines; yet the Sense is very obvious, as you see; but what made the Obscurity to this accurate Traveller, was his Reading *via secula narres*, instead of *tua secula*. The Foundation of this Church, the Manner in which this Pillar was fixed, and the fatal Consequences of it, deserved to have been particularly mentioned in his Relation, since they lay so directly in his Way. Here is the Substance of what the great Chronicle of *Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Friezeland, &c.* says of these Things.

The Founda-
tion of
St. Mary
of Utrecht.

Conrad of Suedia, Father to the Emperor *Henry IV.* after having accompanied this Prince in all his Wars, was made by him the 22d Bishop of *Utrecht*. Now he knew that the Emperor greatly regreted the Destruction of a Church, dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*, which was burnt to the Ground in the Sack of *Milan* in *Italy*, and therefore he desired Permission to build one at *Utrecht*, to the Honour of our good Lady, and to make up her Loss at *Milan*. This Prince not only granted his Desire, but made him great Gifts to assist him in the Expence of carrying on this Work. After the greater Part of the Pillars were fixed, which were to support the Vault, a Part of the Ground towards the South was found to be so miry, that it was impossible for a long Time to lay any solid Foundation there. Among the *Malons*, employed in this Building, one from *Friezeland*, named *Plober*, engaged upon the Peril of his Life to fix the Pillar that must be placed precisely in that muddy

muddy marshy Spot. But as he demanded a vast Sum for that Time, the Bishop *Conrad*, a subtle, artful Man, bethought himself of a Stratagem to get this Mason's Secret from him, which was to bribe his Son with ready Money and Promises. And he having fuddled his Father, discovered that his Scheme was to make use of a vast Quantity of Ox-Hides, in order to settle strongly this Pillar. The Bishop found by Experience that the Method was very good, so that the Church was finished in a short Time, and dedicated to the holy Virgin. Some have wrote, that *Plaber* having detected the Arts his Son had used to pump and betray him, killed him clandestinely. However that may be, the Mason could never forgive the Bishop for having stole his Secret from him, and towards the Close of the Year 1099. he stabbed him as he was coming from saying Mass. The Murderer was taken and executed, and as to the poor Bishop he was buried in the Church he had founded, after having possessed this Bishoprick 24 Years. There are *Latin* Verses in the Archives of this Church, which relate this Story. But they are too long to be copied.

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UTRECHT.

These are the Remarks I had to make upon *Holland*. As we are about to quit this Country very soon, I am now, according to my Promise, to give you a regular continued Journal, from Day to Day, of all I meet with that is worth while in my Travels.

C H A P. VII.

Departure from Holland, into Germany. The chief Towns between Amsterdam and Dusseldorp, with Observations upon each of them. Muiden, Naerden, Amersfort, Arnhem, Doelbourg, Wesel, Rhin-Berg, Duis-bourg, Kayferswert,

THIS Morning we set out from *Amsterdam* at the opening of the Gates, in our Post-Chariot, as they call it. These Machines are very high mounted, mounted, one may say, upon Stilts: Besides, they are adorned without with certain moving Plates of Iron, which make a terrible Rattling: in other Respects they are convenient enough, if they were hung with Springs, and were not a Ladder necessary to get up into them of which one is fastened to each Door.

FEBR. 6.
Post-Chariots of
Holland.

About Nine in the Morning we passed through *Muiden*, a little Town that in the Year 1672, surrendered itself to three *French* Cavaliers in a panic Fright, with which the People and Borgo-masters were foolishly seized. These three Sparks going a Marauding, met with one of their own Trumpeters that was returning to *Naerden*, of which the *French* were then Masters, who joined them. After having rambled sometime, they lost their Way, and instead of the Road to *Naerden*, were got into that to *Muiden*. These Droles immediately discovered their Mistake, and to make the best of it they could, they had the Impudence to summons this Town by the Trumpeter along with them, who told the Magistrates, that a numerous Detachment of

Muiden, a small Town taken by the *French*, in 1672.

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FERR. 6.
UTRECHT.

of the *French* Army was not above half an Hour's March from the Place with a Design to invest it. This News so frightened these Fools, that they resolved immediately to carry them the Keys of the Town, with the Olive-branch.

The Marauders forthwith dispatched the Trumpeter full speed to *Naerden* to make some Troops come, which arrived soon after and took Possession of *Muyden* without striking a Blow. The three brave Wags were found at a Burgo-master's House with the Glasses in their Hands very merrily entertained. We need not ask what Praises they had from their Officers; nor how this Exploit was celebrated by the merry Wags, and Glas-breakers of the Army in their Sonnets. This Town was one of those the *French* afterwards abandoned voluntarily.

NAER-
DEN and
its fine
Fortifica-
tions.

An Hour after we breakfasted at *Naerden*. This is the last Town in the Province of *Holland* on this Side, and the Metropolis of a little Territory called *Goyland*. It is within Cannon-shot of *Zuyderzee*, and three Leagues from *Amsterdam*. It is but a small City, but in Point of Fortifications it is a Jewel, both for Regularity and Beauty. They were executed upon a Plan given by the renowned Engineer *Storff*, a Colonel in a *Dutch* Regiment of Foot, who likewise fortified *Grave* and *Breda*. The Fortifications are all lined with good Bricks, and encompassed with large and deep Ditches, that are filled with Water in all Seasons of the Year.

Taken by
the *French*
in 1672.

During the War of the King of *France* with the *Dutch* in 1672, The Marquis of *Rochefort*, who commanded a flying Camp, sent thither after the taking of *Amerfort*, a Detachment of 600 Men. This Handful of Men no sooner appeared in Sight of *Naerden*, than the Garrison and Part of the Inhabitants were so frightened, that they took to their Heels and run to *Amsterdam* as fast as their Legs could carry them, and those who did not fly opened the Gates and delivered this strong Place into the Hands of a few *French*, on the 20th of June, 1672.

Retaken
the Year
following,
by the
Prince of
Orange.

The Year following, the Prince of *Orange* finding that this Town blocked up the Province of *Holland*, *Amsterdam* in particular, on that Side, besieged it in the Beginning of September. He continued to attack and batter it Day and Night without Intermission, and so obliged it to capitulate the 13th of the same Month, i. e. in nine or ten Days after opening the Trenches. This was the first Town that this Prince re-took from the *French*, and this Success revived the Courage of the *Hollanders*, which was sadly sunk by the Loss of three of their Provinces in a short Time.

* 1572.
That
Town
cruelly
used by
the Duke
of *Alba*,
in 1572.

A Hundred Years * before, the Duke of *Alba*, having re-taken *Mons* the Capital of the *Hainault*, sent his Son *Frederic* of *Toledo* to besiege *Zutphen*, which he most inhumanly pillaged after they had capitulated. Afterwards having laid siege to *Naerden*, the Inhabitants, more brave than their Successors in the Year 1672, defended themselves to the last Extremity; so that *Frederic* despairing of taking it by Force, sent *Julian Romero*, an Officer of considerable Distinction in his Army, to offer them honourable Terms of Capitulation. The Garrison and Inhabitants having no Hopes of Succour, accepted

cepted and fell into the Hands of the *Spaniards*; who were no sooner Masters of the Place than the perfidious *Frederic* broke his and *Romero's* Word; cruelly massacred all the Inhabitants, without Distinction of Sex or Age, and left the dead Carcasses three Weeks in the Streets, without burying them. Not satisfied with this, he burnt the Houses to the Ground, and razed the Walls; Outrages which were looked upon, even by the most cruel, rather as detestable Crimes than the just Punishment of their Revolt.

1705.
Febr. 6.

About Mid-day we got to *Amersfort* to Dinner. This is a pretty large Town, and the second in Rank of the Province of *Utrecht*. The same Marquis of *Rocbefort*, who took *Naerden*, had possessed himself of *Amersfort* the Day before, without losing one Man; such Terror and Consternation had the French Arms at that Time every where spread. After the Death of King *William* of *England*, the Populace of this City made an Insurrection against the Magistrates, deposed them in the most violent Manner, and put new ones in their Room. The *States-General*, being informed of this Disturbance, sent Deputies immediately to reduce those Malecontents to their Duty; but to so little Purpose, that they found themselves obliged to have recourse to what is commonly called, *Ratio ultima Regum*, that is to say, to send Troops and Artillery, which made them open their Gates three Days after. They satisfied themselves with making Examples of the most guilty, amongst whom was one of the new Burgo-masters, the chief Author of this Rebellion, who was hanged.

Amersfort,
of the Pro-
vince of
Utrecht,
and its Hi-
story.

After we left *Naerden*, the Face of the Country quite changed; we saw no longer the Canals and Meadows of *Holland*: Now the cultivated Fields rise upon us insensibly. Between *Amersfort* and *Arnheim* there are several Plantations of Tobacco, which produce a Quantity sufficient for carrying on a considerable Commerce of that Sort. Every Plant is propped as Vines commonly are. We saw nothing very remarkable between these two Towns, except the House in which *Frederic V.* King of *Bohemia*, and Elector-Palatine, lived with his Family for some Years. You know, Sir, with what dastardly, shameful Tameness your King *James I.* of *Great Britain*, who was fitter to govern a College than a Kingdom, suffered the Emperor *Ferdinand II.* to strip this Prince of his Dominions, tho' he had espoused his only Daughter. The Gates of this City were shut before we came to *Arnheim*, but a small Gratification to the Porters soon opened one of them to us. Money you know is a Master-key that unlocks every Thing.

The Face
of this
Country,
different
from that
of *Holland*

House of
the King
of *Bohe-
mia*, and
his History

Arnheim, called in *Latin* *Arenacum*, is situated upon the Bank of the *Rhine*, in that Part of the *Dutch Guelderland*, called *Veluwe*. It is the Capital of it, and not *Nimegue*, as severals have said, and among others the learned *Patin*. The latter is in the *Betuwe*, on the other Side of a Branch of the *Rhine*, called the *Wabal*, and famous on Account of the Treaty of Peace, concluded there in 1678, and 79. between *France* with her Allies, and the other Powers of *Europe*. In *Arnheim* the States and the Nobility of the Province hold their Assemblies: And here likewise resides the Court of *Guelderland*, which judges of civil and criminal Causes.

Febr. 7. 8.
Arnheim.
Capital of
*Guelder-
land*.

1705.
Febr. 7. 8. During the War in 1672. this City surrendered itself to the Marshal *Turenne*, without making the least Resistance. It was, during this War, that the States and Nobles of this Province thought it expedient to offer the Sovereignty of this Town to the Prince of *Orange*: But young as he then was, he had so much command over his Ambition as not to accept of this Present; reflecting, not improbably, that those who propose to enlarge their Power and Authority by over-turning Laws, Immunities, and Privileges, which have been long established in a State, run head-long on their own Ruin; and that it is equally unjust and dangerous, to trust to such Politics. However that may be, without doubt this Prince had his Reasons for refusing such an advantageous offer; and the Event justified his prudent Conduct in so delicate an Affair.

The Sovereignty of this Province offered to the Prince of *Orange*, and refused.

Dr. *Burnet* tells us, that this Prince refused, among other Offers that were made to him, the Sovereignty of the chief Town in the *United Provinces*, which was proferred to him by a solemn Deputation; adding, that he has authentic Memoirs to vouch this Fact. Undoubtedly *Amsterdam* is the chief Town in the *United Provinces*; but the Sovereignty of that City was never offered to him, and perhaps he might not have refused such a Gift, if it had, as he did that of the chief Town in the Province of *Guelderland*: So that I think we may safely call in Question the Authority of these Vouchers, without offending the learned Bishop of *Salisbury*, for whose Merit I have a very high Regard.

Several Particulars concerning *Arnhem*.

Arnhem is a very ancient City: *Othon IV.* Count of *Guelderland*, surrounded it with a strong Wall, and built the principal Church there, dedicated to *St. Eusebius*. Its Fortifications are pretty good, tho' somewhat tattered and worn out. But here we do not find the Neatness of the Towns in *Holland*, neither in the Houses nor Streets. Mr. *Missin* says very gravely, pag. 40. of his Travels, that one must have a Ladder to mount up to the Beds in the Inns here: that is, exaggerating a little, for hardly can a Step or two at most be so called. The Inhabitants of this Country were named *Menapii* in ancient Times.

Doesburg, and its History.

We set out pretty early from this Place in a Vehicle, yet ruder than our last. Being assured that the Road by *Emmeric*, which is the ordinary Rout, was impracticable at this Season of the Year, we crossed by *Iffel* at *Doesburg*; which is a Town in the Lordship of *Zulphen*, three Leagues from *Arnhem*, and situated at the Mouth of the Canal, which was dug by *Drusus*, Brother to *Tiberius*; its ancient Name was *Drusiburgum* and *Arx Drusia*. It was a very strong Place in 1672. having nine Bastions, four half Moons, as many Ravelins, and a horned Work. But *Lewis XIV.* having besieged it in Person, the 17th of *June*, that same Year, the Governor had the Cowardice to give himself up four Days after, Prisoner of War, with the whole Garrison, consisting of above 3500 Men. Now *Doesburg* is a pitiful little dismantled Town. At Noon we dined in another Town, called *Dotekom*, remarkable for nothing but its Beer, which is highly boasted of in that Country. The Prince of *Condé* took it in 1672.

We

We came next to a little Town called *Terburg*, which, with its tolerably good Castle, belongs to the Prince of *Nassau-Zigben*: Then after passing through a Country, very much under Water, we came to *Anholt*, a very considerable Town, where however there is a magnificent Palace. An Inhabitant, who appeared to us to be a Person somewhat above the ordinary Rank, seeing us stop to look a little at the Building, assured us, that the Inside was sumptuous, and well worth seeing; but it was too late to stay to see Furniture. The Prince of *Salms*, first Gentleman of the Chamber to the King of the *Romans*, is Lord of this Town and Castle. Thence we went to a little naked Place called *Isselbourg*, the first Town on this Side, in the Duchy of *Cleves*, which belongs, as you know very well, to the King of *Prussia*.

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Terburg.

Anholt,
and its
magnificent
Castle

Isselbourg.

Next Morning we went on in our Journey to *Wesel*, thro' a most disagreeable Road, where there is nothing to be seen but Heath and Forest. There we saw a very fine Citadel, built by Order of his *Prussian* Majesty, which is a Pentagon, situated upon the *Lippe*, a small River, that not far from thence discharges itself into the *Rhine*. All its Courts have Ravelines; all its Bastions Orillons, there are Places of Arms upon Places of Arms, double Counterscarp, and, in a Word, a great many Out-works, but no Casernes. It is a large, nay vast Building, and beautiful enough, but would require a Garrison of 5 or 6000 Men to defend it: Its sandy Foundation made it necessary to line the inner Rampart with Stone, to make it the stronger. This Citadel is not yet finished: They are incessantly at Work to compleat it.

Wesel.

Is Citadel

The Fortifications of this Town are far from being despicable; it has 8 large Bastions, and several Ravelins; of which only the five principal ones are lined, and besides there is within Cannon-shot of the Town a Fort of four Bastions, upon the Bank of the River called the Fort of the *Lippe*, but a little shattered. *Wesel* is likewise in the Duchy of *Cleves*, and one of the Hanse-Towns.

Fortifications of the
Town.

It was besieged in 1672. by the late Prince of *Condé*, notwithstanding all the Efforts of its Magistracy to obtain a Neutrality, as Subjects of the Elector of *Brandebourg*. All their Instances were ineffectual, and the Town surrendered, without making any Opposition, partly through the base Cowardice of its Governour and his Associates, and partly on Account of a Mutiny that some Officers, one Captain in particular, whose Name was *Alexandre d'Hinioussa*, had raised to dispirit the Garrison and the Inhabitants. All the Officers and Soldiers were made Prisoners of War, except Colonel *Van Zanten*, the Commandant, Lieutenant Colonel *Kopes*, Major of the Town, his Son, some other Officers, and Captain *d'Hinioussa*, Ringleader of the Sedition, who had Liberty to withdraw whithersoever they would with their Arms, Baggage, and Domestic.

It was besieged by
the French
and cowardly
surrendered
in 1672.

Some time after these Officers, giving themselves up to the Army of the States, commanded by the Prince of *Orange*, Captain *d'Hinioussa's* Head was chopt off by Order of a Council of War; the Commander and the Town-Major were degraded with Ignominy, banished out of all the *United Provinces*, and their Estates were confiscated. So little was such base Cowardice apprehended in *Holland*, that ten or twelve Days after this shameful Capitulation,

1705-
Feb. 7, 8. tion, Wagers were laid at *Amsterdam*, ten and twenty to one, that *Wesel* was still under the Command of the *States-General*. We have no more to add but that the *Roman Catholics* have a Church here, in which they have the free Exercise of their Religion; the *Lutherans* another; and the *Calvinists* the two principal ones. The *Jews* too have here a little Synagogue.

Feb. 9, 10.
Burick al-
so taken
by the
French in
1672. So soon as we got without the Gates of *Wesel*, we saw on the other Side of the *Rhine* the small Town of *Burick* upon this River; a pretty strong Place, defended by five Bastions, four Half-moons, and a Horn-work. Yet in 1672. the Marshal *Turenne* took it in four Days after opening the Trenches, and made the Garrison Prisoners of War. 'Tis true there were not, Officers included, above 300 Men in it, and it would require as many thousands to hold it out: *Burick* is likewise in the Dutchy of *Cleves*.

The Ri-
ver. *Lippe*,
and its
Course. About a Quarter of a League from *Wesel* we crossed the *Lippe*. It is a narrow River, not above fifty Paces in Breadth, where we passed it in a Ferry-Boat, but it is rapid, and in the Winter overflows its Banks in a surprising Manner. Its Source is in *Westphalia* above *Lipsta*, in the County *de la Marck*, and it flings itself into the *Rhine* near to *Wesel*. Not long after we passed thro'

Dinglaken,
Town and
Castle. *Dinglaken*, a little Town, belonging to the King of *Prussia*, where there is a fine Castle, flanked by several strong Turrets, the ordinary Residence of the Bailif whom that Prince nominates for the Administration of public Affairs.

Rhinberg,
a Hanse-
Town.
Its differ-
ent Sieges. Opposite to it, at the Distance of one League, is *Rhinberg*, one of the Hanse-Towns, situated upon the Border of the *Rhine*, and that formerly belonged to the Elector of *Cologne*. The *Spaniards* having surprised it, *Frederic*, Prince of *Orange* besieged it in 1633. and was not able to recover it to the States, but by a long and costly Siege. This Town is an Entry of Importance, covering the *Dutch Frontiers*.

Its For-
tifications. It is well fortified, all the Points of its Bastions have Ravelins at their Angles flanked, and its Gates are in the middle of Courtaines, and defended by opposite Bastions: Besides its Ditches are full of Water, and the River covers it on one Side. Yet Dr. *Burnet* says, the Fortifications of *Rhinberg* are a Trifle.

Lewis XIV. invested it the 2d of *June* 1672, and this Place which was in a Condition to hold out two Months against a much greater Army than that which then attacked it, was surrendered without firing a Cannon, by the Treachery of the Baron d'*Offery*, Colonel of a Regiment of Horse, and Associate to the Commander, Colonel *Van Bassum*. Indeed it cost him dear, for he was beheaded some time after by the Prince of *Orange's* Order, and the Sentence of a Council of War.

Orfey. Four Leagues from *Rhinberg*, is the Town of *Orfey*, small, but well fortified, being defended by five good Bastions, and as many Ravelins: However the King of *France* took it at Discretion, in 1672, after it had stood a few Volleys of Cannon. 'Twas the getting so easy Possession of these Towns, the Barriers of *Holland*, and of the Passage of the *Rhine* near *Tolbuys*, so ill maintained by the Count *de Manbas*, which put it into the Power of the *French*

to make themselves Masters of the Provinces of *Guelderland*, *Utrecht* and *Over-*
ysfel, in less than fifty Days.

Towards the Evening we passed the *Roer*, anciently called *Rura*, a narrow
but deep River, which takes its Rise also in *Westphalia*, and runs into the
Rhine at *Duisburg*. I have very little to say of this Place, where there is
nothing remarkable, but that it is the *Teutoburgium* of the *Romans*. Some
Authors have said, that it was at this Place that the *Franks* or *French*, under
their King *Clodion*, crossed the *Rhine*, in their Incurfion into *Gaul*. It like-
wise is in the Duchy of *Cleves*; and it appeared to us very ill built, the Houses
being most of them low and of a mean Look, and the Streets very dirty; yet
there is an University here, which is frequented by a large Number of Stu-
dents, who walk through the Streets in their Morning-gowns, as those of
Leyden and *Utrecht*. Here the Roman-Catholics have the free Exercise of their
Religion, as in all the other Towns of this Duchy, by Virtue of a Treaty
between the Elector *Palatine*, and the Elector of *Brandebourg*, upon
Condition that the Former should grant the same Liberty to the *Calvinists*, or
the Reformed in general, in the Duchies of *Berg* and *Juliers*. "Let me just
add, that this Town is less than *Wesel* by a Third, tho' Mr. *Misson* says,
these two Towns are equal in Bigness. The first is only enclosed by a single
Wall, without any other Fortifications. *Baronius* relates, that a Council was
held in it for the Reformation of the Ecclesiastics, in 927.

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Roer, a
small Ri-
ver.
Duisburg,
a Hanse-
Town,
and its
Descrip-
tion.

About a League's Distance from *Duisbourg*, we entered into a spacious Fo-
rest, which it cost us a long while to cross. I took Notice of several empty
Spaces in it, and a Number of little round Places like Tombs, and a good
deal of Morafs. An Ecclesiastic who happened to dine with us at *Wesel* had
said, that before we got to *Dusseldorp*, we should pass through the Wood
where the Learned imagine *Quintilius Varus*, (whose Death *Horace* laments)
in the XXIVth Ode of the 2d Book, was cut to Pieces, with three Roman
Legions, and the Auxiliary Troops of their Allies, by the Valiant *Arminius*
Prince of the *Cherusci*. As History takes Notice, that this General was
surprised and routed in a marshy Forest, this is probably the Place where
that Defeat happened. The Learned *Bertius*, in his *Atversaria*, says posi-
tively that it was in *Salu Teutobergenfi*.

The Place
where it is
thought
Quintilius
Varus was
defeated
by *Armi-*
nus.

However that may be, it is hardly possible to read of the Consternation
with which this Loss struck *Augustus*, and the Extravagancies it made him
commit, without having a very bad Opinion of his Courage and military
Capacity. 'Tis true that before this he had run away in certain Engage-
ments: *Mark Antony* reproached him with having turned his Back in a very
shameful Manner, at the first Battle that was fought before *Modena*. *Ac sine*
paludamento equoque, post biduum demum apparuisse. And at the famous Battle
of *Philippi*, against *Brutus* and *Cassius*, did not he let his Camp be forced, and
did he not with great Difficulty save himself by running into the Wing which
Mark Anthony commanded? *Castris exutus, vix ad Antonii cornu fugâ evasit*,
says *Suetonius* in his Life.

Augustus
Caesar, a
Man of
no Cou-
rage.

I can forgive him this Weakness and Timidity while he was but the young
Octavius, that is, raw and unexperienced; but at a riper Age, and when he
was

1705.
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His unac-
countable
Behaviour
on the
Loss of his
three Le-
gions.

was Master of the whole World, that the News of his having lost three Legions, which did not amount to twenty thousand Men, in the extreamest Part of Germany, should have terrified him to such a Degree, that he not only filled Rome with Troops, as if *Arminius* had been at its Gates, and made as many Vows to the Gods, as any silly Woman could have done in Danger; but was even such a Fool as to run about in his Chamber for three Months, and knock his Head against the Door of it, crying out like a Madman? *Quintilius Varius, restore me my three Legions!* These are such ridiculous Meaneffes, that one cannot possibly pardon them in *Augustus*, who in many Conspiracies against his Life, and in several other Cases of imminent Danger had shewn a good deal of Presence of Mind and Resolution. In truth one could scarcely believe it, did not the Writers of his Life, *Sueton* in particular, so positively aver it. *Adèò consternatum ferunt, says he, ut per continuos, menses, barbâ capilloque submisso, caput interdum foribus illideret, vociferans Quintili vare! redde Legiones.* For ever afterwards he bemoaned yearly the Day of this Defeat, with Tears and most extraordinary Grief.

Varus, re-
markably
mentioned
by *Horace*
and *Virgil*.

Horace, as I have already said, lamented the Death of *Varus*, in a very fine Ode; but it was in the Quality of Friend. *Virgil* likewise makes honourable mention of the same *Quintilius Varus*, in his sixth Eclogue.

*Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes
Vare, tuas cupiant, & tristia condere Bella)
Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.
Non injussa cano: Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget, te nostræ. Vare, Myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet: Nec Phæbo gratior ulla est,
Quàm sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

*Keyserf-
wert* upon
the *Rhine*,
and its
several
Sieges.

After traversing this Forest, we came to a pitiful Village called *Hockam*, which is the first in the Dutchy of *Berg*: This Dutchy as well as that of *Juliers*, now belongs to the Elector *Palatine*, as Duke of *Nieubourg*. By eight o'clock next Morning, we passed by *Keyserfwert*. It is situated upon the *Rhine*, and belongs to the Elector of *Cologne*. Its Fortifications have been demolished since the Allies made themselves Masters of it: But you know very well, that the Siege of this pitiful Place cost them a vast Number of Men, through ill Conduct in the Beginning of this Enterprize: For they left one Side of it quite open to Succours of Men and Provisions which the Count *de Tallard* sent into it when he pleased.

William II. Count of *Holland*, being elected Emperor after the Death of *Frederic II.* laid Siege to this Town about the Middle of the XIIIth Century, upon the Refusal of the Governor, to whom *Frederic* had given the Command of it, to put it into his Hands. The Siege lasted more than a Year, a Proof that the Art of Besieging was not well understood in these Days: But at last their Provisions being exhausted, the Governor capitulated; and *William* admiring his Valour, as well as his Fidelity to the deceased Emperor his Master, gave him in Marriage a Daughter of the Lord of *Brederode* his near Relation,

Relation, with the Lordship of *Keyferswert*, to be held by him and his for ever, of the Empire in Fief. -1705.
Feb. 9, 10.

The whole Duchy of *Berg*, the Country of the ancient *Tenſtberi*, abounds in all the Neceſſaries of Life, and is thick with Villages and Castles. The little Town of *Zollingen*, famous for Sword-blades, is also in this Duchy. About Eleven we arrived at *Duffeldorp*. Duchy
of *Berg*.

C H A P. VIII.

Duffeldorp. Its Churches. The Elector and Electress. The Splendour and Magnificence of their Court. Diversions. The Gallery of Pictures, Cabinet of Curiosities. Description of the Town and its Government.

THIS City which was formerly no more than a Village, takes its Name from the small River *Duffel*, which runs through a Part of it, and discharges itself into the *Rhine* near the Castle, the Walls of which it washes. We had a good deal of Trouble to find Lodging, and paid very dear for a very ordinary one. The Reason of this is, that the *Electoꝝ Palatine* keeps his Court here, since his Palace at *Heidelberg* was demolished by the *French*, and the Opera, Comedy and other Diversions which are here in great redundancy, bring a vast Number of Persons of Distinction from all Parts of *Germany* to this Place, who cram the Inns. However at length we light upon a Sort of Garret, into which we squeezed ourselves 'till we could find something better, after having been a full Hour on the Streets. Duffeldorp
Residence
of the E-
lectoꝝ Pa-
latine.

To Day we have visited some of the Churches here, which was well worth while. That of *Loyola's* Children is indisputably the finest: Nor is it surprizing that the good *Companions of Jesus* should love Magnificence in every thing, and they are well able to satisfy this noble Passion. There is in the Church of the *Capuchins*, a Picture of the last Judgment, by *Reubens*, which belongs to the Elector, but is too large for his Gallery of Pictures; and therefore he is building one higher in the Roof: This Picture is near 25 foot in Height, and in Breadth 15. *Rubens* has put his own Portrait in this Piece, but you may easily believe he has not placed himself in Hell. They say here, that it is the best Performance of that Master; and to support this Assertion, they tell us, that it cost his Electoral Highness 20000 *French* Crowns. Draw any Consequence from this Argument you please. In what they call the Great Church, there is an Altar-piece which did not cost near so much, but that is in other Respects pretty Singular. A King appears in it seated on a Throne, who causes a naked Man to be nailed to a Cross, which puts me in mind of this Verse of *Juvenal*. Febr. 11.
Several
Churches,
and their
chief
Pictures.

Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic Diadema.

In

1705.

Feb. 11.

In the remotest View of this Piece, there are other Crosses innumerable with Persons fastened upon them, and upon the Border of the Picture there is this Inscription.

DEO. OPT. MAX.

*Deiparæ Virgini. SS. Aebatio & X. mille Martyribus.
Dedicatum.*

*De Launoy
and de Va-
lois, fa-
mous De-
molishers
of Saints.*

Had Messieurs *de Launoy* and *de Valois*, these famous Saint-demolishers seen this Picture, I am tempted to think, that they would have treated this poor *Aebatius* and his Companions as Counterband-Saints, as they have done the Eleven thousand Virgins of *Cologne*, upon which Model, the Story of the ten thousand Martyrs of *Dusseldorp* seems to have been formed, that they might not be far behind their Neighbour. There are sometimes dangerous Neighbourhoods, which infect all about them, less or more, with Fooleries. The Troop of male-Martyrs here at *Dusseldorp*, is but one Thousand short of the Female-Tribe at *Cologne*.

Feb. 12. to

March. 7.

*What a
grand
Marshal,
in the
German
is Courts.*

Monfieur the Baron *de Berg*, to whom we had commendatory Letters, being informed of our Arrival at *Dusseldorp*, came next Morning to take us in his Coach, and conduct us to Mr. the Baron *de Wand*, Grand-Marshal of this Court. Let me tell you, by the by, that there is no Court in *Germany*, even the smallest, that has not its Grand-Marshal. This Office is something like that of Master of the Household to the King: He has the Inspection of all the Officers of the Household, who are obliged to lay before him the Accounts of the Expences in it. He appoints every one of these Officers his Station at the Elector's Table, according to their different Ranks and Qualities, and in this Respect is a sort of Master of Ceremonies. He has a Table for himself which is served at the same Time with that of the Prince, to which Strangers are invited, and where some other Persons of the Court are admitted. All his Domestics are entertained at his Master's Expence. It is therefore a very advantageous and lucrative Post, in the Hands of a Person of Ability. These two Gentlemen gave us a very kind Reception, and introduced us to Court, and presented us to his Electoral Highness, who received us very graciously: When one kisses his Hand, he is obliged to stoop very low, for he does not raise it two Foot above the Ground. This is likewise a Custom among the *German* Princes.

*The pre-
sent Ele-
ctor Pala-
tine, and
his Fami-
ly.*

We saw their Electoral Highnesses dine, whose Table is very elegantly served. The Court is numerous and magnificent, every thing is done with Splendor and Pomp. The Elector is eldest Son to the late Duke of *Nieubourg*, formerly the least considerable of the Sovereign Duchies in *Germany*; but yet his Family is allied by Marriages with the first Houses in *Europe*. His Eldest Daughter is married to the present Emperor *Leopold*: The Second is Queen Dowager of *Spain*: Another is Duchess of *Parma*; and a Fourth is Consort to Prince *James*, the Eldest Son of the late King of *Poland*. As to the Sons of the Duke of *Nieubourg*, besides the Elector *Palatine*, there is Prince *Charles*

Charles Governour of the Tyrol, under the Emperor, who resides at *Innsbruck*, 1705. where he has a very gay Court. The Grand-Master of the *Teutonic Order*; Feb. 12. to the Bishop of *Breslau*, Co-adjutor to the Bishop of *Mayence*; and the Bishop of *Augsbourg*; March 7.

DUSSEL-

DORP.

His Cha-
racter.

To come to the Elector himself: This Prince is of a middle Stature, square built, has a wide large Mouth, and his Under-lip very thick and turned up. His Name is *John William*, and he is about 46 Years of Age. He is a very courteous, affable Prince, not of a very equal Temper, however, being so easy as to be the Dupe of the first Rogue that has the Courage to put upon him, especially in Matters that he imagines may contribute to his Grandeur, for he is ambitious beyond all Bounds. He is easily imposed upon by Knaves.

At present he is beset by an *Italian Jesuit* in disguise, whose Name is *Count della Torre*, a great Projector and Wheedler, who promises no less than Mountains of Gold, that is, as many Millions as one can wish for. But in the mean while till these Millions come, the *Jesuit* is well lodged, has a fine Coach and a good Table, and which is more, has already fingered considerable Sums of the Elector's Cash: So that the Elector must in all Likelihood wait a little longer with Patience for the promised Treasure, and Monsieur the Chymist may happen to end his Days in the Bottom of a Dungeon. 'Tis the ordinary Exit of such Impostors. Common Fate of those who pretend to make Gold.

Qui feignant de chercher la Pierre bien aimée.
A l'Art de convertir Or, Argent, en fumée,
Et montrant à des Sots à fondre le Métal,
Les mene au grand galop mourir à l'Hôpital.
Ce Fou qu'on peut nommer Empereur de la Lune,
Leur promet du Grand-Oeuvre une grosse Fortune;
Sur sa parole on souffle, Et l'on souffle si bien,
Qu'enfin le Coffre fort ne renferme plus rien:
Mais à quoi d'ordinaire aboutit sa Science?
A le faire étrangler au haut d'une Potence.*

* Philoso-
pher's
Stone.

Bragadin the famous Alchymist boasted also of having found out the Philosophical Powder of Projection, but his Knavery being detected, the Elector of *Bavaria* put him to Death, in 1591.

Can Fancy carry one of tolerable good Sense to a greater height of Extravagance, than to persuade him that a beggarly Wretch, destitute of all the Necessaries of Life, as those Projectors commonly are, has the Secret of transforming Metals? The *Philosopher's Stone* is an idle Chimera, a Trap to catch Fools: A Man of Judgment will never suffer himself to be deceived by such a Whim, had he read no more but the Dialogue of *Erasmus* on this Subject. This *Italian Conceit* has hit of the Folly tolerably well. Folly of such who believe it to be practicable.

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March. 7.

DÜSSEL-
DORF.

*Sono sei cose che acquista
Il pazzo è matto Alchemista,
Fatiche, fumo, fame,
Fetore, freddo, fume.*

Mr. de la Nouë had good Reason to say, in his *Military Discourses*, that
“the Popes alone had found out the real *Philosopher's Stone*, being able to
“change the gilded Lead of their Bulls which they send into *France, Spain,*
“*Germany*, and other Countries of their Communion, for Millions of sub-
“stantial true Gold and Silver:” An inveterate deep-rooted Evil, and
hitherto remediless, since the Sovereign Powers will suffer themselves to be
so duped!

Character
of the Ele-
ctress.

Madam the Electress is only Daughter to *Cosmo III.* the present Grand Duke
of *Tuscany*. She is tall and easy, of a genteel Shape, very fair in her Com-
plexion for an *Italian Lady*, has black Eyes, large and well cut. Her Hair
is of the same Colour: She has a pretty Mouth, only her Lips are a little
too thick: Her Teeth are white as Ivory; but her Voice is a little too mas-
culine, and she laughs too loud. She is about 37, and has as yet never had any
Children, and has aborted but once. They say here, that she is extremely
jealous of her Husband, to such a Degree, that she has not unfrequently ex-
posed herself to Insults, by following him in the Night veiled with a Mantle
to find out his Gallantries. There is nothing astonishing in this, considering
that she was educated in a Country where Jealousy prevails to Madness; and
all the World knows, that the Elector is no Enemy to Gallantry.

Ceremo-
nies obser-
ved at their
Meals.

This Evening we were present at a very fine Symphony in the Chapel of
the Palace. For his Highness has a Band of excellent Musicians. After this
Entertainment, we saw their Highnesses sup in the Apartment of Madam
the Electress. The Table was served by her Maids of Honour, who make a
small Genu-flexion when they present Wine to them, after having first pour-
ed out a little of it upon the Salver and tasted it.

Against
false Gran-
deur.

All these and a Thousand more Ceremonies in the Courts of Princes are
forsooth called *Grandeur*. This Notion, or rather Prejudice, does not at all
surprise me, after having been so long accustomed to see Glory, Honour and
Greatness made to depend upon Whimsies and fantastical Imaginations, which
have no Foundation in the Reality of Things! But how many are truly little and
mean with all their fancied Grandeur? They are not Great, but are only envi-
roned with certain Things which giddy Opinion represents as such. The
Glare of this pretended Greatness dazzles vulgar Minds; but it never raises the
Admiration of those who have their Eyes open and clear. The splendid
Birth, the illustrious Pomp of Princes do not excite my Attention: All that
is the Effect of mere Chance; nothing of this Kind can be called theirs;
'tis their Love to their Subjects, preferring their Happiness to ambitious
Views, their Goodness and Affability to every Person, their just Discernment
of true Merit, their Aversion to Flattery, their generous Compassion towards
the Distressed; in fine, 'tis the many moral Virtues to which most Princes
are such Strangers, that only can attract my Esteem to their Persons.

Mes

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Mes yeux ne scauroient s'ébloir
De l'éclat d'une fausse Gloire,
Dont le temps fait évanouir
Les vains appas & la mémoire,
Le seul lustre de la Grandeur
N'a rien que révere mon Coeur,
S'il n'est accompagné de plus augustes marques :
Et par cent vices enchaîné,
Chez moi le plus puissant, le plus fier des Monarques,
N'est qu'un Esclave couronné.

Let us not forget to observe here, that besides the Grand Marshal and the Grand Chamberlain, the Elector has over and above at his Court, a great Number of Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber, who are, for the most Part, Counts or Barons, and obliged to attend at his Meals till the second Course is served up; after which every one of them may withdraw. This is not all; when the Prince goes through the Town, these Gentlemen march on Foot before his Coach with his Life-Guards, who make two Wings with their Muskets on their Shoulders and a Lieutenant-Captain at their Head. His Highness's 20 Pages all in their Uniform march immediately before the Coach, at each Door of which are half a Dozen *Heyducks* and *Halberdeers* all Swiss.

Other
Officers of
this Court.

All this Pageantry is surprising, especially about a Prince whose Father's other Day was but simple Duke of *Nieubourg*, that is, one of the least considerable Princes in *Germany*. But what is most astonishing of all is, to see him debase Persons of such a Rank as most of these Gentlemen of his Chamber are, so much as to make them trot on foot before his Coach like so many Lackeys, or rather Spaniels, and that through a Town in which one walks in Dirt to the Anles. I don't know that any such Thing is done at present by the greatest Potentate in *Europe*. As for Madam the Electress, when she goes out, whether by herself or with the Prince, it is almost with the same State, which seemed to me intolerable; though the Courtiers here never murmur at it in the least.

Its ex-
five Pride.

In fine, every Thing is in Proportion to this Pomp. Balls, Operas, Comedies, Concerts of Music, Festivals, all is equally splendid; of all which Diversions we shared regularly every Day during the Month we were there: Nothing could be more tiresome and insipid than to give you from Day to Day a particular Detail of these Entertainments which are here diversified almost beyond Expression.

Diversions

To tell you something more instructive, you must know that we were permitted to see the Picture-Gallery of his Electoral Highness, and that we were conducted to it by a Painter in his Pay, who has acquired a great Reputation by his Works, which are indeed very fine, but finished to a Degree of Exactness and Affectation, that the *Michael Angelo's*, the *Raphael's*, the *Titian's*, the *Caraches* and the *Tintorets* most heartily despised. "Leave, said these great "Genius's, that gewgaw Toy-work to *Flemings*, who are mere Drudges

Gallery
of Pictu-
res.

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DUSSEL-
DORP.
Van der
Werff, a
celebrated
Dutch
Painter.

Chief Pi-
ctures of
this Gal-
lery.

Pictures of
Italian
and other
Masters.

Picture-
Gallery,
and Pieces
of ultra-
montan
Painters.

and whose Phegm is exhaustless. However that be, the Painter I am now speaking of, is of *Rotterdam* in *Holland*, and his Name is *Van der Werff*, and he has a Pension of twelve hundred Crowns from the Elector, who over and above pays very swinging Prices for all the Pictures he does for him. This Gallery is tolerable for Length, but its Cieling is far too low. A Proof of this is, that the Picture of *Rubens* I have already mentioned, is too high for it. But they are now building a loftier one, which indeed, according to the Plan of it we were shewn, will be very magnificent, and fit for receiving the most Capital, large Pictures.

Among the vast Number of Pictures in this Gallery, the least considerable of which cost a very great Sum, here is a List of those which seemed most worthy of our Attention, but not just in the Order they are placed. The History of the Punishment of Pope *Nicolas IV.* for having had the Curiosity to peep upon the Body of *St. Francis d'Assisi* in his Tomb, by *Douffet* a famous Painter of *Liege*. This Piece is much esteemed by the Intelligent: *Monf.* the Elector payed ten thousand Crowns for it to the Rector of the *Mi-nims* at *Liege*, and after all had a long Suit with that Religious House, before he was allowed to move it from thence.

The History of the Invention, as it is called, or the Discovery of the Cross on which our Saviour was Crucified, by the Empress *Helen* Mother to *Constantine* the Great, who is said to have had that Honour and Happiness. This Picture is highly esteemed, it is by the same *Douffet*, and is 10 Feet in Height, and 12 in Breadth, and cost, they say, 15000 Crowns.

A lively Family by *Raphael d'Urbain*. The same Subject by *Titian*. A Nativity by the same Hand. Another holy Family by *Guido Rbeni*. An *Ecce Homo*, by *Correggio*. The Birth of Christ, by *Andrea del Sarto*. A Holy Supper, by *Leonardo da Vinci*. A Crucifixion, by *Tintoret*. An Annunciation, by the same Master. An Oblation of the Virgin *Mary*, by *Paul Veronese*. A *Judith*, by *Dominichini*. The *Samaritan* Woman, by *Bassan* the Elder. A last Judgment, by the same Painter. *Venus* and *Adonis*, by *Albano*. A holy Family, by *Camillo Borgocini*. Our Lord preaching in the Desert, by *Lucas Jordano* of *Naples*. A Crucifixion by him. These two last are looked upon here to be the Master-pieces of his Pencil; but I am sure I have seen Fifty of this Master's nothing inferior to them in the King of *Spain's* Palace at *Madrid*, where there are more than a Hundred Pictures of this Hand. A Dead Christ, by *Andrea Caboni*. A Nativity, by *François* of *Parma*; and a *Magdalen* by *Carlotti*.

The Murder of the Innocents, by *Rubens*: It is one of his best Works; but it is a horrible Subject: As is likewise a *St. Laurence* upon the Grid-iron, by the same Master. *Theseus* combating against the *Amazons*, by him likewise. The Rape of the *Sabines*, by the same. The Fall of the rebellious Angels, by *Vandyck*, and a last Judgment by the same Pencil. As likewise, a *Susanna*, a *Jupiter* disguised under the Form of a *Satyr* and *Antiope*. A Descent from the Cross, and the four famous Penitents, *i. e.* *David*, *St. Peter*, the good *Thief*, and *Mary Magdalene*.

A *St. Sebastian* full of Arrows, by the same Master; as likewise a *St. Rosalin*.
A fine Portrait of his Master *Rubens*, and his Wife in one Picture; and his
own Portrait. A *Nativity* by *le Brun*, and *St. Leonard* in Prison by him like-
wife. Twelve Pieces of *Teniers*. An *Ecce Homo*, and four other excellent
Performances of *Schalck* a famous Dutch Painter. One by *Vanderwerff* our
Conductor his Scholar. The Portraits of the Elector and Electress, by the
same Hand; two very fine Pictures indeed, and extremely finished. These
are but a small Part of this vast Collection, but perhaps they are the most con-
siderable, and a longer List would but tire you as well as me.

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Though his Electoral Highness's Cabinet be seldom shewn but as a Favour
to Persons of the first Distinction, yet we obtained this Privilege without
much Difficulty, under the Conduct of the same Painter who had attended us
through the Gallery. We enter into it through a Hall of Audience richly
furnished, and adorned with most beautiful Tapestry and excellent Pictures.
The Tables, the Frames of the Glasses, the Sconces, the Dogs, the Branches,
and all the Moveables of that Kind are of solid Silver. In a Corner of this
Hall there is a large Picture representing his Highness on Horse-back, big
as the Life, by a German Painter called *Douben*; and on the Casements of
the Windows are the four Parts of the World, with their principal Cities for
a Border, executed by the celebrated *Van-Kessel* of *Antwerp*.

Audience-
Hall of
the Ele-
ctor.

The Prince's Cabinet is divided into two Apartments. The Flooring of
the first is very fine Inlaid-work of different Sorts of curious Wood, which has
a charming Effect. They gave us Slippers of Mat that we might not spoil
this beautiful Floor (for the Streets of this City are extremely dirty) and this
Officer who has the Title of Slipper-master is rewarded by a Touch of the
Hand, that must leave something in his; and were he Shoe-cleaner too, who
would grudge the Fee? The Floor of the other Apartment is also Inlaid-
Work of *Japan* Wood mixed with Ivory, Brass, Tortoise-shell, and adorned
with Foliage and other Decorations which make a very pretty Shew. The
Cielings of these two Apartments are much vaunted of, being painted by a
young Lady, *Mademoiselle Spilberg*. Of an Infinity of Pictures with which
these Cabinets are furnished, I shall satisfy myself with mentioning a few of
those our Guide pointed out to us for the most valuable.

His Cabi-
net of Cu-
riosities.

A *Virgin Mary*, with the Infant *Jesus* in her Arms, by *Correggio*: A Cir-
cumcision, by *Vasari*: A *Christ* going to Mount *Calvary*, by *Bassan*: An As-
cension, by *Spagnolet*: A holy Family, by *Parmeggianino*: A *St. Catherine*,
by *Frederic Zuccari*: A Descent from the Cross, by the same Hand: An
Adam and *Eve*, by *Caravaggio*: A *Virgin Mary*, with an Angel, presenting
Flowers to him, by *Cyro Ferri*: Our Saviour's Head, crowned with Thorns,
by *Albert Durer*: A *Marfyas* fleed by *Apollo*, of *Van Dyck*: The four Seasons
of the Year, by *Breugel*: A *St. John* preaching in the Wilderness, by the
same Hand; as also a Crucifixion; a large Garden, stuffed with little Figures;
three *Bacchanals*; the Adoration of the *Magi*. The first six Pieces of this
Painter are above all Price, said our Conductor. The Destruction of *Troy*,
by *Eylshamer* of *Francfort*; this Piece cost ten thousand Florins of *Holland*.
The Marriage of *Cana*, by *Rottenbamer*, highly esteemed by the *Virtuosi*; a
Banquet;

Pictures
by good
Masters in
the Prin-
ce's Cabi-
net.

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Banquet; a Judgment of *Paris*; an *Alceon* and *Diana*, by the same Master. A Woman swooning away, with a Physician and a Maid-Servant by her, admirably painted by *Miris*. A Festival, by *Teniers*; a Hermit, by *Girard*. *Deux*; a Festoon and a Garland of Flowers, by Father *Segers*, a *Flemish* Jesuit; a Nativity of *Christ*, by *Vanderwerff*; a *Christ*, with *Joseph* of *Arimatea*, and the three holy Matrons, by the same Hand; which is an exquisitely fine Piece. Four Portraits of the Elector, and three of the Electress, enamelled Work, curiously finished by a *Swiss* named *Arfing*. Among a great Variety of Ivory-Work, I took notice of the following as the most observable. A Crucifix all of one Piece, three Foot high, by *Betzel*, a famous Sculptor of *Augsbourg*; another of a Foot and a half, by an *Italian* Carver: *St. Paul's* Conversion, by *Albert Durer*, who excelled in Sculpture as well as in Painting. A *Cain* and *Abel*, by an *Italian*; the Battle of the *Centaur*s and the *Lapithæ*, by the same Master. All these are admirable for the Workmanship, being extremely delicate.

Descrip-
tion of
Dusseldorf.

Thus I have named every Thing that is most curious and remarkable at *Dusseldorf*. This Town is the Capital of the Duchy of *Berg*, and takes its Name from a large River, which, after running thro' a great Part of this Town, empties itself into the Ditches of the Castle, and from thence runs into the *Rhine*. It was but a Village a little Time ago; but now it is a Town of considerable Bulk, in which, however, the Houses are generally but ill built, and the Streets badly paved. There are no Chairs or Coaches to be hired here, which is a great Inconvenience to Strangers. The Castle in which their Highnesses have resided ever since the *French* demolished that of *Heidelberg*, is a very old Building, spacious, but in the antiquated *Gothic* Taste. It stands upon the Border of the *Rhine*, and commands a very beautiful, extensive Prospect of the River, and of the Country on the other Side. The Apartments are not regular, but sumptuously garnished, especially that of the Elector, and the Hall of Audience. This City has no Suburbs. Its Fortifications are pretty good, and well kept up. But as to a Citadel, I assure you there is none here, tho' Mr. *Misson* has affirmed there is, saying, that it commands the Town and the *Rhine*.

Its Go-
vernment,
College,
Revenue
of the So-
vereign,
&c.

At *Dusseldorf* there is a Council of State, a Privy-Council, and a Chancery, in which civil Causes of all Sorts are determined. We were assured, that the Elector, in Time of Peace, has a Revenue of above three Millions of Florins, and that sometimes it even amounts to four. This Court, as we have said, is numerous and splendid. The Generosity of his Highness attracts thither very many Strangers, who have liberal Pensions from him; and the Electress favours the *Italians* above all others. There is likewise in this City a Seminary for poor Students in Divinity, built by one of the last Dukes of *Juliers*, and not out of a Fine imposed upon a Priest for lying between two Women, as Mr. *Misson* ridiculously tells us.

After taking leave of their Highnesses and all the Court, we set out this Day for *Cologne*.

C H A P.

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CHAP. IX.

Journey from Dusseldorp to Cologne. Nuys. Character of Charles the Hardy, Duke of Burgundy, and his History. Worrighen. Cologne, an Archbishoprick and Electorate. Its Flying-Bridge. Duits over against it. Church of St. Ursula. Her Martyrdom, and of her eleven thousand Virgins. Errors of several Authors concerning them. Absurdities of this Story, and its Origin. These Virgins Relicks, and St. Ursula's Tomb.

WE passed the Rhine a little below Nuys, a small Town called anciently *Novesium*. Those who formerly inhabited this Territory were named *Uspetes*. Now this Place belongs to the Archbishoprick of Cologne, and one has a full View of it in crossing the River, upon the Bank of which it is situated just where this River receives the small one called *Erpt*.

Charles the Hardy, last Duke of Burgundy, laid Siege to it for a whole Year in 1474. to so little Effect, that he was at last obliged to raise the Siege shamefully. That ambitious, most pragmatistical Prince, who affected to be the Attila of his Age, that is to say, the Scourge of Europe, by setting all on Fire, may have with Justice stiled himself the Antipode of the famous *Demetrius*, King of Macedon. He, you know, had the Secret of succeeding in all the Sieges he undertook, and was on that Account surnamed *Polioretes*; whereas Charles, Duke of Burgundy, almost never took one City he besieged. In 1452. he ignominiously withdrew from before *Beauvais*, after having, during a Month, made many Assaults upon that Town, and cannonaded it furiously. In 1474. he was forced to raise the Siege of Nuys after it had lasted more than a Year. In 1476. he was thoroughly routed, and lost two powerful Armies at *Granson* and at *Morat* in Switzerland; and after having invested *Nanci* in Lorrain twice, he was totally defeated, and killed in the second Siege by Duke *René*, assisted by the Germans and the Swiss, the Eve of the Feast of the Kings in 1476. Yet all these Towns, the last only excepted, had no other Fortification but a simple Wall and Ditch. Let us however return to Nuys. And in truth I could not learn that there was any one Thing in or about it worthy of our seeing. It was taken and retaken several Times in the Wars of the Swedes, and their Allies in Germany.

Nuys, anciently *Novesium*.

Besieged by Charles the Hardy in 1474.

Character and History of that Prince.

After we had passed the little Town of Zons, on the left we stopped at *Dormagen*, to dine and change Horses. This Place is just half Way between Dusseldorp and Cologne, and belongs to the Elector Palatine, as Duke of Berg, as does Zons likewise. Half a League thence we passed thro' another Town called *Worrighen*, depending upon the Elector of Cologne. It is totally dismantled, and has no other Marks of its ever having been a City, but two very ruinous Gates at its two Extremities. The Country about it is very fine,

Zons and Dormagen.

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fine, which made me enquire why they did not rebuild its Walls. To which Question it was answered, that the Prince was very indifferent about it, and the Inhabitants were so impoverished by the present War, that they were not in a Condition to do it at their own Expence. At last we arrived at *Cologne* about four o'Clock in the Afternoon.

Cologne.

We spent the two first Days, after our Arrival at *Cologne*, in making Visits, and delivering our Letters of Recommendation.

March 10.
Its Flying
Bridge.

The House we lodged in standing upon the Border of the *Rhine*, and the Town of *Duits* being just opposite on the other Side of the River, we could see from our Windows vast Numbers of People pass it every Moment, upon a Flying-bridge, as it is called here, going or returning to that Borough. The Whim struck us to go too after Dinner. This Flying-bridge, which I should rather chuse to call a sliding or running one, is very well contrived, and is sufficient for carrying over a Company of Cavalry at one Time. It is held by large flat Boats, so well belayed, and made so fast with Ropes and Iron-chains, that it is impossible they can be loosened, and there are five or six Boats of a less Size lying in a straight Line at Anchor, in the Middle of the River at equal Distances from one another, and two Musquet-shot above the Bridge: Two strong Cables are fixed to these Boats, the Ends of which pass thro' Pullies, fastened at the Top of Posts, fixed within this Bridge, and make it when let loose tack and veer, merely by the Current of the Water, without any need of Rowing, or any other working, except Steering. The Resident of *Holland* here assured us, that the continual Passage by this Bridge brings in to the Chapter of the Cathedral a Revenue of above ten thousand Crowns a Year.

Duits, a
small
Town
over a-
gainst *C-*
ologne.

Further, *Duits* is not a Part of *Cologne*, as the Bishop of *Salisbury*, Mr. *Misson*, and some others have said; it has no Manner of Dependence upon it; but holds solely and entirely of the Elector, to whom it belongs. It is a pitiful Borough, scarcely worth seeing. The Houses are built of Pieces of Timber, intermixed with white Clay, and the few Streets it has are extremely filthy and ill paved; one sees more Swine than Men in this Town: Three fourths and more of the Inhabitants are *Jews*; and those crafty *Israelites*, who study above all Things Matters of Lucre, and are very subtle and refined Plodders in that Article, make no Scruple to take the Trouble of fattening Herds of these unclean Beasts which their Law forbids them to eat, in order to sell them at an exorbitant Price to Christians who like that Food, and eat it without any Fear of polluting themselves. There are no Churches in this little Town; but a Convent of *Benedictins*, and a parochial Church, situated upon the Brink of the River. I am not a little surpris'd that the Children of St. *Benoit*, who are so opulent and delicate, should have chosen to build a Convent in so disagreeable a Place, and amidst that Spawn of *Matbusalem*.

When one is at *Duits* he may see very distinctly the Situation of *Cologne* along the River. It not a little resembles that of *London*; that Part, I mean, lying along the River-side from *Westminster-Abbey* to the Bridge,

Bridge a little beyond it. There is a very large Church in that Part of this City which resembles *Westminster*, and a little lower some Edifices which have somewhat the Air of *White-hall*, before it was burnt: There are old Walls like those of the *Savoy*; a sort of *Somerset-house*, and other spacious Buildings not unlike those of the *Temple*, formerly the Residence of the *English Templars*, before that famous Order was exterminated under false Pretex-
1705. March 10. COLOGNE The Pros-pect of this City, com-pared to that of London.

To Day we payed a Visit to the famous Saint *Ursula* and her eleven thousand Maidens, all of them of as noble Blood as *Hugh Capet* and his Descendants. *Geofrey* Arch-deacon of *Monmouth*, and afterwards Bishop of *St. Asaph*, a Writer in the 12th Age, says this *Ursula* was only Daughter to *Dionnoth* King of *Cornwall*; that she was sent when very young, from *Great* into *Little-Britain*, to be Wife to *Conan-Meriadec* King of *Bretagne*, along with her eleven thousand Companions who were to be married to as many *Knights* of that Country. You would perhaps be sorely put to it at present in your Island to find as many Virgins, not only among the Nobility, but even though you should be allowed to pick and choose among the Commons too, unless you took them at an Age for which there needs no Cautionry. However that be, these Eleven thousand Maids and their Conductresses *Ursula*, instead of landing in the Country where they were soon to cease to be such, entered, says their Historian, into the Mouth of the *Rhine*, and came up as far as *Agrippina*, now called *Cologne*. It was not surely the Road to *Little Britain*, nor the shortest Way to their de-
St. Ursula, her eleven thousand Virgins, and their History.

Unfortunately for these poor Ladies, they encountered an Army of the *Huns*, who held the Part of the Emperor *Gratian* against the Tyrant *Maximus* in *Gaul*. Those Barbarians, worse than Men-eaters, massacred without Pity all these Virgins, with their Leader *Ursula*, and that because the poor Innocents chose rather to part with their Lives than grant the smallest Fa-
They were all murdered by a barbarous People, and not desil-ed.
* Rabelais, lib. 4.
 vour to these Ruffians, a very hot salacious Gang. Miracle, doubly miracu-
 lous, would the good *Homenas*, Bishop* of *Papimania* have cried out, that eleven thousand and one, all young Girls, should have fallen into the Hands of brutal Soldiers, who oftener aim at the Honour than the Lives of Maids, and not one of so great a Number lose her *Gloves* in such a Scuffle! I fancy your modern *British* Lasses would think oftener than once if they should happen to be caught in the same Manner, and rather than be massacred, do like the fair *Alacielle*, Bride to the King of *Garba*, who passed thro' eight different Hands before she fell into the right ones, and that purely out of com-
 passion to her Lovers: And her Generosity met with the Reward it merited, since after having served a laborious Apprenticeship under eight different Masters, the King of *Garba* her Bridegroom received her as sound untouched Goods, that is, for as unviolated and pure a Maid as ever came into the World and imagined, as *Fontaine*, who has made a very fine Tale
 Numb. II. K of

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Errors of
several
Authors,
concern-
ing these
Virgins.

of this Adventure, tells us, that he had given her the first Lessons of Love : How many Brothers has this good King of *Garba* in the World ? But let us return to our Eleven thousand Virgins.

The Arch-deacon of *Monmouth* places this Event in the Year 383 of Christ. If he be right, Mr. *Misson* must be wrong, for he makes it to have happened in the Year 238. Old *Jacobus de Voragine* Arch-bishop of *Genoa*, and *Petrus de Natalibus* Bishop of *Aquileia* speak of it in their golden *Legends*, as happening under the Reign of *Dioclesian*, and make *Ursula* Daughter of a King of *Scotland* whom they stile *Maurus*, a Name not to be found in the Chronology of the *Scotish* Kings : Other Legend-Compilers place this Event in the Year 254 under *Decius* : Others, in the Beginning of the fifth Century, in the Reign of *Arcadius* and *Honorius* ; and others in the Time of *Attila* that Master-scurge of God, who plagued the World about the Middle of the fifth Age. The *Sieur de Juigné* Author of an Historical Dictionary in *Quarto*, is one of the later Class. He says, that *Ursula* Daughter of the King of *Great-Britain*, went out of her Native Country with eleven thousand Virgins her Companions, to escape the Fury of the *Saxon* Idolaters, and that designing to go into *Little Britain*, they were driven to the Coast of *Germany*, taken by the *Pagans*, and carried to *Cologne* to *Attila* King of the *Huns*, by whose Orders they were martyred, in the Year of our Salvation 453. How many Absurdities in a few Lines for one who pretended to be a Chronologist !

In the first Place, he is the only Author who makes *Ursula* a Daughter of the King of *Great-Britain*. In the next Place, it is absurd to speak of her leaving *Britain* to avoid the Fury of the *Saxons*, since all History or Legend-writers tell her Story as having happened long before the *Saxons* made themselves Masters of that Island : And to conclude, it is equally absurd to say they were brought to *Cologne* to *Attila* King of the *Huns*, by whose Order they were put to Death, in 453 of the Christian *Æra*, since that King went out of *Pannonia* with an Army of 500000 Men, and pillaged a great Part of the higher *Germany*, but did not pierce so far as *Cologne*, where he never was ; for after having destroyed *Augsburg* and some other Towns, he went into *Gaul* and was routed there in the *Catalaunic* Fields by *Ætius*, a Roman General, *Méroüée* King of the *French*, and *Theodoric* King of the *Visigoths*, in the Year of Christ 451 ; after which having levied another Army, he went to wreck his Vengeance on poor *Italy*, of which he burnt the greatest Part, and never returned to *Germany*.

But all this Time I have not reflected how you will laugh at me, for giving you so seriously the different Opinions about a Story which you and your Sceptic Friends believe no more of than of Fairy Tales. I know that with the learned Mrs. *de Launois* and *de Valois*, both of them very good Catholics, you treat these Legends as idle Fables, and look upon the Princess of *Cornwal* with her eleven thousand Companions as so many imaginary Saints, and by consequence Counterband. I grant that the venerable *Bede*, that famous *Anglo-Saxon* Doctor, who wrote the Ecclesiastical History of the *Britons* and *English*, and died ann. 735, aged 106, says not one Word of this Event, too memorable

Many Ab-
surdities in
this Story.

memorable to have been passed in Silence by him, had it been true, or so much as possible: And that the good Monk *Ufuard*, who lived in the Beginning of the Ninth Century, only says, that these Virgins were a great Number; and that *Geoffroy* and *Monmouth* and *Sigebert* a Monk of *Gemblours*, (Authors thawn for Fable-mongers, who lived in the 12th Century) were the first knowho fixed the Number to eleven Thousand.

Geoffroy took these Latin Words in a Martyrology, *SS. Ursula & Ximillia V. M.* for *Sanctæ Ursula & undecim millia V. M.* without dreaming that *Ximillia* was the proper Name of one Virgin Martyr. The other was deceived by this Roman Cypher found upon an ancient Tomb, XI. M. V. that is to say, *Eleven Martyr Virgins*. This the poor Monk *Sigebert* took for *undecim millia Virginum*. You won't fail to add to all this, that it is false, that ever the County of *Cornwal* had the Title of a Kingdom, either in the Time of the ancient *Britons*, or when the *Romans* were Masters of *Great-Britain*, or even during the famous *Saxon* Heptarchy; so that *Dionnoth*, pretended King of *Cornwall*, and Father of *S. Ursula*, is a mere *Chimera*, together with his pretended Daughter and her Eleven thousand Companions. To this I answer, that if this Fact be not true, a Bishop of *St. Asaph*, two learned Monks, two *Italian* Archbishops, and many others, would not have given it out for such; in fine, Father *Crombach*, a German Jesuit, hath taken the Trouble of writing a large Volume in *Folio*, to prove the Truth of that History, which so many Millions of Catholics believe with obedient Faith; and these Virgins are in the Martyrology and in the *Roman* Calendar, and their Feast is celebrated in the Church yearly.

In the Church dedicated to them in this City there is a Chapel, the Walls of which are adorned with some Rows of Busts gilded; and with some Shrines, in which are preserved the Heads of many of those Virgins; the whole is garnished with a rich Crimson Velvet, and a Gold Stuff embroidered with Pearls and Jewels. Above all this there is a Tapestry of their Bones, among which I observed some of Children, of five or six Years old; which Circumstance would almost make me doubt of the Truth of the whole Story: But, a celebrated Physician of this Place was formerly treated as a Heretic, for having said, that there were among them two or three Bones of large Mastif-dogs: Having boasted that he could prove this beyond all Contradiction, he was condemned to pay a considerable Fine, and banished out of the Diocese of *Cologne*. *Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.*

They shewed us upon the Altar of the Chapel, *St. Ursula's* Head in a Bust of Silver, between that of *Conan-Meriadec*, King of *Bretagne*, her Bridegroom, and that of the Principal of her Companions named *St. Adelaide*. If you ask me by what chance the King of *Armorica's* Head came to *Cologne*? I will answer, that the same *Geoffroy* of *Monmouth* and *Sigebert* of *Gemblours* assure us, that this Prince came to this City some time after the Martyrdom of his Bride, and was likewise put to Death here. And how can you refute these Testimonies? Mr. *Misson* makes this *Conan-Meriadec*, King of *England*, and changes his Name into that of *Etherus*, and says he was the Husband of *Ursula*: And thus by unmaiding this poor Princess of *Cornwall*, 13th or 14th

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COLOGNE

Origin of
this fly
Legend.

Church of
St. Ursula,
and Relicks
of several
of the holy
Virgins.

St. Ursula's
Head.

Mistakes
of Mr.
Misson.

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Centuries after her Death, he degrades her from the Virgin-Dignity, which she holds in all the Legends. For how could she be a Virgin if she was married; unless we suppose her Husband to have made a Vow of Continence? Or to have been what the Parliament of *Paris* hath lately pronounced the *Marquis de Gefores*. Under these three Heads there is a Golden Cup out of which *Conan-Meriadec* used to drink, with three of the Thorns of our Saviour's Crown, carefully kept in a Shrine, with a Door of Glass, thro' which we may see these precious Relicks. And on one side of the Altar, in a Niche, with a Glass-door to it, we saw a Vase of Alabaster, which they assured us was one of those our Saviour filled with Water at the Marriage of *Cana*, in order to change it into Wine: The Works of *St. Denis* in *France*, and a Convent in *Angers*, boast likewise each of having one of these Vessels; and perhaps we may learn before we return to *Great Britain* what is become of the rest.

S. Ursula's
Tomb.

The Church is full of the Tombs of several of those Virgins: That of *St. Ursula* is of black and white Marble, about two Palms long, and six in breadth: Her Statue is of white Marble, it lies at full Length, and is crowned with a Garland of Flowers: At her Feet is a Pigeon, the Image of that real one which appeared ten or twelve Days successively upon the Place where this Monument now is, and so distinguished the Body of *Ursula*, from those of her Companions, with which it was before that confounded. This Miracle was attested to us by an *Old Maid* who shewed us these Relicks of the holy Virgins. For that she was a Maid, she assured us, upon our asking why the Commission of shewing these Relicks to Strangers was not rather entrusted to a Man than a Woman? To which she very readily replied, That the Church being dedicated to Virgins, and the Relicks being chiefly Relicks of pure Virgins, it was necessary that the Care of them should be committed to a Maid, that they might not be defiled by an impure Keeper. This same Virgin assured us, that the Earth of this Church will not admit into its Bosom any other Bodies but those of holy Martyrs, and for proof of this marvellous Quality she shewed us the Tomb of a certain Duchess of *Brabant*, whose Corps being twice interred there, was as often thrown up again above Ground, and hovered in the Air; so that they were obliged to fasten her Coffin with Cramp-irons to one of the Pillars of this Church, at the Distance of two Foot from the Ground, as it now is. Here is the Inscription on the Left-side.

*Viventia bis hic sepulta, toties à terrâ ejecta,
Modò hoc Mausoleo inclusa Anno 644.*

And on the Right we find this:

*Anno 462. Clematius hoc S. Templum restaurans,
In eo aliorum corporum Sepulturam sub pœna vetuit.*

Our Guide likewise assured us, that the whole Revenue of this Abbey, which must be very considerable, without counting the Offerings and Gifts made

made by Pilgrims and other devout Persons, belongs wholly to an Abbess and six Canonesses, who must be all Countesses, to do Honour to St. Ursula of Royal Birth. In all Probability these good Ladies with this vast Revenue live better than the Capuebins, and don't get up in the Night as they do to sing Psalms.

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COLOGNE

CHAP. X.

Continuation of the Description of Cologne. The Church and History of St. Gereon, and Criticism upon it. The Quire and Relicks. Church, Convent and Library of the Jesuits. Riches of their Sacristy. The Church of the Maccabees, and their History represented, and that of the Eleven thousand Virgins. The Heads of the Maccabees, and others very curious Relicks. Mistake of Mr. Misson concerning a noted Crucifix. Strange Story of a Woman buried alive.

MANY Authors say, that the Emperor *Constantin* the Great embraced Christianity, partly because he had seen in the Air a Cross with Greek Words upon it, which promised him Victory against *Maxentius*: And some add, that this Apparition to him happened near *Autun* in *Burgundy*: Others say, near to *Rome*. But this Day we have seen a History in the Collegiate Church of St. *Gereon*, which gives the lie boldly to all these Writers. In the Quire and above the Benches for the Canons, there are several Paintings with Latin Inscriptions representing and explaining the History of St. *Gereon*; The which relate, that this Holy Warriour set out from *Thebes* in *Egypt* with 300 Horse-men in compleat Armour, and met in the Way with an *Ethiopian* Prince called *Gregory*, who was leading 900 *Moorish* Cavaliers, all of them Christians like himself, to *Constantin's* Army; and that being arrived, upon refusing to sacrifice to Idols with the rest of the Army, in order to obtain Success in the War against the *Gauls*, they were all beheaded by Order of *Constantin*, and their Bodies thrown into a Well. But it is better to give you some of the principal Inscriptions, which will let you into the whole History.

Church
and Hi-
story of St.
Gereon.

*Gereon de Thebis venit Cæsari præsidium,
Christi Fide plenus, Gallis in excidium.
Pro successu Diis immolatur.
Tantum nefas detestatur.
Cæsar ferus dedignatur.
Mox capite plectuntur,
Et in puteum merguntur
Innocentes.*

Anno CCLXXXVIII. sexto Idus Octobris.

The

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CLCGNE
Contained
in two In-
scriptions,
who make
a Tyrant
and cruel
Persecutor
of *Constantin*
the
Great.

The first Part of this Legend is a Copy, as appears from the Inscription, of that relating to *Mauritius* and the *Theban Legion*, which was martyrizd on the same Account under *Dioclesian* and *Maximinian*. The following Part makes *Constantin* as great a Persecutor and Butcher of the Christians, as any of these two cruel Emperors, and gives a quite different Turn to the Motives of his Conversion.

*Helena hinc auream fundat Ecclesiam,
Martyrum sanctissimas colligit Reliquias.
Ab Hunnis Templum devastatur, Divum decor profanatur;
Cæsar jubet restaurari, ne dicantur Christiani.
Crucem nolunt ponere.
Constantinus urit, secatur, Christianos dirè necat :
Dum sic furit odiosus Christianis, fit Leprosus,
Magi suadent Innocentum Balneum mortiferum :
O consilium cruentum !
Sancti Gereon & Gregorius salutiferum
Baptismi consulunt Sacramentum.
Constantinus Baptisatur, & à Leprâ emundatur :
In & extrâ sic sanatur.
Aras, Fana destruit, & simulacra diruit.
Mater Helena culpat, dum Christum natus adorat.
In Sylvestro Papa, tanta ut vidit Miracula,
Helena Christo credidit, sacrum Baptisma recipit.*

Criticism
upon this
Legend.

You no doubt will tell me, and with some Reason, that the Authors of this Rhapsody must have been very ignorant Blockheads, since after having related, that *Helen* Mother of *Constantin* had collected the Relicks of those Holy Martyrs, and founded a Church to their Memory and Honour, they represent her as reproaching her Son for having embraced Christianity, after having persecuted the Christians so outrageously (which he never did :) 'Tis to punish him for this pretended Persecution that they inflict a Leprosy upon him, and it is to be delivered from this Disease that he resolves to be baptised. They likewise ascribe the Conversion of the Empress *Helen* to the Miracles she saw Pope *Silvester* perform, and make it posterior to that of her Son. Yet *Constantin* did not receive Baptism till towards the Close of his Life, and when he found himself at the Point of Death, because he had always intended, from the Moment of his Conversion, to have received that Sacrament at *Jordan*, in Imitation of our Saviour : And as to his Mother *Helen*, what need was there of converting her who was born a Christian, of Christian Parents, in the City of *York* in *England*, where her Husband *Constantius Chlorus* died.

Thus you see that this Legend of *St. Gereon*, or rather this absurd Rhapsody, makes a very false Charge against those Writers who narrate other Causes of *Constantin's* Conversion ; for it positively affirms, that *St. Gereon* and the *Black Prince* his Companion appeared to him after their Death, and advised him

him to get himself baptised, in order to his being cured of his Leprosy, and hindred him from bathing himself in the Blood of Infants, as his Soothsayers had counselled him to do. In truth, I must own the Nonsense displayed with so much Impudence in the Catholic Churches to impose upon Idiots, inclines me to believe, that all the Legend-writers of the past Ages were the most ignorant Creatures imaginable, especially in point of Chronology. These Inscriptions, for Example, place the Martyrdom of St. Gereon and his Companions in the Reign of *Constantin* the Great, in the Year 288 of the Christian *Æra*; yet that Prince did not begin to reign till the Year 312. Of all the Legends concerning St. *Ursula*, hardly do two of them agree in the Date of her Story; and so it is with Regard to most other

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The Quire in the Church of St. *Gereon* is tapistry'd likewise with 900 Heads of *Moorish* Cavaliers, the Companions of the *Ethiopian* Prince *Gregory*: They are ranged in little Niches, between each two of which there is carving in Foliage gilded, which Decorations with the Caps of Scarlet adorned with Pearls, with which every Head is covered, have a tolerably fine Effect. Having testified to him who shewed us the Curiosities in this Church some Surprise, that none of these Heads was bigger than a Child's of 7 or 8 Years old, he told me very seriously, that he had heard it often said, the Men of those Times, those Gentlemen especially of the Ebony-complexion, had not such big Heads as Men now-a-days have. Was not this an excellent answer to my Difficulty? I then asked him what became of the Heads of the 300 Horsemen of St. *Gereon*. He replied, that there was no Account of them in the *Capitulary* of this Chapter, but that the common Tradition is, that they were distributed thro' the Churches in *Cologne*, and in other chief Cities of *Germany*.

The Quire
of this
Church,
and its Re-
licks.

The same Guide shewed us in a Corner of the Church, one of the Pillars of the Scaffold on which all those holy Martyrs were beheaded: This Pillar is of fine *Jaspar*, about a Foot in Diameter, and spotted with Blood in several Places. At last he conducted us into a sort of Vault, or subterraneous Chapel, directly under the Quire of this Church, where he shewed us the Well into which the Corps of these blessed Martyrs (said he) were thrown by the Emperor *Constantin's* Order: But what is most marvellous of all, is that those of St. *Gereon* and the *Ethiopian* Prince *Gregory* were miraculously discovered some Years after stretched out upon a Table of black Marble, no body could tell how, and that they were instantaneously found out to be theirs, though naked and without Heads as well as the rest. Here is what we may call an authentic Miracle, and of *firm Rock* which admits of no Contest, like many of those Miracles that have been forged in the Shops of ignorant and prejudiced Monks.

Other Re-
licks.

Do not go about to chicane and ask me how this Discovery could be made, since all the Bodies were naked and headless: For I will answer it was not done naturally, but miraculously; besides, if you should prove so captious, you would discourage me from telling you a Thousand other Marvels I am likely to see or hear of in the Course of my Travels, which I cannot pretend to account for? Is it not absurd to ask a natural Explication of a Miracle? Take my Advice therefore, and resolve to amuse yourself with such wonderful Things.

Smart Re-
flections
upon them

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Things as I shall relate to you from time to time, without endeavouring to diminish the Marvellous, by asking Questions about their Possibility. I must not forget to tell you that we likewise saw the Table of black Marble on which the Bodies of the two holy Martyrs were discovered. Our Conductor likewise informed us, that the Collegiate Church of St. Gereon has but 10 Canons, but a great Number of Chaplains, who enjoy all of them a very plentiful Revenue, for which they have very little to do.

Jesuits
Church,
House, and
Library.

We have these last Days been taken up in seeing, first of all, the House of the Reverend Fathers Jesuits. One of the good Companions of *Jesus* received us at the Gate of their College with great Civility, and conducted us forthwith into their Library. I was surprised to find it so ill provided. There are very few Books in it, and those few are very ill chosen. A *Biblia Maxima*, and the *Councils*, are the principal Books in their Collection, nor had these been there, if a *German* Lord, who resided sometime in this Town, had not made this College a Present of them. These poor Fathers have no Money to buy Books! All the rest are Scholastick Trash, and other such old Trumpery: Our Conductor shewed us as Curiosities two Globes 4 Foot in Diameter, of Father *Coronelli's* Workmanship. I wonder how these Gentlemen who have given us such fine Geographical Maps, and have made so many curious Astronomical Observations in *Europe* and *Asia*, could put any Value upon the Works of a Babbler, who had the Assurance to stile himself Cosmographer, Historiographer, and Astronomer of the most serene Republic of *Venice*.

Pictures of
several of
their Ge-
nerals, and
History of
Ignatius
Loyola.

Before we entered into this Library, we passed thro' a Hall, where are to be seen the Portraits of the 13 first Generals of the Company of *Jesus*: You need not doubt that the great *Ignatius Loyola* is at their Head, as is most fitting. I could not see the Picture of this brave Captain, without calling to Mind the Wound he received in his Knee at the Siege of *Pampelune*, which was the Occasion of his ever dreaming of quitting the Vanities of the World, to found a Society of Angels on Earth. It likewise brought back to my Remembrance, the Indignity with which a Satyrical Poet (* a good Catholic indeed, yet he was burnt in the *Greve* at *Paris*, for having wrote a Satyr against the *Virgin Mary*) speaks of St. *Ignatius* and his Successors, in his *Paris Ridicule*.

* Mr. Pe-
tit, Advo-
cate of the
Parlia-
ment of
Paris.

Satyrical
Verses of
a French
Poet upon
him and
the Jesuits.

I.

*Lâchons ici notre Eguillette
En mémoire de ce Saint Fou,
Qui se fit casser le genou
Pour avoir la jambe mieux faite :
C'etoit un plaisant Rossignol
Que ce Patriarche Espagnol,
Et que ses Héritiers sont rogues!
D'où vient qu'étant si triomphans,
Ils sont devenus Pédagogues,
Et Fesseculs de nos Enfans?*

II. 7c

II.

*Je ne sçaurois donner croiance
A toutes sortes de discours,
Je sçai que la Vertu toujours
Fut sujette à la Médisance ;
Qu'on les nomme Assassins de Rois,
Marchands de Bleds, Marchands de Bois,
Et préparateurs d'Antimoine :
Pour moi, j'excuse leur penchant,
Si l'habit ne fait pas le Moine,
Le mal ne fait pas le méchant.*

Besides these Portraits of the first 13 Generals of the Order, there are likewise the Pictures of six Cardinals, who were Jesuits before they were honoured with the Purple. *Palavicini* and *Bellarmin*, you may be sure, are not forgot.

When we went out of the Library we crossed a Garden, which must be very pleasant in Summer, and entered into the Church. It is undisputably one of the finest in *Cologne*, and the most regular. The Building is very lofty and well pierced, and against the Pillars supporting the Ceiling, there are Statues of the twelve Apostles, and of many other Saints, big as the Life. The Pulpit deserves Attention, on Account of the Sculptures with which it is adorned. Before the principal Altar hangs a Lamp of Silver, which is about six Foot in Height. The Reverend Father who conducted us made two strong Fellows let it down, that we might have a better Sight of it. 'Tis certain, that this gigantic Lamp is of exquisite Workmanship. The Figures of *Jesus Christ*, and of the five wise and five foolish Virgins in the Parable are represented very naturally, with such Delicacy that it is a Pleasure to see them. This Lamp cost an immense Sum, not to this College, but to the Elector of *Cologne* *Maximilian-Henry*, who made them a Present of it.

Descrip-
tion of
their
Church.

I saw but one tolerable Picture in this Church ; but if it be wanting in Pictures, their Vestry is filled with more solid Wealth. The Silver Plate in it is prodigious for the Riches as well as the Quantity : An Inventory of it would however be tiresome. I shall only take Notice to you of some of the Ornaments of the Altar, which are extremely sumptuous and magnificent.

Riches of
their Sa-
cristy.

One Antependium of an Altar is wholly covered with an Embroidery of Gold-wire and Pearls. Another is enriched with vast Numbers of Rubies, of which not a few are very large. Another is of massy Silver exceedingly heavy, containing in Bass-relief, the History of the Assumption of the holy Virgin, with *St. Ignatius* on one Side, and *St. Francis Xavier* on the other : Another also of massy Silver, with a Border of Gold covered with Pearls ; another a Gold Brocard with Pearls and Emeralds, among which there are many of great Value ; another of Crimson embroidered with Gold, very heavy and ornamented with carved Figures of *Jesus Christ* and *Joseph* on one Hand, and the *Virgin* on his other ; the good *Ignatius* and *Xavier* are here too ; these Gentlemen thrust themselves in every where, and herein are

Numb. II.

L

completely

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13, 14.
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completely imitated by their Successors. This last Piece is of exquisite Workmanship, and of a very extraordinary Size, and it is only employed to adorn the great Altar, on certain more solemn Festivals which are represented upon it. I shall not trouble you with mentioning an innumerable Quantity of Branches and Candle-sticks, Busts, Vases, Lustres, and other Silver-plate, there would be no coming to an End of such a Detail: But I will just tell you, that one can hardly see any where a Sacristy more richly furnished with Chalices, Pattens, Cups, Plates, Cruets, and other Utensils for Mass, all of Gold, and enriched with precious Stones.

Their Re-
fectory.

Dazled with seeing so much Riches in one Place, we left the Sacristy to go to the Refectory, which is very large and well wainscoted: The Ceiling is adorned with Sculptures and Carvings. It is hung all round with Pictures, exhibiting the principal Events of our Saviour's Life. These Pictures are but indifferent, though painted by *Jesuits*; yet they not a little adorn the Refectory. While we were considering them, our Conductor ordered a Collation to be brought, which consisted of very good Things, accompanied with excellent *Rbenish*: These Fathers seldom have any thing that is bad. While we were at this Repast, he questioned us very soundly about the Affairs of *Great-Britain*, sometimes about one thing, and sometimes about another, but chiefly about King *James* and his Son, whom he called Exiles for the Catholic Faith.

Multa super Priamo rogatus, super Hectore multa.

Not one Word of Queen *Anne* his Daughter, but a great deal about the late *Mary* and King *William III.* who, said he, turned their Father and Mother out of their own House by the Shoulders. We made the best Returns we could to these Interrogatories, and parted in all Appearance good Friends.

March
15, 16.
The
Church of
the Mac-
cabees, and
its Pictures

We have likewise been to visit the Church of the *Maccabees*, and took Notice first of all upon the Gate on the Out-side, of a Picture representing *Salomone* Mother of those Martyrs, trampling under her Feet *Antiochus Epiphanes*. She holds her seven Sons crowned with Laurel under her Gown, four on one Side, and three on the other, under it is this Inscription.

DIVA parens VII natis Strato SaLoMona tyranno, VICtr IX oVans.

Give any Interpretation to this you please. Their History is painted upon the Wall in a Corner of this Church in Eight different Pictures, with these Words: *S. Salomone cum VII. filiis suis Maccabeis in summo Altare honorifice Conservantur.* If you ask me how all these Saints came to *Cologne*: I answer according to the Legend, that the Empress *Helen*, having flattered herself to espouse in second Marriage the famous *Charlemagne*, sent their Bodies to that Prince, who built this Church to their Memory.

The History of the Martyrdom of the Eleven thousand Virgins is likewise painted on several Parts of these Walls; and very near to this Church

is

is a Well, into which, they tell us, the Blood of these Virgins was poured when they were killed, and that the Blood is still here; but we could not see it, for a Bishop who flourished about a thousand Years ago had shut it up, because it made a Noise that deafened People when they looked into it. And can one treat the Story of the Virgins after all this as a Fable? The Religious to whom this Church belongs, and who follow the Order of St. Bennet, pretend, contrary to Tradition among the *Ursulines*, that the Princess *Ursula* was massacred on the Spot where their principal Altar stands. Before this Altar is the Tomb of an Arch-bishop of *Hungary* named *Pastorius*, who was, said our Guide, chief Almoner and Confessor to the Princess *Ursula*, said Mass to her every Day, and was martyred with her and her Companions.

Our Guide next shewed us the Heads of the *Maccabees*, that are kept in the Tabernacle of the principal Altar, which is of Purple embroidered with Gold. We mounted a little Ladder to have a nearer View of these holy Heads, and enjoy the Perfume which they send forth: We were even allowed the Favour to touch them; a Privilege that would not have been granted to you *Heretics*, who treat the Relicks as * *common Bones, sacred Rags, and consecrated Ordure*. These Heads are ranged in the Tabernacle Es- cutcheon-wise, One, Four and Three; that of the Mother on the Top, the four Eldest in the Middle, and the three Younger below. Each has a Crown richly adorned with Pearls, Rubies, and Emeralds.

They likewise shewed us that of St. *Joachim*, or *Joakim*, Father to the Virgin *Mary*, and that of St. *Anne* her Mother; a Thorn of our Saviour's Crown three Inches long; a large Tooth from the Under-jaw of St. *John* the Baptist; a Bone of St. *Andrew*'s left Ankle; the Finger St. *Thomas* thrust into the Side of *Jesus Christ*; St. *Joseph*'s Scull; the Veil the Virgin *Mary* was in at our Saviour's Crucifixion, two of her Smocks, and both of them very dirty; with a little of her Hair inclining towards the Reddish: The Linen in which St. *Laurence* was wrapped when he was taken off the Grid-iron, upon which he was roasted by Order of the Emperor *Valerian*, which is no larger than an ordinary Handkerchief, so that the Good St. *Laurence* must have been of the Pigmy Size, if it was large enough to cover his Body. They likewise shewed us the Heads of three of St. *Ursula*'s Companions, named St. *Daria*, St. *Julia*, and St. *Gaudentia*. The first has no Scar, the second has the Marks of a terrible Blow of a Sabre in the Scull, and on the Middle of the third there is the Point of an Arrow fixed perpendicularly. I said to our Conductor, that the Iron-point of the Arrow must still be in the Head, and was going to thrust my Finger in to try if I could feel it. But he immediately withdrew the Head, assuring me, that the Iron was miraculously melted in the Head, as Grease melts in the Fire. A Miracle indeed! that a Head should have the marvelous Virtue of melting the Iron, and yet the Wood of this Arrow should have continued sound and entire for so many Ages.

The last and most curious, in my Opinion, of all they shewed us, is, the entire Body of St. *Ursula*'s Aunt, by the Mother's Side, who was likewise her Governess. This good Lady was commissioned to deliver the

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Many
dom of the
eleven
thousand
Virgins
represent-
ed.

The
Heads of
the Mac-
cabees.

* Expres-
sions used
by Mr.
Misson.

Other cu-
rious Re-
licks.

The Body
of St. Ur-
sula's

Princess Aunt.

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Princess of *Cornwall* into his Hands who was to be her Spouse, and was martyred with her : Her Name was *Placidia*. I could not but admire the most edifying Learning of our Guide in Matters of Legend, and his incomparable Memory, that was able to retain the Names of so many holy Persons, and their principal Adventures : For when I asked him if this old Aunt was reckoned amongst the eleven thousand Virgins, he answered immediately, there was no doubt on't; that she most certainly died a Maid, with as much Assurance as if he had a Certificate in all its Forms, from half a Dozen skilful Matrons of that Age.

A Mistake
of Mr.
Misson,
concern-
ing a not-
ed Cruci-
fix.

Now we desired to see the famous Crucifix, with the Wig in this Church, of which Mr. *Misson* speaks. "This Peruke, says he, is truly marvellous in this Respect, that it never diminishes, notwithstanding all the Locks the Pilgrims, who come here from *Hungary*, carry off with them." One would imagine, from his Account of the Matter, that this Peruke was believed here to have a vegetative Quality. But be persuaded, that the Inhabitants of *Cologne*, as zealous and credulous Catholics as they are, know very well that the *Hungarian* Pilgrims have not Arms long enough to reach this Peruke; this wig'd Crucifix having been for more than an Age fixed perpendicularly to the Cieling of the Church, which is very high, and consequently beyond the Stretch of the Pilgrims with their Sciffars. *Non est laudandus is, qui plus credit quæ audit quam quæ videt.* When we told our Guide this Story, he, with all his Belief in Miracles, laughed very heartily at it. We took our Leave of him in the usual Way, by dropping something into his Hand. In passing thro' the New Market, we were shewn a Burgo-master's House, whose Wife is said to have risen from the Dead after she was interred; and at the Windows of the Garret the Figures of the Horses, and the Valet who knew their Mistress so soon as she came to the Gate after her Resurrection. Mr. *Misson* tells this Story, and thinks it not incredible, so I need not repeat it. This Resurrection, says he, was owing to the Avarice of a Grave-digger, who opened up the Grave to take a rich Ring off the Lady's Finger with which she had been buried. This may perhaps be an Usage among the Idolaters in *Asia*. But I doubt if e'er a Christian Husband would be such a Fool as to bury his Wife with a Ring of any Value, even tho' she should have been ridiculous enough to have desired it.—However that be, I bought a Print representing this Miracle. And according to it the Event happened in 1357; tho' Mr. *Misson* places it in 1571.

Strange
Story of
a Woman
buried a-
live.

C H A P. XI.

The Church and Convent of the Carmes. The Chartreuse. The Institution of that Order. The Cathedral. Remarkable Tombs in it. That of the three Kings in Particular. Reflexions on this Story.

The Con-
vent and
Church of
the Car-
mes.

WE went next to the Convent of the *Carmes*, whose Church is the only one at *Cologne*, in which the Altar is placed to the East. The Pulpit passes for the finest in this City. It is adorned with Carvings by two Monks

Monks of this Order, Twin-brothers, who are yet alive. From the Church we were conducted to a Hall, where a Collation was presented to us, according to the Custom of the Country. I took notice of the Arms of *England*, and those of the Knights, *Jenkins* and *Williamson*, on two Panes of Glass in a Window of this Room. These Gentlemen, with other Plenipotentiaries, negotiated a general Peace here in 1674: But this Treaty was broken all at once by the *French*, on account of the running away with Prince *William* of *Furstenberg* their Creature, who died a Cardinal.

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We went for a Moment likewise into the Church of the *Cordeliers* to see the Tomb of the famous *John Scotus*, surnamed the *subtle Doctor*. Here are the two Epitaphs on it.

And of the
Cordeliers.

Scotia me genuit ; Anglia me suscepit ; Gallia me docuit ; Colonia me tenet.

The Mon-
ument of
*John Sco-
tus.*

The other is in Verse.

*Ante oculos saxum Doctorem comprimit ingens,
Cujus ad interitum sacra Minerva gemit.
Siste gradum, Lector, fulvo dabis oscula saxo,
Corpus Joannis hæc tenet urna Scoti.
Anno milleno ter CCC cumque adderet octo,
Postremum clausit letho agitante diem.*

Bzovius, *Paul Jovius*, and other Catholic Writers have said, that this Doctor, having been buried for dead, returned to Life in his Grave, but finding no Succour, gnawed his Fingers, and dashed his Head against his Coffin.

Hence we went to the *Chartreuse*, where these good Fathers received us with all the Politeness imaginable, and gave us a very jolly Collation. After which we made the Tour of their Cloisters. It is a vast square Gallery, built of Hewn-stone, every Side of which makes a Visto, in which the Eye almost loses itself. The Walls are adorned with Paintings by the Monks themselves, representing the whole Life of our Saviour. On the other Side are large Windows, facing a very pleasant Garden. The Refectory is very handsome and neat. Every Monk is allowed at each Repast a Pot of strong Beer and half a Pint of Wine, a Loaf, a Plate of Fish, and Fruit in Abundance, and every Thing is excellent in its Kind. So that with regard to Eating and Lodging these holy Personages could not be better provided in this World.

The
Chartreuse

Then we paid a Visit to their Cells ; in each of which there is an Oratory, a Bed-chamber, and a Laboratory, where every one employs himself according to his Turn and Genius ; a Closet adorned with Books, Maps, and Prints ; a good Stove to warm themselves, a Granary, and a Cellar for locking up the little Refreshments which their Relations and Friends send to them. And behind each of these Cells there is a little Garden, in which they cultivate all Kinds of Flowers, and such like Things. In fine, it is a charming Retirement, that would not be disagreeable to a good many People, were not

The Cells
of that
Convent.

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The
Church
and Con-
vent of the
Chartruse

The Hi-
story of
the Foun-
dation of
this Order

not the Law of Silence and Solitude so rigorously imposed upon all who enter Members here. Their Church is beautiful enough, but they have but one Curiosity in it, and that is the Hem of our Saviour's Garment, the Touch of which cured so miraculously the Flux of Blood, and yet cures, say they, Women in that Condition.

We made some Stay in the Cell of one of the Fathers, who is a very dextrous Watch-maker, and who shewed us several Pendulums of his making, which were very curious; a repeating one chiefly, which chimes six different Tunes. In fine, while we were at a Collation they presented to us, the Superior of this Convent was pleased to entertain us with the History of the Foundation of his Order, to this Effect.

A Gentleman of a noble and rich Family of *Cologne*, whose Name was *Bruno*, was at *Paris*, when a Canon of a Cathedral there died with great Reputation of Sanctity: The Funerals of this pretended Saint were celebrated with great Magnificence, and attended with a vast Concourse of People: Our Gentleman of *Cologne* was one of the forwardest in the Funeral-Pomp, and pressed himself into the nearest Place to the Body of this Canon, while they were singing the *De profundis*. And lo! he who it was thought would one Day be canonized, all on a sudden thrust away the Lid of his Coffin, and raising himself up three Times, pronounced, with a horrible Voice, thrice these dreadful Words:

Iusto Dei Iudicio accusatus sum.
Iusto Dei Iudicio judicatus sum.
Iusto Dei Iudicio condemnatus sum.

At this terrible Sight the Astonishment and Fright of the Attendants were inexpressible; of *Bruno* in particular, who shook from Head to Foot every Joint of him. He became very pensive, and made several serious Reflections upon this Event. "If a Person, said he within himself, who lived in so exemplary a Manner, be condemned to eternal Punishments, in what a desperate Condition is such a Sinner as I am, unless I make a long and severe Penance for my Sins." He recalled to his Memory in these Reflections those Verses of *Sedulius*, a famous Poet in the VIIIth Century, which are very pertinent to the Subject.

Et sanè ipsa Dei Sententia grandis abyssus,
Cui soli detecta manent abscondita cordis.
Quos sibi delegit, vel quos privavit Olympo,
Solus habet notos, solus discrevit ab ævo.
Nos homines cæci rerum secreta videmus
Sicut Apollineum discernit Noctua lumen.

These grave Meditations terminated in a fixed Resolution to retire from the World into a Desert. He sold Part of his Estate, and with six Companions whom he had induced to take the same Resolution, he went to the Bishop of

through HOLLAND.

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of *Grenoble*, a Man of a singularly holy Life, and communicated his Design to him. This Prelate gave him a Hermitage, situated amidst wild Rocks, in the very same Place where the Grand *Chartreuse* now stands. And there it was that *Bruno* built and founded the first House of his Order. Some Years after, Pope *Urban II.* sent for him to *Rome*, where he gave his Sanction to the Rules *Bruno* had laid down to his Companions; but this holy Man, instead of returning to *Dauphiny*, where he thought his Fame was too great, retired into a Forest in *Calabria*, where he lived and died in great Sanctity. The Count of *Calabria*, who loved and esteemed him infinitely, took care to have him buried in a magnificent Manner, and to have this Epitaph inscribed on his Tomb.

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St. Bruno,
Founder of
the Order.

*Primus in hac, Christi fundator Ovilis, Erema
Promerui fieri, qui tegor hoc lapide.
Bruno mihi nomen, genitrix Germania, meque
Transtulit ad Calabros grata quies nemoris.
Doctor eram, Praeco Christi, vir notus in orbe:
Desuper illud erat, gratia, non meritum.
Carnis vincla dies Octobris sexta resolvit:
Ossa manent tumulo, Spiritus astra petit.*

It was this Adventure of the *Parisian* Canon, as the *Chartreuses* themselves say, which occasioned their Patriarch's Retreat from the World, and the Institution of their Order. But you may tell me perhaps, that the *Chartreuse* may say what they please, but that unfortunately for them, *Papirius Masson* and *Guy Patin*, Professors of Physic in the Royal College at *Paris*, both very good Catholics, and very learned Men, assure us, that this History is a mere Fable; and that a certain *Fleming* named *Cesarius*, a mighty Dealer in Spiritual Tales, was the first who vented it in his Book of Marvels; and that he placed this Event in 1084, in the Reign of *Philip I.* King of *France*: But that neither *Marianus-Scotus*, or *Lanfranc* Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*, or *Radulf*, or *Sigebert*, or any other Historian of that Age, have made the least Mention of this Affair, too remarkable surely to have been overlooked, had it been true as that Miracle-monger asserts. But let me ask you, pray Sir, why you won't allow the *Chartreuse* to make use of this Story to render their Founder more illustrious, since the most considerable Nations in *Europe*, to give themselves a better Figure, deduce their Origin from the Ashes of *Troy*, with as little Probability perhaps, as the *Chartreuse* have for this Story of the Canon of *Paris*.

The Story
refuted by
Masson
and Guy
Patin.

The greater Part of this Day was spent in seeing the Cathedral and Rarities in it. The first Thing we did was to mount up 250 Steps, each a Foot thick, to the Top of the Steeple, whence one has a full View of this City and the adjacent Country. *Cologne* is justly said to be a beautiful and large City: For it is both: What makes it appear yet more beautiful from this Height is, that all the Churches and Houses are covered with Slates which preserve

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17, 18.
The Ca-
thedral,
and its
Curiosities

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preserve their Colour, and not with ugly Bricks which Rain and Wind so soon make very tawny. They have left upon the Platform of this Tower, a prodigious Crane, that was used in heaving up the large Stones of which it is built.

The Cou-
rage of a
Dutch Sai-
lor.

Our Guide told us that a few Years ago, the Thunder fell upon this Machine and set it on fire. Every body apprehended the Steeple must be consumed, and Part of the Church: But a *Dutch* Sailor, who was there by Chance, scaled the Steeple, and without Rope or Ladder hoisted himself up to the Top of this Crane, whence one sees a tremendous Precipice; and by throwing Pails of Water upon it, which were handed up to him by long Poles, extinguished the Fire, and so saved, in all likelihood, a considerable Part of the Church. The Mob who were present at this Action, shouted *Vivat*, and gave him a thousand Blessings. But the Chapter of the Cathedral carried their Generosity farther: You may imagine perhaps, that they gave him a considerable Sum, or settled a Pension upon him that excoemed him from the Necessity of exposing himself again to the Dangers of the Sea: Far from it: All they gave him was twenty *German* Florins, about ten *Crowns French*. This was their bounteous Reward for the Hazard he had run! And he did not fail to shew his Indignation, and to swear Sailor-like, that for the future, their Churches and City might burn to Ashes for him: Adding, that soon or late he should be revenged on them.

When we descended, we went into the Quire, which they say is the highest in *Germany*; and it is indeed a very bold piece of Work: The Chancel is supported by four Rows of large Pillars; and were this Church, which is dedicated to St. *Peter*, finished according to the Plan made for it, it would incontestably be the grandest in *Europe*.

Tombs of
several
Archbi-
shops.

Upon the chief Altar in the Quire, lies in a Coffin of Silver, the Corpse of St. *Englebert* Arch-bishop of *Cologne*, who was martyred, say the Legends, under the Reign of *Dioclesian* and *Maximian*. Here also is his Statue of white Marble in his Pontificals, laid along upon a Table of black Marble, the Head supported by his Hand: At his Feet stand two Angels of white Marble likewise, the one holding a Crown, the other a Branch of Palm gilded. Beyond the Benches where the Canons sit, to the right and left, are the Monuments of two Brothers of the Family of the Counts of *Schurenberg*, both Arch-bishops of *Cologne*, who died both in the same Year. At the extremity of the Quire there is the Tomb of another Arch-bishop, whose Statue of white Marble is laid upon a Table of black Marble of fifteen Palms in Length, to seven and a half in Breadth, all of one Piece: About the Table is inscribed this Epitaph, in *Gothic* Characters.

*Anno Dom. millesimo tricentesimo sexagesimo secundo, quinta decima die
Mensis Septembris: Obiit Reverendus in Christo Pater Dom. Willielmus de Genepe,
Archiepiscopus Colonien. hic sepultus, vacante tunc Sede Apostolica per mortem
Felicis recordationis Domini Innocentii Papæ sexti, & regnante eodem tempore
Serenissimo Carolo Romanorum Imperatore. Anima ejus requiescat in pace.*

Here is a very Chronological Epitaph as you see; containing the Death of an Archbishop of *Cologne*, and that of a Pope, and marking at the same Time the Reign of an Emperor, with their several Dates.

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In a Chapel to the Right of the Quire, they shewed us a miraculous Image of the Holy Virgin, of a very swarthy Complexion. *Raynold* Archbishop of *Cologne* brought it hither from *Milan*, with the Bodies of the three Kings, in 1164.

COLOGNE
Miracu-
lous Im ge
of the H.
Virgin.

The Tomb of that pious Prelate is at the Virgin's Feet, with his Statue of white Marble; laid out at full Length. The tawny Face of this miraculous Virgin is not a very edifying Sight; yet our Conductor told us, that many Attempts had been made to paint it afresh, but the Virgin would never suffer it to be done. You Heretics laugh at all these Miracle-working Statues, and treat them as Fables, forged by Priests to impose upon the Ignorant, and draw their Money from them. Yet all the Inhabitants of *Cologne* believe in the marvellous Virtue of this Figure as an Article of Faith, and many very rich Offerings are presented to this swarthy Lady.

Tombs in
the Ca-
thedral.

The Bishop of *Strasbourg*, *François Egon de Furstenberg*, is interred in this Chapel, without Monument or Inscription, like a poor private Man. 'Tis true, that had it been required to give a particular Detail in his Epitaph of all the Talents of this Prelate, his noble Faculty of swallowing a dozen Bottles of Wine at each Meal must not have been forgot. In two other Chapels to the Left are the Tombs of two other Archbishops: That of *Conrad de Hoogbsteede*, who laid the Foundation of the Cathedral; his Statue is of Brass: The other is the Archbishop *Arnold*, who enclosed the City with a Wall, without any Ditch. Round his Sepulchre, instead of a Rail, there is a square Battlement, with little Turrets three Foot high, and a little Door to each Side of the Square.

I now come to the celebrated Relicks, which draw so many Pilgrims here to see and worship them: I mean the three Kings; or, if you will, the 3 Eastern Sages, who came from *India* to adore *Jesus Christ*. These Bodies are reposed in a large purple Shrine, spotted with Gold, set upon a Pedestal of Brass, in the Middle of a square *Mausoleum*, faced with Marble and Jasper within and without. This *Mausoleum* is in a small Chapel behind the Quire; and the Shrine is opened every Morning at Nine o'Clock: Then these Kings are shewn lying at full Length; but this is not done except in the Presence of two Canons of the Cathedral. Mr. the Count of *Hobenzollern*, whom we had known at *Dusseldorp*, younger Brother to the Prince of that Name, happened to be here, and procured us a Sight of all the Rarities in this Monument.

The three
Kings, and
their mag-
nificent
Tomb.

The Populace crowded to present to the Chaplain cross a Grate of Brass gilt, Images, Primmers, Brads, and a hundred other Things, which you will perhaps call Bawbles. He received them with Tongs of Silver, and gave them a Touch of the Heads of these Kings. I observed, among the rest, an old Woman, who presented to him a little Crucifix to be touched. But the Chaplain rebuked her, telling her in great Wrath, that our Saviour had nothing to do with touching the Heads of those Kings. This Rebuff most sensibly afflicted the poor Creature: I could not help pitying her, and saying to the

Numb. II.

M

Chaplain,

1705.
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Chaplain, that perhaps the good Woman was not so far in the wrong as he thought, in imagining, that *Jesus Christ* would not be displeased to have an Opportunity of saluting his old Friends, who formerly had made so long a Journey to see him. This Joke made the Count smile; but the Chaplain looked askew at me, and took me, no doubt, for a Heretic. The worst was, that the poor Woman was set a-packing for all her Zeal, and could not procure a Touch of the three Kings to her wooden *Jesus*.

Their
Heads and
Orna-
ments.

Their Heads are each bedecked with a Crown of Gold, garnished with precious Stones of various Kinds, as a Mark of their Royalty: Their Names are in purple Characters, upon a little Grate of the same Metal with that before the Shrine; and you, who are so versed in Antiquity, know very well that their Godfathers have christened them with the Names of *Gaspar*, *Melchior*, *Balthasar*: That the first offered Incense to *Christ*, the second Gold, and the third Myrrh, and that the latter had a much more tawny Complexion than your good Friends *Abencerrages* of *Granada*, nor was he of so temperate a Climate. However that be, these three Kings have no Reason to complain of the Chapter of *Cologne*, since they are treated here like Kings, and the Shrine, in which they are lodged, is of immense Riches and Magnificence. It is adorned with an infinite Number of large and valuable Pearls, and other precious Stones of all Colours: Amongst which the Count of *Hohenzollern* made us take notice of one Oriental Topaz, as big as a Pigeon's Egg, for which he assured us, the Jewellers had offered thirty thousand Crowns. A little above the Shrine hang two large golden Cups, and a Man on Horseback of the same Metal, which are Vows rendered to the *three Kings*, by Persons who had felt the good Effects of their Intercession in divers Dangers: And opposite to them are six large Branches of Silver, with Wax-candles, or Torches of Virgin-wax, which burn Night and Day in Honour of them.

Remarks
upon their
Story.

All this you will say is, no doubt, very curious, and mighty fine; but that you would gladly know of what Kingdoms these Gentlemen were Kings; and the *Gospel* positively says, that they returned into their own Country after they had payed their Adoration to *Jesus Christ*; and so you cannot comprehend by what chance they came to *Cologne*. In Truth, one must be not only a very great Heretic, but very ill-natured to attempt to chicaner these poor Princes upon their Quality after their Death; and could you but put a little Trust in Mens Words, you would certainly believe a Thing, upon the unanimous Testimony of all the Inhabitants of a large City who aver it, and would, were it necessary, swear to the Truth of it, with whatever Execrations you could choose for the strongest. Which is more, the famous Father *Cornelius Adrian*, Guardian of the *Cordeliers* of *Brugges*, a great Preacher. (as famous for the Discipline he gave to his Devotees, quite naked, and his two Volumes of Sermons, much more entertaining than those of *Barlette* and *Maillard*, as *Barrabbas* in the History of the Passion) positively asserts in one of his Sermons, that *Gaspar* was King of *Tarsis*, *Melchior* King of the *Isles*, and *Balthasar* King of *Nubia*, who is mentioned with Relation to *Solomon* in the 72d *Psalms*.

This

This Decision ought to stop your Mouth. It is true, the famous *Mantuan* did not believe a Syllable of it more than you. But every Body knows that this Poet *Carme* smelled rank of the Heretic. Here is what he says of these Kings.

*Nec Reges, ut opinor, erant: nec enim tacuissent
Historie sacrae Authores genus istud Honoris.
Adde quod Herodes, ut magnificentia Regum
Postulat, Hospitibus tantis regale dedisset
Hospitium, secumque Lares duxisset in amplos.*

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COLOGNE
Not be-
lieved by
some Ro-
man Ca-
tholics
themselves

As for their coming to *Cologne*, I think I told you before when I was speaking of our Lady, who would not permit her tawny Face to be cleared up a little, that *Raynold* Arch-bishop of this City brought them at the same time from *Milan*, in the Year 1164, and not 1162 as Mr. *Misson* says. Under the Vermilion-grate which is before their Shrine, these two *Latin* Verses are engraved on Marble.

*Corpora Sanctorum recubant hic terna Magorum:
Ex his sublatum nihil est alibi locatum.*

At the Top of the Front of the *Mausoleum*, the History of the Adoration is represented in Bas-relief on white Marble, and over the Sculpture there is a great Star gilt, to picture that which conducted these three holy Personages into *Judea*. But that you may not take any Advantage from their being called *Magi* in these two last *Latin* Verses, I must tell you that in another Part of the same *Mausoleum*, there are these six following in which the Title of Kings is given to them.

A further
Descrip-
tion of the
Kings
Mausoleum

*Tres Reges, Regum Regi tria Dona tulerunt,
Myrrham Homini, Uncto Aurum, Thura dedere Deo.
Tu tria fac iidem, dones tua Munera Christo,
Muneribus gratus si cupis esse tuis.
Pro Myrrha lachrymas, pro Auro cor porrige purum,
Et pro Thure, humili pectore funde preces.*

Upon the Back of the *Mausoleum* is represented in Bas-relief of white Marble, the History of the Translation of these three Kings from *Milan* to *Cologne*, with the Procession which marched before them. To put an end to this Affair, I can't but approve of the Canons here, for their Precaution in declaring to the World by two *Latin* Verses, that they have the Bodies of these three *Magi* so entire, that there is not so much as a Nail of any of them to be found any where else. Had the same Care been taken every where, none would have dared to multiply the Head of St. *John* the Baptist to the Number of Six, or that of St. *Suair* of *Veronica* to ten or twelve, as has been done: A

1705. Circumstance that gives room to *Heretics* to call the Authenticity of sacred
 March 17. Relicks into doubt.

COLOGNE. In the same Chapel where the three Kings are, two Electors of *Cologne* lie
 Tomb of a interred: The first is *Ernest* of *Bavaria*, who, Priest and Archbishop as he was,
 very lewd had by no Means the Gift of Continence, like *St. Paul*; since according to
 Archbi- Tradition, three or four Mistresses whom he kept publicly in the Sight and
 shop. Knowledge of the whole World, did not hinder him from going a plundering
 and snapping at whatever he could get without Distinction of Quality, *Tros*
Rutulufve fuat. His Epitaph and his Arms are engraved upon a large Plate of
 Brass inched into the Wall and bordered with a Square of black Marble.
 Here it is.

And his
 flattering
 Epitaph.

*Ernestus Bavarorum Dux inclytus,
 Archi-Præsul Colonienfis & Princeps Elector,
 Religionis Columen, publicæ Pacis Assertor,
 Patriæ Pater laudatissimus, hoc Tumulo
 Gloriosam præstolatur Resurrectionem.
 Devotis quondam sui Gregis se commendans precibus.
 Electus 23. Maii Obiit 17. Februarii
 Anno 1583. Anno 1612.*

I own the impudent Falsehoods with which Epitaphs, not only of the Great
 but even of private Persons, are stuffed have always shocked me. This Arch-
 bishop, was he not a fine *Religionis columen*, Pillar of the Church and of Religion,
 who was daily scandalizing his Flock by his Fornications and Adulteries: It
 was probably this very Arch-bishop, whom a Peasant of his Diocese asked,
 "what would become of the Arch-bishop if Monsieur the Elector should go to
 "the Devil." At least it is of an Arch-bishop of *Cologne* that this Story is told.
 The Title of *Pater Patriæ* given him in his Epitaph is that which fitted him
 best, in my Opinion, seeing he took through Pains to people it.

Tombs of The other Elector buried on the left Side is *Maximilian Henry*, who died
 Electors. in 1688. There is no Epitaph for him; but his Arms are set into the Wall.
 This Prince was also of the Family of *Bavaria*, as well as his two Predecessors
Ferdinand and the great Whore-master *Ernest*; all three consecutively Arch-
 bishops Electors of *Cologne*, and Bishops and Princes of *Liege*. Before we left
 this Chapel, he who shewed us the Bodies of the Kings, made us a Present of
 a Dozen of Billets that had touched the holy Heads, upon which the Adora-
 tion of the *Magi* is painted in Miniature, and containing a Detail of all the
 Dangers from which one is preserved by carrying this Billet about with him.

A won-
 derful
 Stone.

We observed in the Vault of the Church, immediately over the Chapel of
 the three Kings, a Hole about three Foot in Diameter, and upon the Pave-
 ment near to the same Chapel a pretty large Stone. Mr. the Count of *Ho-
 benzollern* told us that the Vulgar called this the *Devil's Stone*, and believed that
Beelzebub, jealous of the Worship rendered here to the Bodies of the *Magi*,
 had thrown this Stone through the Hole above in the Roof, with an Inten-
 tion to squash those sacred Relicks; but that the holy Virgin had turned off
 the

the Blow : The Infcription about this Opening tells a Story of this Stone every bit as improbable. You fhall judge of the Matter yourfelf.

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Anno M. CCCC. IV. XXX. Octob. ventus de nocte flat ingens, grandem per tetum lapidem pellit.

What Probability is there that ever fo high a Wind fhould have raifed up that Stone to the Top of this Church, and driven it through its Roof ! Above one of the Gates in the Infide are 16 Battoons gilded, of two Foot in length each, to mark the Years the Prince *Clement* of *Bavaria* Elector of *Cologne* has reigned : He is living, but is at prefent a Fugitive, for being perhaps a little too much *French* in his Difpofition. The following Diftick is infcribed above thofe Battoons :

*Quot pendere vides Baculos, tot Epifcopus annos
Huic Agrippina praeſuit Eccleſiae.*

Befides thefe touched Billets of marvellous Virtue, I bought a large Sheet on which all the confecrated Relicks preferved in this Cathedral are engraved. I'll ſend it you with other Things by the firſt Opportunity that offers. Its Contents are very curious. There are among other Rarities in it, ſome Shifts and Night-caps of the Virgin, and a little of her Milk, with the Staff St. *Joſeph* ſupported himſelf by in his Flight to *Egypt*. Theſe are the moſt remarkable Curioſities in the Cathedral of this City, which would be one of the nobleſt and fineſt Churches in *Europe* were it finiſhed, but it is not likely to be ſo.

It is not true that this Chapter conſiſts of fixty Canons, as *Miſſon* ſays : Chapter there are but forty, twenty-four of which have Suffrages in the Election of of the Ca-
the Arch-biſhop. Mr. *Miſſon* is likewise miſtaken when he adds, that all theral.
theſe fixty Canons muſt be Princes or Counts. The Baron *de Loo* Admiral of the *Rhine* at *Duffeldorp*, and Canon of the two Cathedrals of *Cologne* and *Liege*, and ſeveral others who are neither Princes nor Counts, are living Proofs to the contrary. But this is certain, that the Chapter of *Cologne* is one of the moſt conſiderable in *Germany*. They pretend that St. *Maternus*, a Diſciple of St. *Peter*, came to preach the Goſpel here, and was the firſt Biſhop of *Cologne*. If this Tradition be true, this City muſt probably have been the firſt in *Germany* that embraced the Chriſtian Faith. But I will not warrant this Tradition, nor many others which I may happen to mention to you. It is ſure enough that this *Maternus* aſſiſted at the firſt Council of *Arles* in *Provence*.

1705.
March 18.
COLOGNE

C H A P. XII.

The Description of Cologne continued. A Protestant Church at Cologne. The Town-house; Its Apartments, Pictures, Inscriptions.

Protestants
have here
a free Ex-
ercise of
their Re-
ligion.

HAVING told the *Dutch* Resident here this Morning, that Mr. *Misson* had asserted in his Travels, that the Protestants, who are established in this City, are obliged to go into the Territories of the Duke of *Neubourg*, in order to have the Exercise of their Religion; he answered, that if it would not be troublesome to me he would satisfy me of the contrary in less than half an Hour. I was glad to take him at his Word, that I might be sure of the Truth in this Matter. The Moment his Equipage was made ready he conducted us in his Coach to a Sort of Church, or large Hall, at the Bottom of a Court, into which we entered by a large Coach-gate. I own that I was amazed to see such a Number of People there. Above and below the House was as full as it could hold. There were no less than five or six hundred Persons in it.

It surprised me, I must confess, that in a City so holy as this of *Cologne* (for *Cologne the holy* is the Epithet it bears) People they call *Heretics*, whom the good Jesuite Emperor *Leopold* now reigning, and *Lewis XIV.* have treated in their Dominions, as Disturbers of the public Repose, People, in one word, whom three fourths and a half of truly Catholic Souls look upon as Wolves, as Pests that deserve to be burnt, should have the Liberty of assembling in such Numbers publicly in a Church, to preach and sing their Psalms in the Face of the World. Yet it is so: we were Eye-witnesses of it. Don't therefore believe any longer, on Mr. *Misson's* Word, that the *Hagenots* have not the free Exercise of their Religion at *Cologne*: *Plus valet oculatus Testis unus, quam auriti decem.*

March 19.
Town-
house.

This Day we have seen the Townhouse, which is a vast Gothic Edifice. But Gothic as it is, here they will needs have it to have been built after the Model of the ancient Capitol at *Rome*. I observed upon the Front a Bas-relief, representing a Man combating with a Lion. Our Guide assured me, that Tradition says, this Monument was put here in Memory of an ancient Consul of this City, who for having opposed certain potent Ecclesiastics, that usurped the Government here, was by the Malice of his Enemies exposed to the Fury of a Lion, whom he bravely encountered and killed. Round the Balcony, in the Front of this House, there are six Inscriptions. The first of which says, that *J. Caesar* received the *Ubii* into the Number of the Roman Allies, and built two Bridges of Timber over the *Rhine*. The second makes mention of a Colony sent hither by *Augustus*. The third regards the Enlargement of this City by *Agrippa*. The fourth speaks of a Stone-bridge, *Constantin* the Great ordered to be built here, which was destroyed by the Bishop *Brunon* in 1124. The fifth says, that the Emperor *Justinian*

nian gave some Laws to the Citizens of *Agrippina*. And the sixth is in Honour of the Emperor *Maximilian*. These Inscriptions being most of them very long, I have not troubled you with Copies of them. 1705.
March 19.

Every Body here knew we were *English*, and they shewed us with great Glee in the grand Hall five Pictures, with their Inscriptions, set up to eternize the Memory of the famous Battle of *Hogbsett*, which the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy* gained last Year over the *French* and *Bavarians*. You will perhaps be pleased to see an Elogy made upon *Q. Anne*, the *English* and *Dutch*, by Catholics. In the first Picture, the Goddess *Themis*, standing upon a Globe, environed with Arms and Colours, has this Inscription over her Head. COLOGNE
Pictures of
the Battle
of *Hogb-*
sett, and
the In-
scriptions
in the
great
Hall.

Themis adest; alias Belli parit alea Sortes.

And under her Feet a Cartouch, with these Words:

Hinc letitia, indè lamenta.

And below the Picture these two Distichs.

*Euge igitur veteres Germania prospera Laurus
Indue, letitiæ jubila quisque ferat!
Vivat io Cæsar; lux Anna Britannæ perennet!
Æternum Batarus vivat! ad Astra sonet.*

The second Picture contains the Arms of *Great Britain* at large, with these Verses.

Hostis plange! Lyram sic attendisse, perisse est.

Below on a Cartouch to the Honour of the Queen.

Quæ te tam leta tulerunt Secula. Virg. Æn. 1.

And below the Picture, these four Verses in Capitals.

CASTRÀ TREMENDA JACENT, HOSTIS PERIERE STRATÈGI,
HORRENDÆ CÆDI NEC NISI NATA DIES;
O! RADIATA DIES! ATQUE ALBO DIGNA LAPILLO!
TAM BELLA IN BELLO NON IIT ANTE DIES.

In the third is painted the Eagle of the Empire, upon a Globe, holding in his Talons a Sceptre and a Sword, wreathed about with a Laurel Branch, with these Verses above. Elogies
on the
English
and *Dutch*

Quæ non vidit Avus facta, stupescit Avis.

I

Upon

1705.
March 19. Upon the Globe.
COLOGNE

Firma Basis concordia Regni.

And below the Picture these four Verses.

*Eugenii, Britonum que Ducis, Batavique Leonis
Parta trophæa rubris obstupet Ister aquis.
Hæc Trias, hæc radians Germanis Phosphoros Oris,
An poterit Pacis candida abesse Dies?*

In the fourth are the Arms of the Seven United Provinces, with this Distich above.

*O! Gens terribilis, bellando imitata Leones!
Io! Leone Leo jam pede trite jaces.*

And below the Arms these Verses.

*Abjicias longos Germania pressa Dolores,
Prisca redit lætis fors Alemanna rotis.
Io! Inter medias ingens fors orta Procellas,
Io! Redit placido lenior aura pede.*

The fifth and last represent *Victory*, holding a Palm, and a Crown of Laurel in her Hand, with a Trophy of Arms under her Feet. Over her Head is this Verse.

Clarior in nostris Palma refrondet agris.

And below the Picture.

Viam victoria pandit.

Town-
house, and
other A-
partments
and Pi-
ctures.

From this grand Hall which contains these noble *Encomiums*, we went into a Chamber filled with Pictures. The Coronation of the King of the Romans, *Joseph*, eldest Son to the Emperor, and his Marriage, seemed to us to be the best Pictures in this large Collection. But the most particular one, in my Opinion, is a large Piece, part Silver and part Azure ground. On the first are eleven thousand Virgins Gules, i. e. all over Blood: On the second the three Wise-men of the *East*, in Carnation Colour; and the third in *Hure de Sable*: You understand me no doubt, being well versed in Blazonry, and I need not tell you in common Language that it is the History of the eleven thousand Virgins martyred at *Cologne*, and the Adoration of the *Magi* represented in one Piece, with a Division in the Middle of it. This Union of two Histories 400 Years distant the one from the other, in the same Picture, appeared to me very particular, and I imagine the Painter took the Idea from the Arms of this City, in which the

eleven

eleven *Flames Gules* are in memory of the eleven thousand Virgins, and the three Crowns of Gold signify the three Kings, 1705.
March 19.

Hence we were conducted into the Chamber where the Council of the City meets, the Entry of which is a Vestib'le of inlaid Work, in the Antique Taste, representing various Figures of Things. On each Side of this Vestib'le is a Distich, containing Precepts which perhaps are not always observed now, COLOGNE
Council-chamber.

Here is that to the Right.

*Ingressu affectus omnes antè Ostia linque,
Et dic Judicii libera vota tui.*

Inscriptions.

That to the Left, is

*Egressu expedias studio commissæ fidei,
Et quæcunque palam sunt nocitura tace.*

Upon the Door of the Chamber on the Inside, are these Verses.

*Princeps consilio prudenti Publica curans,
Confert digna Bonis præmia, justa Malis.
Subditus Imperio patienter paret utrique,
Ac ea quæ fuerint munia doctus obit.
Hec dum quisque facit, cunctos Dilectio jungit,
Quos Spes atque Fides coelica ad Astra ferunt.*

In this Apartment there is a Picture of the Universal Judgment 16 Foot Pictures in Breadth, and 8 in Height. Our Guide told us that it was the joint Work of 3 good Painters. Upon the Chimney there is a very fine Christ crucified, by *Van-Dyck*; on one Side of it is the Portrait of the Emperor *Leopold*, and on the other, that of the Empress his Consort, by a tolerable good German Painter. But the most curious Piece, in my Opinion, is a Profile of the City of *Cologne* with the *Rhine* upon Vellum, its flying Bridge, a great Number of Boats, and above 500 Figures small and big: The whole done with the Pen by an Officer named *Wolfgangus Wilbelmus de Wittman*. We mounted up to the Top of the Tower, which is very fine, and commands a beautiful Prospect of the Town and circumjacent Country. I observed among other things in this charming Landskip, seven Mountains almost of the same Height and Form, and upon a Line, as if they had been placed at equal Distances from one another. They do not appear to be far from the Town; but we were assured they are at seven Leagues Distance from it, and that they produce excellent Wines. Curiosities.

1705.
March 20.
COLOGNE

C H A P. XIII.

Continuation of the same Subject. Abbey of St. Pantaleon. His History, and that of St. Alban and St. Maurin. Several Sepulchres. The Origin and History of Cologne. Its Government. Fortifications. The Illustrious Persons it hath given Birth to.

The Ab-
bey of St.
Pantaleon,
its History

THE chief Thing we have seen to Day is the Church of St. *Pantaleon*. On the left Hand as we go into it, we find Pictures of his History on the Walls. This Saint was a Physician in *Nicomedia*. His Story is represented in 18 Pieces. There is no Sort of Torments almost which the Emperor *Galerius Armentarius* did not order him to be put to, for his Adherence to his Religion. The most cruel is that exhibited in the tenth Piece, where he is plunged into a Caldron full of melting Lead; which, one would think, should have burnt him to the Bones; yet the Legend says he came out of it safe and sound. In the two last Pictures, the good *Pantaleon* is precipitated from a high Rock into the Sea, with a heavy Mill-stone tied to his Neck, but he does not sink: They were obliged after all this to cut off his Head, which was no sooner done, than out of it sprung two Fountains, one of Blood, and another of Milk. This is a Miracle in Truth, or rather a Complication of Miracles in all the Forms.

St. Alban,
martyr'd
in England

* A Nick-
Name the
French
give to the
Protestants

Our Conductor, who was a *Benedictin*, having led us behind the great Altar of this Church, and having received from a Brother who attended him an embroidered Stole, which he flung about his Neck, mumbling some Words of Conjunction, a pair of white Gloves which he stretched on his Hands, continuing all the while his *Oremus*, a Silver Fork a Foot and a half long, and at last a Holy Water Sprinkle and the holy Water, he bedewed us with it as copiously as if he had taken us for * *Parpaillots*, out of whose Bodies he was to drive by Force of Prayers and Holy Water *Beelzebub* and *Belphegor*. But as these villainous Tyrants rather possess the Bodies of such *Heretics* as you and your Friends, who laugh at Miracles, than of poor Travelers who take upon Content whatever they are told, I took Courage: And in truth the Holy Water was only to purify and so prepare us for seeing the most holy Corpse of my Lord St. *Alban*, who reposes in a fine silver Shrine behind this great Altar, and the Fork of Silver was only for moving about a little his Legs and Arms, but principally his Head, which was separated from his Body by you wicked *Britons*, in the Year 293 of Christ; and they were condignly punished for it: For our *Benedictin* assured us, that it was for having cruelly put to Death this brave St. *Alban*, that God sent some Hundreds of Years afterwards the *Saxons*, yet more reprobate than themselves, upon them; who, under the Pretence of assisting them against the *Picts* or *Scots* their Enemies, made themselves Masters of *Great-Britain*, and lived there at Discretion for many Ages, as you *English* and the *German Reisters* do at present in *Bavaria*, of which they have
now

now taken Possession. What do you think, are not we mightily edified in our Travels by the Opportunities we have of seeing such holy Fragments? This good *Benedictin* promised to send us to-morrow an Abridgment of this Worthy's History. But lest he should forget, I'll tell you all I have picked up concerning him.

This glorious Martyr was the first who suffered Death in your *Island* for the Cause of *Christ*. After having firmly refused to offer Incense to Idols, his Head was struck off, as great a *Lord* as he was, under the Reign of *Dio- clesian* and *Maximian*, in a Town not far from *London* which I need not describe to you, built upon the Ruins of the ancient *Verulamium*, and that now takes its Name from this Saint who was murdered there. Many Years after the good *St. Germain* Bishop of *Auxerre*, and the good *St. Loup* Bishop of *Troye* in *Champagne*, transported his Body from *Great-Britain* to *Ravenna*, in recompence for the Trouble they had taken to preach the Gospel in your *Island*, whither Pope *St. Gregory* the Great had detached them, with the Celebrated *St. Augustin*, called the Apostle of *Kent*. From *Ravenna* this Body was brought to *Rome*, and a long Time after the Empress *Theophania*, Wife to the Emperor *Otho II.* sent it from *Rome* to *Cologne*, and made a Present of it to the Church of *St. Pantaleon*, where she ordered it to be interred. For Proof of this, they shewed us the Coffin in which the Body of *St. Alban* was laid, with the Litter upon which it was transported from *Rome* hither. And which is indeed marvellous, the Coffin is at this Day as sound as when it was first made, whereas the Litter is quite destroyed by Worms. 'Tis true, the Former is of good hard Oak, and the Latter is but of Fir.

We were shewn in the same Church the Corpse of *St. Maurin*, Abbot and Martyr. This is a Man of another Sort from the two preceding, and many others who make more noise in the World. But why tell the History of Saints to Scoffers! I know you laugh at them. Yet for all that I can't forbear telling you the Mystery and Virtue of this one. Know then, that the famous *St. Genevieve*, and her good Friend *St. Marceau*, who are of your Acquaintance, and much renowned at *Paris* among the simple *Cockneys*, are but Apprentices in Comparison of *St. Maurin*, in the Science of bringing Rain, when the Earth is chap'd and gapes for Thirst. You have heard that the former two are sometimes so fantastical as to suffer themselves to be marched oftner than once through the Streets of that large City, without deigning to make one single Drop fall: But as for this Saint, they have no sooner beg'd him with the Cross and Banner to take the fresh Air, (which he never refuses to do, but on the Dog-days) than forthwith all the Cocks of Heaven are opened to let out Rain in plenty to refresh the parched Earth, and not seldom more than enough.

Another Relick we saw here, is the Ashes of the great *St. Pantaleon*, which are kept in a Box of Gold; and they told us, while they shewed them to us, that his Body was burnt at *Nicomedia* after cutting off his Head. This puts me in mind that I had forgot to tell you, that the Conversion and Martyrdom of *St. Alban* are painted upon the Wall to the right in this Church, in twelve Capital Pictures, as well as the History of the other in eighteen.

1705. On the two Sides of the Altar are two Tombs with the Portraits of the
 March 20. Persons buried in them, probably to save the Expence of Statues. One is
 the Portrait of the Empress *Theophania* whom I have already mentioned, with
 COLOGNE Tombs of this Inscription under it.

the Em-
 press *Theo-*
phania,
 and of an
 Archbi-
 shop,
 Founder
 of the
 Abbey.

Augustiss. Imperatrix Theophania Conjux Ottonis II.
Quæ nobis donavit Sanctum Albanum Româ translatum.

The other is that of an Abbot of this Monastery, who died with a great Reputation of Sanctity with this Inscription, in which, as well as in that of *Theophania*, they have forgot to mark the Date of his Death.

Beatus Hermanus, cognomento Humilis,
Abbas hujus Monasterii, nonus Zutphaniæ Comes,
Frater Beatæ Irmengardis Virginis.

Opposite to the Altar in the Middle of the Quire, is interred the Archbishop *Bruno*, Uncle by the Mother's Side to the Emperor *Otto II.* and Founder of the Abbey of *St. Pantaleon*. His Statue of Stone, in his Episcopal Habit, lies at full Length upon this Tomb.

The last Curiosity that was shewn to us in this Church, was the Diadem of the Empress *Theophania*, which is nothing but a simple Circle of Gold very thin, and set with Pearls and Emeralds of very little Value. He who presented it to us told us, that since that Empress put it upon the Head of the Dead *St. Alban* out of Respect to him, in his Journey from *Rome* to *Cologne*, it had contracted the Virtue of curing all Distempers of the Head however violent. But having no Head-ach, I had not an Opportunity of making a Trial.

March 21. But probably I have quite tired you with this tedious Recital of Things
 to Apr. 10. you hold very cheap. It would be still worse should I enter into the Detail of all the Diversions we were entertained with at *Cologne*. It will be enough just to tell you, that during the two last Weeks we have been here, a continued Round of Pleasures scarcely left us Time to see the other Curiosities of this Place, which after all amount to no more than some Objects of blind ridiculous Superstition. To make you some Compensation for the Driness of my Journal from this Place: I am now going to impart to you all I have been able to learn with Regard to the Origin and History of *Cologne*.

Origin
 and Hi-
 story of
Cologne.

Cologne was founded by the *Ubii*, a People that anciently inhabited the Country now known under the Name of the Duchy of *Berg*, and the County of *la Marck*. The first City they built there was *Cologne*, which they named *Oppidum Ubiorum*. The Germans their Neighbours, having driven them out of their Country, *Agrippa*, who was then Pro-consul of *Gaul*, allotted to them for a Settlement, all the Territory which stretches from *Keyserwert* beyond *Andernach*. The Romans afterwards sent thither a powerful Colony, and changed its

its Name to that of *Colonia Agrippina*, to do Honour to the virtuous *Agrippina* the Wife of *Germanicus*; others say, to his wicked Daughter the Mother of *Nero*, who was born here. The Emperor *Otho* the Great made it an Imperial City, in the Year 963, and granted it several noble Privileges, which it still enjoys. The Senate founded an University here in 1388. Numbers of young People from *Aix la Chapelle*, and from the Country of *Luxembourg* come here to study. They even take in gratuitously a large Number of poor Scholars, who subsist upon the Charities of the Inhabitants.

1705.
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COLOGNE

Cologne has now the Titles of Electorate and Arch-bishoprick; and it is one of the largest Cities in *Germany*, situated upon the Bank of the *Rhine* in a very Champain Country. It is also one of the four Capital *Hans-Towns*, and has the Precedency of all the other Imperial Cities. It pretends to have always preserved its Liberty without interruption for many Ages: But the Misfortunes and Miseries of War have often occasioned great Disorders in its Government and Commerce. The Importance of this City incessantly gives rise to Cabals, which may happen some Time to give a Blow to its Liberty. However the *Dutch* make use of it as a Magazine for their Trade on the *Rhine*, and this has engaged them to defend this City on all Occasions against the Pretensions of the Elector. The exorbitant Contributions he exacts every Day from this City, rich as it is, distress it very much. War authorizes Violences of all Sorts from Friends and Enemies; and those who have the Sword once in their Hands, in *Germany* more especially, are extremely fond of profiting by the Occasions it affords, of pillaging with Impunity under vain Pretences; and this so much the more, that very little Regard is paid to the Complaints of the Sufferers. But it is not at present only, that Injustice hath been able to find out Opportunities of exerting its Cruelties with safety.

Its present
Stat.

Cologne is governed by its Chapter and by its Magistrates, consisting of two Burgo-masters and 49 Counsellors. The Elector also has some Power here, and nominates a Magistrate who is Judge in Criminal Causes, for he has the Power of absolving and condemning. This Prince is the last of the Ecclesiastical Electors, and Arch-Chancellor of the Empire for *Italy*; but the Empire being no longer in that Country, this is no more than a bare Title. I can't give you a certain Account of the Revenues of the Electorate at present: The most effective and real Part of them is swallowed up by a general Confusion that now reigns. The present Disorders render this Place a Scene of Violences and Injustices. The Poor are sacrificed to the Avarice of several Leaches, who raise their Fortunes on the Ruins of an infinite Number of miserable Sufferers. And what is worst of all, there is no Remedy against these Evils, and it is not in the Power of the Elector to put a Period to them, he himself being proscribed, as well as the Elector of *Bavaria* his Brother.

Govern-
ment and
Revenues.

The other chief Towns of this Electorate are *Bonne*, *Nuiz*, *Keyserswert*, *Lintz*, and *Andernach*. This Capital is seen at a great Distance coming to it from *Dusseldorp*, and before we arrive at it, we leave the little Town of *Mulheym* on the other Side of the *Rhine*.

Other
Towns of
this Ele-
ctorate.

Cologne

1705. *Cologne* moreover is a Town of considerable Commerce and well peopled; yet your Learned Dr. *Burnet* asserts that it is very ill inhabited. *Ammianus Marcellinus* called it in his Time, *Urbem munitissimam, amplam, & copiosam*. And to this Day 'tis a common Saying in *Germany*; *Qui non vidit Coloniam, non vidit Germaniam*. They count 300 Churches in it, Convents and Chapels of Ease included; which together with the prodigious Quantity of Religious Relicks that are here, have procured the Name of *Holy* to this City, as well as to *Rome*.

COLOGNE
Consider-
able for
Trade.

Descrip-
tion of
Cologne.

There are in *Cologne* five or six large open Places for Markets which are pretty enough. The Exchange is in one of these, and as there is a great deal of Trade here, you may perhaps imagine it is like that of *London* or *Amsterdam*. But far from it, it is but a little Spot of fifty Paces in Length, and twenty in Breadth, adorned with a Dozen of poor scabby Trees, and enclosed by an Iron-rail. Does this deserve the pompous Name of an Exchange for the Merchants?

The *Jews*
treated ri-
gorously.

I have not yet told you that the *Jews* are not permitted to lie a Night at *Cologne*; nay not so much as to go to it about their Affairs, without paying a Florin of Gold for every Hour they stay; and into the Bargain, they are escorted by one of the Town-Archers or Guards, whom they are obliged to pay for his Trouble. The *Dutch* Resident told me, that this is done as a Punishment to their Ancestors, who had designed to poison the Wells and Fountains in the City, in order to kill the Inhabitants: *Ad Populum Phalaras*. All those Calumnies with which the Christians blacken the *Jews* have no other Foundation, but the Hatred of them inspired into their Breasts from their Infancy. For my part, I believe the real Reason for this Rigour with which the *Israelites* of *Cologne* are harrassed, is, that the Magistrates of this City being crafty subtle Merchants, will not suffer the *Jews* among them, lest they should learn to be more *Jews* than they are.

It is not
fortified.

This City is not fortified. It is only surrounded by a naked Wall, flanked with some antique Towers and a very bad Ditch. Some Bulwarks of Earth at a little Distance one from the other cover imperfectly the Courtains. The Gates of the City are in the Flanks of some other Bulwarks (a Fault known to the merest Novices in Fortification) and all the Defences are at such Distances, that they cannot succour one another but by Culverines. All the Counterscarps, where there is no Out-work, are cut into Alleys of Trees which make very agreeable Walks: Thus the greatest Strength of *Cologne* consists in the Numerousness of its Inhabitants, and in its being the Interest of their Neighbours the *Dutch* to defend them.

Its Gates,
Streets,
Houses,
&c.

It has but 20 Gates, tho' Mr. *Misson* says 24, counting 13 on the Land-side, whereas there are but 9, and 11 towards the *Rhine*. On the Side towards the River, there are two or three bad Ravelins, with two or three Pieces of Cannon on each, to strike Terror into the Boats freighted with Merchandise, if they should attempt to pass without paying the Customs. The Streets here are dirty and so sadly paved for Coaches, that one cannot be long upon the Stones without being bruised by the violent Jolting. The Houses are commodious enough, but faced without with a kind of Plaister which Wind and Rain soon make very black, so that they make but a very indifferent Appearance. Add to this, that

that the Windows are in general composed of small round Bits of Glass, not larger than a Crown-piece, so that the Apartments are very obscure. And therefore I cannot comprehend how *Aeneas Sylvius*, who was Pope *Pius II.* could say, *Coloniâ Agrippinâ trium Magorum ossibus illustratâ, nihil magnificentius, nihil ornatus totâ Europâ reperiens.* This good Pope probably had not seen much of *Europe*.

1705.
March 16.
COLOGNE

Cologne has given Birth to some Men of Reputation: Amongst others to *Bruno*, the Founder of the Order of the *Chartreuse*, about the End of the eleventh Century, and to the famous *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, who was born here in the Year 1486, and died at *Lyons* in 1538, whom common Fame has endeavoured to make pass for the Prince of the modern Magicians: But it is not in this Instance only, that vulgar Opinion and Fame are a Chimera.

The illustrious Men of Cologne. *Cornelius Agrippa*, thought to be a great Magician.

*Quæ veris addere falsa
Gaudet, & è minimo sua per mendacia crescit.*

'Tis true that *Paulus Jovius* Bishop of *Nocera*, *Thevet*, and the Jesuit *Del-Rio*, have suffered themselves to be carried away by the Torrent of common Fame in this Case. But as for the *Italian* Bishop, though in other Regards very learned, this Censure long ago passed upon him,

Venalis cui penna fuit, cui gloria flocci.

ought to be a sufficient Exception against his Testimony. As to *Thevet* an ignorant credulous Monk, if ever there was one, a most injudicious Writer and great Compiler of fabulous Stories, we may hardly compare him to the silly *Divine*, who being asked, what the Word *Cabal* signified, answered, "that it was the Name of a wicked Magician and Heretic bedeviled, who wrote a great many Blasphemies against *Jesus Christ*, and whose Followers were called *Cabalists*." And as to the *Spanish* Jesuit *Del-Rio*, one of *Agrippa's* most virulent Enemies, he ought to have been put in Mind, that this great Man himself had declared against Magic, and exposed the Folly of Pretensions to it, in his Book upon the *Vanity of the Sciences*, and in his Treatise of *Original Sin*; that he was Secretary to the Emperor *Maximilian*, Counsellor and Historiographer to the Emperor *Charles V*; that he was chosen by the Cardinal *de St. Croix*, to assist at the Council which was to be held at *Pisa*; that the Pope wrote to him a very obliging Letter, to exhort him to go on as he had began; that the Cardinal *de Lorraine* deigned to be Godfather to one of his Sons; and in fine, that he was in strict Friendship with four Cardinals, five Bishops, and the greater Part of the Learned in his Days: Besides *Wier* who had long lived in the House with *Melchior Adam*, and several others, speak of him very honourably. Now I would willingly ask *Del-Rio*, were he alive, why the Judgment of a Pope, the Esteem and Favour of two Emperors and as many Kings, the Friendship of so many Cardinals, Bishops and learned Men, are not Proofs equally sufficient for exculpating *Agrippa* from the Charge of Magic, with that upon which

That Notion confuted.

Del-Rio

1705.
March 21.

COLOGNE
Calumnies
against
Calvin.

Del Rio founds in his Apology for *Arnaud de Villeneuve*, of whom he says, in the first Book of his *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, that "he was not a Magician, because the Ecclesiastics of *Rome*, with whom he conversed sometime, would never have employed him, if they had taken him to be such."

It is in the same Manner that *Bolzæc* and *Boterus*, most outrageous Calumniators, after having vomited out an Ocean of other Scandalous Libels against the Memory of your famous *Calvin*, accused him at last of having taught a diabolical Religion: What is their Proof for all this? "A Goldsmith of *Chartres*, say they, having resolved to abandon the Catholic Faith, was willing first of all to make the best of his present Credit, and persuading some Persons of his Acquaintance that he was employed to make a great Quantity of Plate for the Marriage of a Person of eminent Distinction, borrowed of them a very large Sum, and then went off to *Geneva*, and, abjuring Popery, professed the Reformed Religion. Upon this the Creditors demanded Justice from the *Syndics* of *Geneva*: But the Apostate gave a Share of his Prey to *Calvin*, who having great Interest at *Geneva*, mounted the Pulpit, and taught the People that they ought not to give any Trouble to their new Brother, since he had done as the *Israelites*, who, when they left *Egypt*, carried away with them all the Gold and Silver Vessels of the *Egyptians*. And so every one kept what he had." Is not your Patriarch thus dressed in very pure and white Garments?

Many
other People
called
Magicians
and used
as such.
Witness
Joan d'Arc
Maid
of *Orleans*.

Let us conclude from all this, that Malice and Ignorance have not only sullied the Names of many great Men; but even sacrificed a vast Number of innocent Persons, under Pretences as ill founded as the Accusation of Magic. Witnesses, among others, the poor *Joan D'Arc*, so well known by the Name of the Maid of *Orleans*, whom you *English* burnt at *Rouen* for a Witch, being enraged that this brave Girl should have so often lashed you soundly. It is true, that *Charles VII.* King of *France*, made the Parliament of *Paris* declare her Innocent of that Crime, by an authentic Decree.

*Tandem collatis Patres ultròque citròque
Articulis, flammas sub iniquo Judice passam
Darcida, concordì decernunt ore, modumque
Angligenas violasse fori, jurisquetenorem.*

And Reparation of this Sort is something; but the dead are still dead; and for all this Decree concerning her Innocence, the Maid of *Orleans* had really been burnt. Mr. *Naudé*, in his political Considerations upon Pieces of Policy or State-tricks, says, that a large Block of Wood was thrown into the Fire in her Stead. But, with Submission to this learned Writer, if that had been true, the Decree of the Parliament of *Paris*, for rehabilitating the Memory of this poor Girl would have been mere Farce.

The Sieur
de *Giez*,
Marshal of
France,
and *Grandier*, a
Priest.

Witness likewise the Sieur de *Giez*, Marshal of *France*, put to Death on the same Pretence, tho' perfectly innocent; and the poor *Grandier*, Curate of *Loudun*, whom Cardinal de *Richelieu* caused to be burnt for a Magician, because he had discovered the Imposture of the Nuns of that Town, who pretended

tended they were possessed, a Trick invented by the Cardinal, to make Lewis XIII. his Master, a greater Bigot and Coward than he was.

1705.
March 21.

To return to *Agrippa*, the Character which the learned *Boissard* gives of him, in his Lives of illustrious Men, is by itself sufficient to confound *Del Rio*, the Jesuit, and his other Revilers. *Cum esset abditæ Philosophiæ & Astrologiæ deditus Agrippa, fuerunt qui ipsum Dæmonum commercio frui dicerent, quos tamen ille Apologiâ anno 1538. scriptâ confutavit. Cornelii nomen ob multiplicem Doctrinam, non modò apud Germanos, sed & apud exteros celebre fuit. Ipse enim inter Divos nullos non carpit Momus; inter Heroas monstra quoque insectatur Hercules; inter Philosophos ridet omnia Democritus; contra desset cuncta Heracitus; Nescit quæque Pyrrhias, & scire se putat omnia Aristoteles; contemnit cuncta Diogenes: Nullis hic parcat Agrippa, contemnit, scit, nescit, flet, ridet, irascitur, insectatur, carpit omnia: Ipse Philosophus, Dæmon, Heros, Deus, & omnia.*

COLOGNE
Further
Justifica-
tion of
Agrippa.

To conclude, the Elector of Cologne can't stay in his Capital more than three Days, without leave from the Magistracy, which is no small Mortification to so considerable a Prince.

C H A P. XIV.

Departure from Cologne to Coblentz. Several Towns on the Road: Bonne; Lintz, Sintfligh, Andernach described; Its Mineral Waters: Zol-Engers described.

THE Roads from Cologne to Frankfort being very dismal and incommo-
dious, because we must go thro' the *Westerwald*, as they call it, i. e. the *Saltus Castus* of the Ancients; we rather chose to go by Water, and hired for that Purpose, a Boat drawn by a Horse, like the *Dutch Schuyts*. These Boats are very convenient, one may even sleep in them, which we propose to do sometimes to gain Time, and avoid bad Inns. After bidding our Adieus we set out, and towards the Evening we arrived at *Bonne*.

April 10.
The Au-
thor's Tra-
vels by
Water.

This Town, built, according to *Florus*, by *Drusus Nero*, Brother to *Tiberius*, was the *Ara Ubiorum* of the Romans, one of their Fortresses against the Germans, and the Winter-Quarters of their Sixth-Legion in the Time of *Tacitus*. It stands upon the Border of the *Rhine* in the Diocese of *Cologne*. Its Fortifications were tolerably good and very regular: But they have not yet repaired the Breaches made in them by the Allies last Year, when they re-took this Town from the French for the third Time. It is not very large. The Streets are very dirty, and the Inn-keepers here are the greatest Extortioners in Germany. There is nothing else considerable here, though it be the ordinary Residence of the Elector of Cologne, whose Palace is very indifferent: But he has another on the other Side of the *Rhine* that would have been very magnificent, if the War and the Prince's Retreat into France, had not hindered his finishing it. It is a spacious Edifice of Brick, which will be very commodious if ever it be compleated.

Bonne, its
History
and De-
scription.

Numb. III.

O

After

1705.
April 11.
Fine Coun-
tries and
Towns a-
long the
Rhine.

After passing a Day and a Night at *Bonne*, we returned to our *Galley*; and for Expedition determined to lie the next Night in it. All along we were charmed with a fine Country, adorned with several Towns, Boroughs, and Villages, upon the Banks of the *Rhine*, and a good many Castles in the *Lantano* of the Landskip. The Serpentine Windings of the River through the Hills form several little Islands. We passed through one little Town of which all the Inhabitants are *Calvinists*, it is called *Oberwinter*. Soon after we arrived at another named *Remagen*, which belongs to the *Elector Palatine*. Opposite to it, on the other Side of the *Rhine*, there is one called *Erpel*, which is in the Diocese of *Cologne*. There we halted to dine, and found the most exquisite Wine in *Germany*. After Dinner we walked out to have a View of the Country and refresh ourselves. All about is a fine, well-inhabited Country, thick with Towns and Villages.

Lintz.

The first that encountered our Sight is called *Lintz*, in the Arch-bishoprick of *Cologne*; a very pretty well-built Town; one half of it stands on the Bank of the *Rhine*, and the other on the Brow of a Hill, so that it makes a Sort of Amphitheatre. It is surrounded with an old Wall flanked with some antique Turrets. With no other Fortifications it held out 8 Days against the *Swedes*, in 1632. I counted three Convents, and three other Churches in it, and it contains above 5 or 600 Houses, all Slated.

Sintzigb,
belonging
to the Ele-
ctor Pala-
tin.
Aare, call-
ed anci-
ently *A-
brinca*.

After walking about an Hour or so we returned to our Boat, leaving to our Right the little Town of *Sintzigb*, near to which the River *Aare*, the *Abrinca* of the Ancients, runs into the *Rhine*: This Place belongs to the *Elector Palatine*, and there we were told the *French* often go a Marauding. They force, Pistol in Hand, bountiful Entertainment, and away they go without returning so much as Thanks. This Method of Procedure but ill becomes a Nation which boasts so much of Politeness: But such are the Fruits of War, let a People be as civil and well-bred as you please, they soon become brutal in the Service of *Mars*.

*Nemo unquam bello melior fit, siue secundâ,
Siue malâ infelix commiserit alite pugnam.*

Andernach
anciently
Antenacum

We stopped here about half an Hour at *Andernach*, one of the Fortresses which *Drusus* built to keep the *Germans* in awe. 'Tis believed that *Caligula* his Son was born here. This Town as well as *Lintz* is in the Electorate of *Cologne*; it is the handsomest and largest of all the Towns we have seen since we left *Bonne*. There are three considerable Monasteries in it, and several other Churches. The Chief of which has two huge twin Steeples, not unlike to the Towers of *Notre-Dame* at *Paris*. *Andernach* is enclosed by a strong well-flanked Wall: So that the *French* Soldiers take Care not to make quite so free here as they do at *Sintzigb*. Two Companies of Soldiers, kept here by the Chapter of *Cologne*, would receive them with a warm Salutation of Bullets. In 1632 a Detachment of *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*'s Army, was but three Days in taking it, though there was then a Garrison in it of above 800 Men. At one of the Angles of the Walls, there is an an-
tique

tique Tower which, as they pretend, was built by *Drusus* Brother to *Tiberius*, when he made War in *Germany*. It has a good deal the Air of the *Torre d'oro* at *Seville*, upon the Bank of the *Guadalquivir*, called anciently *Bætis*, which the Inhabitants of that Country affirm to have been built by *Julius Caesar*. There are famous Mineral Waters near to *Andernach* much frequented in the Summer.

At a quarter of a League's Distance from this Place, on the other Side of the *Rhine*, there is a vast Edifice which is now inhabited only by Screech-Owls and Bats. I called to mind that *Mr. Misson* in his Travels, tells us that a certain Burgomaster of *Cologne* assured him, that it is haunted by *Hobgoblins*, which fright People from living in it. But the Master of our *Felucca*, a good sensible Man, who knew something more than to pilot a Bark, gave me a more probable Account of the Matter. He laughed at the Burgomaster's Story, and assured us, that the true Reason why this Tower is abandoned, is because the Count of *Nieuwiltz*, who built it, died Insolvent, and consequently did not leave his Heirs wherewithal to finish it.

Some little time after, we passed through the little Town of *Zol-Engers*, which is the first in the Electorate of *Treves* we meet with in going up the *Rhine*. Then we came over against the Palace of the Elector, on the Left-side of the River; we stopped a little to consider it, and the famous Fortress of *Ehrenbreitstein* above it upon the Summit of the Mountain. At last we got to the Confluence of the *Rhine* and the *Moselle*, and a Moment after to *Coblentz*, called in Latin *Confluentia*, because these two Rivers mingle here.

C H A P. XV.

Coblentz. Arch-bishoprick and Electorate. Its Fortifications and Stone-Bridge. Confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and Course of the Latter. The Citadel exactly described. Its fine Prospect and adjacent Countries. A dreadful Fall of a Man from very high Rocks. Convent of the Cordeliers.

THIS City is the Capital of, and the Key to the Electorate of *Treves*, on Account of its most advantageous Situation. The *Rhine* on the one Side and the *Moselle* on the other, cut it into a sort of *Peninsula*, and serve it for Ditches. Over the Latter of these Rivers, there is a Stone-bridge very well defended. 'Tis the only Town I have yet seen in this Country that is fortified towards the River: Thinking themselves strong enough to the Land-side, they generally left that towards the River quite open. The Fortifications of *Coblentz* are now in a much better Condition, than when the *Spaniards*, took it without any Difficulty, in 1632; but were a little while after driven out by the *Swedes*. They consist of strong Bastions provided with *Cavaliers*, *Ravelins*, *Half-moons*, large and deep Ditches, a good *Counterescarp* and *Covered-way*; and all of these well fraised and palisaded, and sufficiently mounted with *Brass-Canon*.

1705.
April 13.

COB-
LENTZ.
A fine
Stone-
Bridge.
The Con-
fluence of
the Rhine,
and the
Moselle.

Course of
this last
River.

Its Citadel
exactly
described.

We passed over the Stone-bridge upon the *Moselle*, which has 14 Arches, though *Edward Brown* in his Travels says only 13: It is narrow in Proportion to such a Length; two Coaches can hardly go a-breast. At its Extremities are two double Gates, Towers and Port-cullis, and some Pieces of Cannon to command the Passage. It was built in 1344, by the Arch-bishop *Baldwinus*.

The *Moselle* is very rapid as well as the *Rhine*, and when the two Rivers meet, one may easily distinguish the Water of the one from the other; that of the *Rhine* being yellowish, and that of the *Moselle* so clear and transparent, that one sees the Bottom very distinctly. What is surprising is, that there is such Scarcity of Fish hereabouts, that there is hardly enough for the Elector's Table on Meagre-days.

The last of the two, is the *Obrinca* of *Ptolemy*. It takes its Rise amidst the Mountains of *Vauge*, anciently Mount *Vogesus*, near to a Village called *Bussans*, upon the Frontiers of *Alsace* and *Franche-Comté*, and passes by *Epinal*, *Chatel*, *Baion*, *Merinville*, *Chaligni*, *Toul*, *Pont-à-Mousson*, *Metz*, *Thionville*, *Koningmacheren*, *Sirques*, *Wasser-billich*, *Treves*, *Mont-Royal*, and discharges itself into the *Rhine* at *Coblentz*, after having received into it the *Meurte*, near *Nanci*, the *Vaigny*, the *Vologne*, the *Durbion*, the *Vittel*, the *Maid*, the *Seille* at *Metz*, the *Orne* above *Thionville*, the *Seyn* above *Wasser-billich*, the *Nid* and the *Sare* above *Treves*.

One of the principal Things to be seen here is the Citadel. To get to it we passed the *Rhine* in one of those Flying-bridges I have before mentioned. It is situated at a little Distance from the River upon a Mountain, and the Ascent is pretty difficult; we mount to it by a winding Road cut out of the Rock: We were out of Breath when we got to the first Gate, yet we had three more to pass through before we got into the Citadel: Upon the outermost there is a Statue of Brass, but very smoaky, representing the Virgin *Mary* with the Infant *Jesus* in her Arms, and she holds a Lily in her Hand. This Figure is above 15 Foot high, and has the Reputation of working Miracles, because it will no more suffer itself to be washed and new dressed than that of *Cologne*.

After passing through this Port, we come to a square Place in the Middle, on one Side of which is the Governour's House. Magazines and Barracks occupy the three others. Here they shewed us, among other Rarities, a Cannon of a prodigious Size: It is 18 Foot and a half in Length; its Bore is a Foot and a half Diameter; and its Breech 3 Foot 4 Inches. The Bullet weighs 188 Pound, and consequently its Charge is 94 Pounds of Powder. I don't know if there be such another in the World. The Inscription upon it tells us, that it was founded in 1529, by one *Simon*, without saying any more of him.

From this Place we were conducted into another, where there is a very fine Fountain. In the Middle of a large Basin of Stone, there stands a Pillar of Marble upon a Brass-pedestal, with the Elector's Arms, surrounded with four Dolphins of the same Metal. On the Top of this Column, there is a Statue of the Virgin *Mary* bruising the Head of the Serpent, which is also of Brass about 12 Foot in height; but our Guide Mr. *de Gaertz* a Counsellor, did not say

say it had any particular Quality. We saw next the Well of this Fortrefs, which they say is 550 Feet Deep, the Water is extremely good. This Well cost, we were assured, immense Sums, and I have no Difficulty in believing so, since they were obliged to dig it out of the Rock, and it is a great Conveniency in a Fortrefs of such Importance as this of *Ebrenbreisteyn*. Above the Descent that leads to this Well, is this Inscription in *Gothick* Letters upon a Brass plate.

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A Well of
a prodigi-
ous Depth

Anno Domini 1487. Johannes ex illustribus Jacobo March. Baaensi, & Catharina Lotbaringia Ducissa natus : Trevir. Archiep. inter plurima in hoc & aliis Eccles. castris eximie à se composita Edificia, hoc in loco scissis petris, aquam primus acquirere cepit ; demum post labores et sumptus immensos, aqua abunde inventa, totum & fontis, & circumpositae turris opus confirmavit. Anno 1484. Mense Septemb. Pontificatus sui 29.

The Foundry here is in very good Condition. We saw several Bells in it and a great Quantity of Cannon, with their Moulds, some of which are very large. Some little time ago, there was yet a greater Stock of Cannon here ; but they are employed in the present War.

After having seen every thing within, we went to survey its Fortifications ; which are good but irregular, because of the different Rocks on which they were obliged to build them. We may venture to say, that this celebrated Fortrefs is by its Site impregnable : And there is all that Art could add to Nature. The Gate is covered by a vast Horn-work, with a Ditch before it, beyond which there is a large Half-moon built on the Rock. The other Works are equally good, though somewhat irregular, and they are so well contrived that not an Inch of Ground is lost : There is no advanced Work or Sally which is not flanked. On the Side towards the River, there are, to the right and left, Lines of Communication wrought through the steepest Parts of the Mountain ; and wherever the Situation would permit of it, they have built well-faced Redoubts, which render the Access to it extremely difficult. The Fort below is on a straight Line, and consists of 3 Bastions, with their Cour-tains commanding the River. At the Foot of the Rock is the Elector's Pa-lace, where he resides in the Summer, and by Chance I discovered an ancient Marble incased into a Parapet of one of the Bastions, with the following In-scription upon it in Capitals.

Its Situa-
tion and
Fortifica-
tions.

. . . CÆS. ROM. EXER. IMP. P. P.
S. C. AUG. TREVER. INGRESSUM.
H. CASTRA SARRAE FLUVII. PRO.
MILIT. CUSTODIA BIENN. POTIT. EST.

We may boldly aver, that there is the most delightful Prospect in *Germany* from this Citadel. One sees first of all, at the Foot of the Mountain, the Elector's Palace standing on the Brink of the *Rhine*, this River and the *Moselle* : Countries,

Its fine
Prospect,
and ad-
jacent
Countries.

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felle: A little farther off, the whole Town of *Coblentz* from one End to the other, built upon a Neck of Land at the Confluence of these two Rivers. One sees from hence the People walking through the Streets. In the Middle of the *Rhine* are two little Islands: That about half a League above the Town is shaped quite like a Heart, about a Quarter of a League in Length, and in it there is a very fine Convent of *Benedictins*. The other, about a short League below the Town, is twice as long as the Former, and upon it stands a pretty considerable Village, and a Convent of *Bernardins*; So that this City is not ill guarded, since it stands between two famous Saints. The *Chartreuse* situated upon a rising Ground beautifies the Prospect exceedingly; and the *Lontano* of this Landskip presents us with a charming Variety of little Hills, Vineyards, Plains, Valleys, Villages, Castles, Convents and Pleasure-houses. In fine, this Fortrefs is not commanded by any Height, and there is no approaching it but on one Side through a narrow Pass which is mined to a great Distance. It wholly commands the Town, Bridge, and all the adjacent Country; wherefore it is not unjustly reckoned one of the strongest Places in *Germany*: So much the rather, that there must be three different Armies to besiege it in Form. Bishop *Burnet* calls this Fortrefs *Hermanstein*, but its Name is *Ehrenbreistein*.

A terrible
Fall from
very high
Rocks.

In descending from this Citadel, by the only Road that leads to the Town cut out of the Rock, our Guide pointed to a Bastion the highest of them all, from which, he told us, a Lackey of the Father of the present *Grand-Ecuyer* fell, and rolled from Rock to Rock, to the River without being much hurt; infomuch that when he got up, his only Concern was, that his Master might not hear of his Fall and scold him. I own, the very Sight of this Precipice, and the Thoughts of such a terrible Fall made me tremble.

Its Forti-
fications.

We went, after seeing the Cathedral, to take a View of the Fortifications of the Town. They appeared to us to be in very good Case, and they are all of Stone, and not of Brick as Bishop *Burnet* says. In that he is mistaken, as well as in saying, that *Coblentz* is a pitiful poor Town.

Convent
of the *Cordeliers*.

The next Day we went to the Monastery of the *Cordeliers*, which, next to the College of the *Jesuits*, is the best worth seeing in this City. A great Simplicity reigns thorough it, but with a perfect Neatness. The Library is not very large, but the Books are well chosen and in good Order. There are several Manuscripts, but none of them worth particular Notice. Hence we went to the Elector's Palace.

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Coblentz continued. *The Palace of his Electoral Highness of Treves. His Character and Court. The Chartreuse. Comical Picture and Story. The Cloisters, Refectory, Church and Relicks. Other Churches and Convents. Bombardment of the City, and miraculous Preservation of St. Mary's Church. The Elector's Troops, Title and Revenue.*

I N this Palace the Apartments are not very large, but they are adorned with beautiful Tapestries. There is a large Hall above 100 Feet in length, on the Cieling of which are painted, in divers Compartiments, by an *Italian* named *Sanguinetti*, several Events in the History of *Marcus Aurelius* and *Ælius Verus*. This Hall is likewise embellished with a great many good Portraits; amongst others, are those of the Emperor *Leopold*, the late King of *Spain Charles II*, and the late Elector of *Brandenburg*, the Heroe of *Germany*. Among the chief Tapestry-hangings, I took particular Notice of the following: The History of *Joseph* and his Brethren, in twelve Pieces; that of *Belisarius*, *Justinian's* noted General, who was a remarkable Instance of the Inconstancy of Fortune, in eight Pieces. But the finest of all, in my Sentiment, is that representing the Story of *Meleager* and *Atalante*, in six large Pieces. The Bed-chamber of his Highness is hung with red Damask, the Bed and Arm-chairs of the same, and the whole enriched with gold Fringes. The Chapel is small, but very elegant. This Cieling is adorned with gilded Sculptures, and the Chapel is ornamented with Paintings in separate Compartiments, representing the most remarkable Passages in our Saviour's Life; some by *Baptista* an *Italian* Master, and the rest by a famous *German* Painter named *Hector*.

The Pa-
lace.

Its Tape-
stries.

From the Chapel we were conducted into the Garden, which is not of a great Extent, there being but very little Earth between the Rock and the *Rhine*: But it is kept well, and is embellished with Statues, Water-works, and a charming Orangery. A large Arbour, which reaches along the River, is a very considerable Ornament to it, being more than 300 Feet in length. From this Bower, thro' the Openings, which are very well contrived, one sees the *Rhine*, the *Moselle*, the Town of *Coblentz*, the Bridge across the *Moselle*, the *Chartreuse*, and a very fine Country to the Distance of three or four Leagues.

The Gar-
den.

After having entertained you with an Account of this Palace, it is just that I should say something of its Master. His Name is *John Hugues*, of the Family of the Barons of *Osbeck*, and the last of that illustrious Family. He is near 72 years Old; a fine Person, and of a Goodness and Affability, which make him adored by every Body: A declared Enemy to all Injustice and Oppression: Sensibly affected by the Calamities War brings upon his Subjects; he contents himself with a very moderate Revenue, rather than overwhelm them with Taxes. He is, in one Word, truly a Father of his Country. His Court which, follows his Example, is indisputably one of the most regular

Character
of the
Elector.

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LENTZ.
The
Court
there.

regular in *Germany*. It is composed of Persons truly wise, who prefer Honour and Probity to all Things. *Tales sunt subditi*, says *Cicero*, *quales sunt in Republica principes*. Here Justice is impartially distributed, and one sees not that Arrogance and Contempt for Virtue, or those Impieties, in which the greater Part of those blustering Courts seem to glory, where Vice triumphs, and is as it were upon the Throne. I am able to assure you of this, having had the Honour to converse with all the more distinguished Persons in it, who loaded us with Civilities, as well as their Master. He deigned to admit us to his Table all the pretty long Stay we made here.

Chartreuse

The *Chartreuse* is charmingly situated, about the Distance of three Quarters of a League from the Town. We were not willing to neglect seeing a Convent of such Importance. In the Way to it one is ever meeting with Chapels, in the Manner of Oratories, adorned with Statues, representing the principal Actions of *Jesus Christ*, from his Birth to his Resurrection. I took notice of one among others very particular. But I know you will not fail to laugh and say, that the Painters and Sculptors quite disfigure the most essential Mysteries in the Christian Religion, by giving a Loose to their fantastical Imaginations. That may be; mean time, in the present Case, I have an Authority to stop your Raillery.

A comical
Picture,
and Story.

In one of those little Chapels there is a Representation of our Saviour taking leave of the Virgin *Mary*. This affectionate Mother, in bidding him farewell, stretches out her Right-hand to him, and with her Left wipes away her Tears with a Handkerchief: Our Lord appears yet more afflicted than she. Now if you should say this is a gross Impertinence in the Sculptor, since the Gospel says not one Word of such an Adieu. I agree that the Gospel does not; but besides that it may very *catholicly* be supposed: I refer you to a Book, entitled, *Evangelium Infantie Salvatoris*, which a learned German named *Sick*, of the Protestant Religion, might very well have saved himself the Trouble of translating from the *Arabic*. If you read it, you will find in it, besides this Particular of which I have been speaking, an Infinity of other Actions of *Christ*, not to be found in the four Evangelists; the Story in particular, of the large Beam which *Joseph* had in a Mistake cut too short, that was, by our Saviour's drawing it at one End, and *Joseph's* at the other, lengthened to a just Size.

Its Cloi-
sters, Re-
fectory, &
Church.

The Father, Prior of this Convent, received us at our Arrival there with great Civility. He first of all shewed us the Cloisters and the Refectory, which are very neat, but yet do not come up to those of the *Chartreuse* at *Cologne*: On the other Hand however, the little Cells here are preferable to those in the other, and the Situation of this Convent is incomparably finer. From the Cloisters and Cells, we went into the Church, in which there is nothing remarkable but its Antiquity. The Father assured us, that it is more than 1200 Years since it was built. The Protestants can't shew any Church of that Age, unless they have taken them from the Catholics in Countries where they are Masters. — “Therefore, says the latter, the Protestant Religion is not the most ancient.” An Argument they lay no small Stress upon

on, and that can't fail of having due Weight with the Worshippers of Anti-

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quity. After having seen every Thing, even the Relicks, the chief of which are a Shift of the Virgin *Mary*, a Pair of old Slippers of St. *Joseph*, and the Hair-cloth and Whip St. *Bruno* used to discipline his Flesh with, the Reverend Father shewed us the Way into a Hall allotted for the Reception of Strangers. There we found a Table laid very neatly, with six Covers, viz. for us four, the Father-Prior, and the Father-Procurator. These complaisant Monks begged we would excuse them for presuming to make us keep *Lent*, and starve with them. But in truth, if St. *Bruno's* Children starve or fast always in the same Manner, the pretended Rigidity of this Order is a Tale of a Tub. For you must know we were regaled with two Services of excellent Fish, which are very scarce, as I told you before, in these Parts. And the Desert and the Wines were equally exquisite.

COB-
LENTZ.
Relicks.

After our Return to the City, we paid a Visit to the principal Churches and Convents in it. But there is nothing curious in any of them, except the Jesuits College, and the History of the Martyrdom of St. *Laurent*, painted on the Wall of the Church of St. *Mary*, with this Prayer.

Other
Churches
and Con-
vents.

*O Laurenti! qui prunarum vim vicisti jugiter,
Dele fomitem flammarum & repelle fortiter;
Ab incendio conserva nostrum habitaculum,
Et ab Hoste nos præserva velut propugnaculum.*

You imagine perhaps that this Prayer is to little Purpose. But here's a Proof to the contrary. Not above a Month after this Painting, was finished with the Prayer, the King of *France* being informed, that *Coblentz* was so well furnished with Troops, and all Sorts of Ammunition and Provisions, that there was no Hopes of taking it by a Siege, ordered the Marshal *Boufflers*, who was then in the Neighbourhood of this Town, to bombard it. His Commands were executed forthwith, and that so unhappily for the Inhabitants, that the half of their City, the Convent of the *Cordeliers*, and three or four others, with as many Churches, were reduced to Ashes. 'Twas, say they, a frightful Sight to see the Quantity of Bombs which fell around the Church of St. *Mary*. Every Moment they expected to see it in Flames: But far from it, not one of those infernal Engines touched this Church, and that thro' the Merits of the Prayer address'd to St. *Laurent*, it being of a quite different Efficacy from that of St. *Julien*, of which *la Fontaine* makes a very pleasant Tale in Verse.

The Bom-
bardment
of Cob-
lantz, and
miraculous
Preserva-
tion of the
Church of
St. *Mary*.

Before I leave this Place, I think myself obliged to tell you, that the Troops of his Electoral Highness (who when he is Master of all his Domi- nions, can keep on Foot 6000 Men) do not at present consist of more than 2000 Infantry, 1500 of which are in this Town, besides the *Dutch* Garrison, and 500 in the Citadel, with his Company of Horse-Guards, amounting to 150 Men. In fine, this Prince, besides his Titles of Archbishop of *Treves*, and of Elector of the Empire, takes that likewise of Arch-Chancellor of *Gaul*.

The
Electors
Troops.

His Titles
and Re-
vues.

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The Pretensions which the Emperors of *Germany* had in ancient Times to the Kingdom of *Arles*, gave rise to the Creation of this Dignity, which is barely titular. The Revenues of the Electorate, Ordinary and Extraordinary, rising out of the 24 *Bailliages* it contains, may amount in Time of Peace to 1200000 *German* Florins, that is, to 600000 *French* Crowns, whereas at present the Elector does not enjoy above 200000 Crowns. This Electorate is of no great Extent, and there are no considerable Places in it, besides *Treves*, *Coblentz*, and *Ebrenbreistein*; but to compensate this, the Country is extremely fertile, and abundant in all the Necessaries of Life; and is indeed one of the most beautiful and pleasant in *Germany*. Its ancient Inhabitants were called *Treveri*.

C H A P. XVII.

Journey from Coblentz to Mayence by Water. A great Number of small Towns in the Way. Some impertinent Customs in these Parts of Germany. History of the Archbishop of Mayence, devoured by Rats. Reflexions upon it.

Lounstein.

HAVING fully satisfied our Curiosity at *Coblentz*, and taken Leave of this Prince and his Court, we embarked early next Morning. About Mid-day we arrived at a small Town in the Electorate of *Mayence*, called *Lounstein*, where there is excellent Wine, at a very cheap Price. Four Hours after we got to *Broubach*, a Town belonging to the Landgrave of *Hesse-Darmstat*, commanded by a pretty strong Castle. Then we came to a little Town in the Electorate of *Treves* where we lay.

Boppert.

This Town is pretty; it has an Air of Gaiety. The great Church in it is handsome, and has two very fine Steeples. There are three Convents of Monks and one of Nuns, the Churches belonging to which are not despicable. The Town-house is not contemptible, and the Streets are for the most part very neat and open. There is always a pretty strong Garrison here; but it is only defended by a Wall with some Towers in the antique Taste, and a Ditch. A learned Man assured us here, upon pretty good Authorities, that it was founded upon the Ruins of the ancient *Bodobriga*, one of the chief Fortresses that *Drusus*, Brother to *Tiberius*, built upon the *Rhine*, when he carried on the War in *Germany*.

April 20.

We set out from *Boppert*, and, as before, found still a charming Country filled with Towns, Villages and Castles, most of which made a very fine Shew at a Distance. About nine a Clock we passed along the Town of *Wernich*, which is commanded by a strong and large Fort, and belongs to the Elector of *Treves*. It is very particular to see Towns belonging to different Princes so oddly intermingled. For soon after we came to *St. Gewers*, which the *French* call *Saint Goar*, above which stands the Castle of *Rhinfels*, belonging to the Landgrave of *Hesse-Cassel*, who always keeps a strong Garrison in it. It is a Place of considerable Strength and difficult to take, by its Situation upon a very

Rhinfels
to the
Land-
grave of
*Hesse-
Cassel.*

very high Rock. The *Marshal de Tallard* found it so: He besieged it towards the End of 1692, but was obliged to raise the Siege in the Month of ^{1705.} *April 25.* *January* the Year after.

A Sergeant of the Garrison came to demand our Pass-ports to carry them to the Governour, and brought them back to us in half an Hour, but we were obliged to give him *Trinct-galt* for his Trouble, *i. e.* we were obliged to give him something to drink. Let me tell you, once for all, that there prevails a Custom throughout all *Germany*, not a little expensive to Travellers. Here not only the Valets and Maids in the Inns demand *Trinct-galt* with an arrogant Air, as if it were their Due, even after their Masters have extorted us most violently; but even the Boys in the Boats, the Coachmen, the Street-Porters, and all such rascally People, exact it in the haughtiest Manner, over and above the Price for which they had agreed to serve us. Besides, no sooner does a Traveller arrive in a little Town, where there are four or five scurvy Bald-pates in Garrison, than one of those Scoundrels never fails to make him a Visit at his Inn. To pay a Compliment? No. They come to ask his Name, in order to carry it to the Governour, and then *Trinct-galt*. In fine, one can hardly make a Step without being asked Drink-Money? And how remedy yourself? The best Way is not to contest the Matter, for it would be lost Labour. It is an Abuse. That is true. But it is one of those Abuses so established in spite of common Sense and Reason, which it is not in the Power of Travellers to cure.

I must relate to you another very ridiculous Custom here. In this Town of *San-Gewers*, on the Border of the *Rhine*, there is an Iron or Brass-collar, fastened by a Chain to a Wall, the Design of which is, to impose on Travellers in a very odd Manner. They are asked in a sly Way, if ever they passed through this Town before, and if they answer, that it is the first Time they have been here, they are immediately told, that *Charles V.* gave this Collar to the Inhabitants of this Town, with this rare Privilege, to put it about the Necks of all who pass through it for the first Time and baptize them.

After this fine Complement, Strangers are asked, whether they choose to be baptized with Wine, or with Water: If one answers with Wine, he is quit for giving *Trinct-galt* liberally to the Executors of this Law. But if one chooses rather to be heartily drenched than to part with a little Money, then they put the Collar about his Neck, and another of the Executors of this ridiculous Law throws a Pail of Water upon him and wets him heartily from top to toe: After this fine Ceremony, they present you with Wine in a Silver Goblet, which they say *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* gave them as a Ransom from their Baptism. This Sort of Baptism is, no doubt, in Imitation of that practised at Sea in certain Latitudes; under the Line, for Instance.

The next Place we came to, was *Oberwesel*, built on the same Spot where *Julian*, surnamed the *Apostate*, built a Fortrefs of considerable Strength, to check the Incurfions of the *Germans*: He called it *Ficellia*. It is now a tolerably pretty Town in the Electorate of *Treves*, with four Churches, and a very large Castle, upon an Eminence commanding it. From thence we

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COB-

LENTZ.

An imper-
tinent Cu-
stom in
Germany.

The Iron
Collar of
*San-Gew-
ers*, and
its Use.

Oberwesel
anciently
Ficellia.

1705. April 20. *Caub.* *Pfaltz.* went to the Borough of *Caub*, belonging to the Elector *Palatine*, as well as the Fort of *Pfaltz*, seated on a Rock in the Middle of the *Rhine*. It is said that the Counts *Palatins* of the *Rhine*, or the *Pfaltz-Graves* took their Names from this Castle. Here our Pass-ports were likewise demanded, but returned to us in a Quarter of an Hour, with Leave to proceed in our Journey.

Baccharach to the Elector *Palatin.* Sometime after we arrived at *Baccharach*, where we were detained half an Hour, there being a Toll here as well as at *Caub*, and at *San-Gewers*. We may well call the Inhabitants of these three Towns a Medley, since they are partly Catholics, partly *Lutherans*, and partly *Calvinists*. *Baccharach* is a little Town, built upon the Declivity of a Mountain, anciently in great Reputation for its Wines: But now those of *Hogheim*, *Rhingauw*, and some other Growths are in higher Vogue.

Dr. Burnet, Misson, & Charles Patin re-futed. Dr. *Burnet* and Mr. *Misson* say its Name comes from *Bacchi-Ara*, and that this Canton was consecrated to the good Father *Diomysius*. They have in this Article, as well as in many other Things, copied *Charles Patin* who was the first that dream'd of this ingenious Etymology. But there are thousands of German Names ending in *ach*, *bach*, and *rach*, which no Body ever thought of deriving in such a Manner. Such grand Antiquaries as he never fail to land every Thing they can in venerable Antiquity. The Custom of drinking pretty hard, which is so prevalent in *Germany*, and the vast Quantity of Vineyards about this Place, put this Etymology into *Patin's* Head. And his Followers have taken it on Content.

Lorigb, Diebach, and Handbach, little Towns. However that may be, I don't know, but the Part of the *Rhine*, a little above *Baccharach*, may be subject to Hurricanes, as certain Latitudes at Sea are in the *Indies*. Mr. *Misson* says, that here one of these sudden Storms had almost sunk their Boat. The same thing happened to us to Day in the very same Place: A terrible Whirlwind, mixed with plenteous Rain, tossed us about for half an Hour. But the Sun soon dissipated this Tempest, and we got safe to *Lorigb*, a Town reaching along the *Rhine* a good *English* Mile. Opposite to it is the Town of *Diebach*, and half a League higher up the River, *Handbach*; but as for *Steegbach*, which Mr. *Misson* places after these two, our Boat-men assured us, they had never heard of any such Place in this Part of the World.

History of Hatton II. Archbishop of Mayence, devoured by the Rats. About four a Clock we passed by a square Tower in the Middle of the *Rhine*, in the Language of that Country, called *Maus-Tburn*, i. e. the Tower of the Rats, which devoured the barbarous Archbishop *Hatton*. The Story or Legend, which you will, is, that *Hatton II.* Archbishop of *Mayence*, surnamed *Bonose*, Duke of *Franconia*, and Abbot of *Fulden* (who under the fairest Outside covered the Heart of a *Nero*) governed during the first Year of his Prelateship with great Mildness; but in the second, a terrible Famine having happened in that Country, finding himself daily tormented by a vast Number of People who came to beg their Bread from him, he gathered them all together into a Barn, under Pretence of ordering Corn to be distributed among them. These poor unhappy Souls were no sooner entered into it, in hopes to get the Bread or Corn that had been promised them, than this inhuman Prelate ordered the Doors to be barricaded, and Fire to be set to the House;

House; and thus put to Death in the cruellest Manner above 500 Persons, amongst whom was a great Number of Women and Infants. He had even the Barbarity to say, that this Vermin was a Kind of Rats, which were good for nothing but to consume the Fruits of the Earth, and consequently prejudicial to the Public. But as *Horace* says:

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*Raro antecedentem Scelerum
Deseruit pede Pena claudere.*

A numberless Multitude of Rats assembling from all Quarters, rushed upon *Hatton*, and pursued him wherever he fled to shelter himself from them. This inhuman Miscreant thought he could escape the divine Vengeance, by retiring into a Tower standing in the Middle of the *Rhine*: But these Animals swam after him, and in spite of all his Efforts to hinder them, fell upon, and devoured this detestable Prelate. They even eat out his Name in the Churches, and other public Places.

Let us reflect a Moment upon the extraordinary Punishment of this Scelerate. The Action was barbarous, execrable, beyond all Expression, insomuch that the Chastisement hardly seems to be proportioned to his monstrous Crime. But these poor Creatures were dying of Hunger in Multitudes every Moment, and we may say that this Monster of Cruelty *Hatton* delivered them at once from all their Miseries, without making them languish and pine a long Time... What Punishment then do those many Princes and Tyrants, spiritual as well as temporal, merit, who, far from being so merciful as the generous Elector of *Treves*, are daily drawing the Blood out of their Subjects, and making them suffer the greatest Miseries all their Lives; and that to satiate their Avarice, Ambition, Luxury, Lust, and Debauchery. For do we not every Day see cruel Examples of that tyrannical, abominable Maxim, of which *Seneca* speaks in his beautiful Tragedy of *Hippolitus*.

Reflex-
ions on
this extra-
ordinary
Event.
The
Tower of
the Rats.

Divites,
*Regnoque fulti, plura quam fas est petunt.
Quod non potest, vult posse, qui nimium potest.*

The Story of this wicked Archbishop *Hatton*, passes currently for Truth in this Country; insomuch that one must be very sceptical to doubt of it. *Joseph Scaliger* has said somewhere, *Sunt Fabulae de Archiepiscopo quodam Moguntino, qui à muribus interfectus est*; For my own Part, I am persuaded of the Possibility of the Thing. Have we not upon Record an awful Instance of the Vengeance of God, in the Person of *Philip II.* King of *Spain*, who, after having put to Death the Prince *Don Carlos* his Son, poisoned his Queen Consort, and committed the most bloody Cruelties in the *Low-Countries*, upon Persons of the first Quality, and all this to satisfy his Jealousy, his Ambition and his revengeful Temper, was at last devoured alive by Lice, and died in the most terrible Torments and Agonies? I need not go so far back as to *Hered,*

This Hi-
story may
not be fa-
bulous.

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Herod, to Antiochus Epiphanes, and such like Scelerates, who were eat up alive by Worms.

*Nam si Sacrilegos repetens ab origine primâ,
Omnia pœnarum percurrere nomina pergâ,
Antè diem clausa componet Vesper Olympo.*

The
Tower of
the Rats.
The Story
not im-
probable.
The Rhine
sometimes
very wide
and dan-
gerous.

Bingen.

Several
Fortresses
built by
the Ro-
mans in
Germany.

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Fine Pro-
spect of the
Country.

What Ground is there then for doubting that Rats might have devoured this Wretch! But it seems more probable that it happened in the Castle of *Pfaltz*, which is also in the Middle of the *Rhine*, and large enough to lodge an Archbishop and all his Attendants, than in this Place, which is a very little, narrow Tower, by no means fit for an Archbishop's Retreat.

While we were rowing across the River to *Bingen*, a terrible Tempest of Rain and Hail rose of a sudden, which had almost overset our little Bark. This River is twice as broad hereabouts, as the *Thames*, a little above *London-Bridge*; but as your Watermen know much better how to manage a Boat, than those of the *Rhine*, we were a full half Hour in crossing it; so that we were heartily tossed before we got to *Bingen*, *Oppidum Bingenium*.

This Town belongs to the Elector of *Mayence*, is about 8 Leagues, tho' Mr. *Misson* says but three, from the Capital, and is tolerably neat. It is situated upon the Brink of the *Rhine*, in the District called *Rhingaw*, the rising Grounds about which produce Wines more esteemed by intelligent Palates than those of *Baccharac*. There is nothing remarkable in *Bingen*, but that it was one of the Forts which *Drusus* built to bridle the *Germans*: The others were *Bodobriga*, now called *Boppert*, *Rheno-Burgum* now *Rhinfels*, *Confluentia* *Coblentz*, *Antenacum* *Andernach*, *Ara Ubiorum* *Bonne*, and *Novesium* *Nuitz*. It was likewise near to *Bingen* where the Battle was fought in 1668, between the Troops of the Elector *Palatin*, and those of the Duke of *Lorrain*. *Julian* surnamed the *Apostate*, fortified all these Places just mentioned, and some others, when he commanded the Army of the Emperor *Constantius* in *Germany*. I must not forget, that in all the Towns along the *Rhine* there are Tolls, which bring in a considerable Revenue to their Sovereigns.

We left *Bingen* about Seven in the Morning. Between that Town and *Mayence* the River becomes much broader. It is at *Bingen* that the high Mountains end, amidst which it seemed to be pent up as a Prisoner all the Way from *Bonne*. In Proportion as it widens, there appears a charming Country; fine large Meadows bordered with little Hills, which make a most delightful Landskip. To enjoy this beautiful Prospect more freely, we went a-shore at *Rudisheim*, a pretty large well-built Town, which Mr. *Misson* places below *Bingen*, though it be above it and on the other side of the *Rhine*: We walked a-while and entertained ourselves with the Beauty and Fertility of the Country, which, the Vineyards apart, not a little resembles some Spots in your County of *Kent*: we passed through *Erpach*, and dined at a larger Town, called *Elfeld*. But there is nothing curious in them.

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ENCE.

C H A P. XVIII.

Mayence, *An Arch-bishoprick and Electorate. Its Cathedral. Several Monuments. A droll Procession of the Jesuits. The Elector's Palace and Garden. The Citadel. The Chartreuse. The Origin of the Arms of this Arch-bishoprick.*

NEXT Day we set out to continue our Journey towards Mayence, keep-
ing all along on the left Side of the River. About five a Clock we be-
gan to discover at a Distance the City of Mayence, which is seen very far off.
Some time after we came to the little Town of Cassel, on this Side of the long
Bridge of Boats, which we must pass to get to Mayence.

Next Day, after having taken a Turn through the more beautiful Parts of
this City, we went to the Cathedral. It is a vast Pile of Building, of red-
dish Marble. One immediately sees at entering into it the sepulchral Mo-
numents of Six Archbishops of Mayence, who died long ago. Their Statues
stand leaning against the Pillars which support the arched Cieling of this
Church. On the other Side are those of the two last Electors. The Statue
of the last but one stands erect in his Episcopal Robes. It is of white Mar-
ble, and as big as Life. Here is the Epitaph.

D. O. M.

*Reverendo & celsissimo Principi D. Damiano Hartardo ex familia
Baronum Vander Leyen. S. Sedis Mogunt. Archiep. S. R. Im-
perii per Germaniam Archi-Cancellario. Princ. Electori III. die
Julii M.DC.LXXV. electo. & XII. ejusdem mensis postulato
Episcopo Wornat. VI. autem Decembr. M.DC.LXXVIII. Mo-
guntiae in Domino defuncto. E regione in Sacello S. Laurentii
a se, dum viveret, constructo, requiescenti. Haeredes relictii,
Monumentum hoc piissimae memoriae ergo
Fieri curarunt.*

Those of
the two
last Ele-
ctors, and
their Epi-
taph.

The Tomb of the last Elector is of black Marble, and his Statue of white
Marble is in a sitting Posture. Two little Angels of white Marble stand, one
before him, presenting an open Book to him which he seems to read; the
other at his Feet, playing with the Archi-episcopal Mitre. On the right Side
there is a large Crucifix of white Marble, and on the Left, a large Cross of
the same Marble. This Work passes here for a finished Piece: But there is
nothing very extraordinary in it. The Inscription is as follows.

D. O. M.

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ENCE.

D. O. M.

Eminentissimo, Celsissimo Principi ac Domino Anselmo Francisco, ex antiquiss. familia ab Ingelheim. S. Sedis Mogunt. Archiep. S. R. Imperii per Germaniam Archicancellario. Anno 1634. 16. 7bris nato. Anno 1679. 7. 9bris Eleto. Et Anno 16. Regiminis, postquam 1690. 24. Jan. Josephum Regem Hungariæ in Regem Roman. elegit; Et ejusdem Augustiss. Matri Eleonoræ-Magdalene-Theresiæ Rom. Imperatr. Coronam imposuit: tandem viribus fractis, Affbaffenburgi 30 Martii 1695. pientissimè de nato. Principi, Prudentia, Comitatus, Et Constantiâ conspicuo. Monumentum hoc grato animo erigi fecit Haeres Franciscus Adolphus ab Ingelheim S. R. Imperii Eques, Dominus in Schonberg, Et. S. Cæsareæ Majestatis Consiliarius Intimus.

Other
Monu-
ments.
A singular
Tomb and
Statue of
Count
Lamberg.

There are two other Monuments in the Quire; one of *George Cbretien* Landgrave of *Hesse*, who died in 1677: The other of a Count of *Lamberg*, who was killed the same Day that the Marquis *d'Uxelles*, who defended *Mayence* against the Allies, caused a Parley to be beat and capitulated, which was on the 9th of *September* 1689. This we may call being ship-wrecked in the Harbour. The Statue of this Count has something very particular in it: It is of white Marble, and covered with all other pieces of Armour, except a Helmet and Gantlets, in the Attitude of one using all his Efforts to get out of his Coffin, which is of black Marble; he pushes up the Lid with one Hand, and supports himself with the other against the Bottom of the Coffin. Besides the Oddity of seeing a dead Man in a Coffin compleatly armed, the Sculptor has likewise given him a full bottomed Peruke, quite in Buckle, just such as your late Introducer of Embassadors Mr. B*** used to wear.

A fine Pi-
cture and
Relicks.

I saw but one good Picture in this Cathedral: The Subject of it is the Resurrection of *Lazarus*. They would fain make it pass here for a *Rubens*; but most certainly it is not in the Manner of this Painter, which is so easily distinguished. The Relicks of *St. Martin*, Patron of the Archbishoprick of *Mayence*, are adored in a Chapel built, in a Cylindrical Form, and glassed all round.

Magnifi-
cent Pro-
cession of
the Jesuits.

Passing through a Place on one Side of the Church, we met a magnificent Procession, conducted by the Reverend Fathers *Jesuits*. First advanced a jolly little Band of Cavaliers, in pompous Equipage: Next followed, marching in good Order, two and two, an infinity of Children of about 10 and 12 years Old, each holding a Rod in his Hand, to the End of which was fastened a little Bit of Wax-taper. After them came a Bay Horse carrying the four *Sons of Amon*, and this Horse danced and capered marvelously well, to the Sound of some Violins. The Riders sung at the same Time a very particular Air, and beat Time with their Arms and the Handles of their Swords against their Coats of Mail: That Noise, together with the Tinkling of the little Bells hung about the Bayard, made a Symphony of the most extraordinary Sort.

After

After this fine Interlude appeared a vast Number of Men of all Professions and Ages, who also marched in Couples, and all along were some Reverend Father *Jesuits*, on Wing like Serjeants to the Band, to keep every one in his Rank and Post. But the greatest Prefs of the Children of *Loyola*, was round certain Young Girls who followed in the same Order, whom, as we were told, these good Fathers had taken great Care to adjust and bedeck to make them appear as charming as possible. It was said they had so drained the Shops of Patches and Paint, that there was not a Bit of Red left to give a little Colour to pale or superannuated Beauties. These Girls represented, some the liberal Arts and Sciences; others, Religion, Justice, Temperance, and the rest of the Cardinal Virtues: But in general, they gave themselves some very affected prudish Airs, perhaps to please those the better who had taken such Pains to array and fit them out to the best Advantage. All this Crowd carried Litanies in their Hands and sung all at once, which made a delightful *Charo-vari*. Besides all this, there was an Infinity of Statues of Saints painted and gilded, which were carried most devoutly, and many others representing the chief Mysteries of the Passion. In fine, in the Rear of this Procession, came up some Gigantick Statues, which were made to dance very jollily. — And all this for the Instruction and Edification of pious Souls.

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MAY.
ENG.

The next Day we went to see the Elector's Palace, which is built of a sort of red Marble in a magnificent Manner, and abundantly loaded with Ornaments of Architecture. It is but two Stories high, but the Apartments are very fine. There is however one very great Fault, which is, that after one has marched through a long Train of Rooms, he must return the same Way to get out. The Stair-case is very ordinary, but the Cielings are richly adorned, and the Furniture is very splendid and cost vast Sums. The Cieling of the Hall, in which his Highness dines, contains, in different Compartments, the History of St. *Martin* the Patron of *Mayence*. The Tapestry with which it is hung represents the Story of the pious *Aeneas* and the poor Queen *Dido*, whom that Arch-vagabond left without bidding her Good-b'ye, after having had his Will of her to the full. At the End of this first Apartment is a large and sumptuous Cabinet of Glasses incased in little gilded Squares. The Bases are ornamented with Cartouches, upon which are painted fine Landships, which, as well as the Persons looking at them, are multiplied infinitely by the Glasses. From hence one has a Prospect of the *Rhine*, the *Mein*, and all the charming Country about.

The Palace of the Elector.

The second Story has nothing remarkable in it, but the Elector's Bed-chamber. It is a very small one for a Prince, but magnificently furnished. The Tapestry is exquisitely fine, and represents in six Pieces, the whole Fable of *Perseus* and *Andromeda*. The Bed is of a Crimson Brocade with a gold Ground, and the Roof or Canopy is quite covered with Pearls. The Chairs are carved and gilt, and covered with embroidered crimson Velvet and gold Fringes. There is not so much as the Frame of the Mirror, which is eight Foot high, that is not covered with Crimson Velvet laced with

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ENCE.

A small
Arsenal,
and its
Singula-
rities.

An Error
of Dr.
Burnet.

The Gar-
den.

with Gold. I would fain ask, if the *Apostles* of *Jesus Christ*, whose Successors these *Modern Levites* pretend to be, were lodged so sumptuously, and lived so pompously as they do?

When we left this Apartment, the House-keeper who shewed us all these fine Things, led us through several Garrets to bring us to the Place where the Elector's Fire-Arms are kept. This little Arsenal is nothing more than a Closet lined with Fusils, Guns, Musquets, Carabines and Pistols, made by the most famous Armorers in *Europe*. And indeed there are not a few among them which are of exquisitely delicate Workmanship. There are some Air-guns: Diabolical Arms, which kill People silly! The first Inventor of which ought to have been broke on the Wheel for his Reward! About an hundred Paces from the Palace, there is a fine Manage.

I must tell you, by the by, that Dr. *Burnet* must needs have been very ill recommended, or have had very little Credit at the *German Courts*; for this learned Gentleman complains, that the Princes of this Country make a mighty Mystery and Ceremony of admitting Strangers to see their Palaces. He adds, that he could not have Leave to see that of *Coblentz* (which he calls the Palace of *Hermanstein*,) nor that of *Mayence*. Yet the good Elector of *Treves* himself gave Orders to shew us his: One of his Nephews was so complaisant as to take the Trouble of waiting on us; and the same Gentleman was so extremely kind as to come this very Morning to take us up in his Coach at our Inn, in order to accompany us through that of *Mayence*: And at *Dusseldorp*, we not only saw the Picture-gallery of the Elector *Palatin*, but likewise all the Apartments in his Palace, his curious Cabinet of Rarities not excepted, and all this by the Prince's own Order. I persuade myself that it is the same at the other Courts. What Difficulty, Mystery or Ceremony then, is there in seeing the Palaces of *German Princes*?

After Dinner, we went to the Elector's Garden, called *La Favorite*, which is but about a Quarter of a League from the Town. It was begun by the late Dean of the Cathedral here, and the present Elector bought it from his Heirs and finished it. It is not very large, but we found it neat and well kept. There are abundance of Statues and Water-works in it, a very common Thing in this Country. This Garden being situated upon a rising Ground on the Bank of the *Rhine*, the Prospect from it is very fine, and that is its greatest Beauty. For as to the Building, at one End of it it is but very indifferent. I took Notice in a Corner of this Garden of an antique Marble, with this Inscription.

D. M.
PRIMVLAE. COMITILLAE.
QVAE. VIXIT. ANNIS. XX.
CIVES. MEDIOMATRICES.
AVLV. MATERNVS. NEMAVSVS.
STRATOR. COS.
ET. L. LVCINVS. MENSOR. FRVMENTI
NYMER.

We went next to see the Citadel, which is not so despicable as Mr. *Misson* represents it. It is a pretty strong, well fortified Place, surrounded with a very deep Ditch, but without Water. The Tower in the Middle of it has always been a Tower, and never a *Mausoleum*, begging the Pardon of the People here, who call it the Tomb of *Drusus*. The Populace in all Times and Countries of the World have been credulous, and prone to believe, and spread idle Stories. You know *Seneca* calls vulgar Tradition, *Pessimum veritatis interpretem*. Besides it is certain, that *Drusus* did not die at *Mayence*: His Brother *Tiberius*, who succeeded *Augustus*, caused his Corpse to be brought to *Rome*, and to shew his extraordinary Grief for his Death, would needs march a-foot before the Coffin all the Way, as *Sueton* tells us. In fine, every Body knows, *Augustus* had such a Regard for *Drusus*, that he caused his Ashes to be put into a Tomb, which he had ordered to be built for himself and his Family.

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MAY-
ENCE.
The Cita-
del.
Pretended
Tomb of
Drusus.

From the Citadel, we went to the *Chartreuse*. It is about a hundred Paces from the Elector's Garden, situated upon an Eminence, which gives it a very extensive and pleasant Prospect. The Reverend Father-Prior, who speaks *French*, conducted us thro' this Convent. It is incomparably finer, as to the Architecture, than that of *Coblentz*, but yet is not so magnificent as that of *Cologne*.

The
Chartreuse

The Library is but ill provided as to Number of Books, but there are some very good ones. I fell upon one by chance, in which there is a Catalogue of all the Archbishops of *Mayence*. And here the cruel *Hatto II.* is not omitted, nor the miraculous Chastisement with which God punished this flagitious inhuman Prelate. See how he is characterised in it. I have copied it on purpose to confute your Incredulity. *Hatto der ander, den die Mautz frassen; sasse zwey Jahr, starbe anno 970. i. e. Hatto II.* whom the Rats devoured, possessed this See two Years, and died in 970. A Date which does not agree with Mr. *Misson's* Account of the Matter, who places his Death in 967.

The Li-
brary.

This wicked Prelate little resembled another Archbishop of *Mayence* mentioned in this Book with high Encomiums. viz. *Willigisus* or *Willigis*, who consecrated in 1003 the Emperor *S. Henry*, surnamed the Cripple. This good Arch-bishop was so humble, that for fear he should ever forget his Father had been a Cart-wright, ordered Cart-wheels to be painted upon all the Walls and Partitions of his Palace, and a Writing to be placed at the Foot of his Bed, with this Admonition; *Willigis, Willigis, recole unde veneris*. And ever since there is a Wheel in the Arms of this Archbishoprick, as the same Book informs us by those Verses which I transcribed.

Willigisus
Archbi-
shop of
Mayence,
and his
great Hu-
mility.

*Qui Willigisus erat Antistes in Urbe Mogunti,
Plaustrorum fabro de Patre natus erat.
Ille suæ memor ut fortunæ & originis esset,
Antè oculos plures pinxit ubique rotas.
Hinc est ista, rotæ plaustri quod tempore prisco
Signa Moguntiacis sunt data Præsulibus.*

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MAY-
ENCE.Error of
Mr. Misson

But it does not appear by this Book that this Archbishop was the first Elector of *Mayence*, as Mr. *Misson* asserts. The Origin of the Establishment of the Seven Electors ought to be referred to the golden Bull, which the *Germans* preserve as the fundamental Charter of their Empire. This Bull was given by *Charles IV.* of the House of *Luxembourg*, in the Year 1356; and by it confines the Electors to the Number of Seven. It is true an Eighth was created afterwards, by the Treaty of *Munster*, and in Process of Time a Ninth was made by *Leopold*, in favour of his Highness the Duke of *Hanover*. But it is not in this Article alone, that the golden Bull has been and will be violated.

C H A P. XIX.

Mayence continued. Pretension of this City to the Invention of Printing. Origin and History of Mayence. Councils held there. Has been many Times besieged. Exact Description of its Fortifications. Precedency of the Elector in the Electoral College. The Chapter. The Elector's Prerogatives and Revenues.

This City
pretends
to the In-
vention of
Printing.

MAYENCE claims the Honour of inventing the Art of Printing. They say that *John Fust*, in Latin *Fustius*, and not *Faustus*, one of its Citizens, was the first Inventor of this Art in *Europe*; of this admirable Art; I say, which far surpasses all other Discoveries. Mean time the People of *Harlem* in *Holland* pretend, in their Turn, that the Glory of this wonderful Invention, is due to *Laurent Coster*, founding on this Proof, that there is, say they, no Book printed by *Fust*, of so old a Date as those of *Coster*, who printed a *Donatus* and the *Confessionaria* upon Vellum, in the Year 1440. Here is however, an Epigram wrote in 1454, and related by *Paulus Langius*, directly contradictory to the Pretensions of the People of *Harlem*.

*Nuper ab ingenio Rhenanæ gentis & Arte,
Librorum emerfit copia longa nimis.
Et qui Divitibus, vix Regi, obvenerat olim,
Nunc liber in tenui cernitur esse casâ.
Gratia Diis primum, mox Impressoribus æquè
Gratia, quorum operâ, hæc prima reperta via est.
Quæ doctos latuit Græcos, Italosque peritos
Ars nova, Germano venit ab ingenio.*

That Pre-
tension
confuted.

'Tis true the Learned *Scrivenerius* refuted this Epigram a long Time after by another, speaking of the Art of Printing.

*Curat penna licet, tantum vix scribitur anno,
Quantum uno reddunt Præla Batava die.
Addidit inventis aliquid Germania tantis;
Hollandus cepit, Teuto peregit opus.*

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ENCE.

Some German Historians of the most ancient Date say, that *Mayence* was built by *Magog* Son of *Japhet*; others say, it was founded by one *Moguntius* a *Trojan*, who arrived on the Banks of the *Rhine*, I know not by what Adventure. But why not? Do not your own ancient Authors, as fabulous as the *Germans*, make a *Trojan* named *Brutus* to have arrived in *Albion*, to have changed its Name to that of *Britain*, and to have built your City of *London*, to which he gave the Name of *Trinovante*, i. e. *New-Troy*? But all this is mere Reverie and Dream: For it is certain, that *Mayence* owes its Origin to *Drusus Nero*, Brother to *Tiberius*, who, if we may believe *Florus*, built more than fifty strong Places upon the *Rhine*. *Per Rheni quidem ripam, quinquaginta amplius castella & urbes direxit*, says this Author.

The Ori-
gin, and
History of
Mayence.

Its Name in *Latin* is *Moguntia*, or *Moguntium* according to others, and it was in the Neighbourhood of this City, that the good Emperor *Alexander Severus* was killed, with his Mother *Mammea*, by the Treachery of the perfidious *Maximinus*, whom this good Prince had made General of his Army, when he was making War in *Germany*. *Mayence* was ruined by *Attila* King of the *Huns*, about the Middle of the fifth Century, and rebuilt by *Dagobert I.* King of *France*, in the Year 632. The Emperor *Frederic Barberossa* destroyed it almost entirely in 1150; but *Otho IV.* restored it.

It is a City of a moderate Size, but ill peopled, with the good Leave of *Mr. Patin*, who calls it grand, magnificent and populous. Its Situation is charming, and in the Middle of a very beautiful Country. It was formerly an Imperial City; but it lost that Privilege, on account of the Assassination of one of its Archbishops named *Arnoul de Zellenhoven*. Now it has the Title of Archbishoprick, and is the first Electorate in the Empire. Its University was founded by *Charlemagne*, in the Year 800, and re-established in 1482, by the Archbishop *Ditberus* of the House of the Counts of *Issembourg*. *Martinus Polonus*, *Platina*, and some other Writers, make it the Native Country of Pope *Joan*. And several Councils have been held here; the most celebrated of which are, one in 848, against *Godescalc*; five in the Eleventh Century; one in the Beginning of the Twelfth, in which the Emperor *Henry IV.* was forced by the Prelates, and other Princes of *Germany*, who adhered to the Pope in Opposition to their natural and lawful Prince, to divest himself of the Empire, which they gave to his Son; and another in the Beginning of the XIVth Century, in which *Peter*, Archbishop of *Mayence* presided. The Templars, conducted by *Hugues Waltgraff*, believing that this Council was assembled against them, came thither in a Body armed, pled their Cause, and

Its Big-
ness, Situa-
tion, Digni-
ty, and
University

Councils
held here.

1705. and got the Sentence, which would have been pronounced against them, to be suspended.

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MAY-
ENCE.
Its several
Sieges.

Mayence was besieged and taken by *Gustavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*, upon his Birth-day in 1631. Among the other Booty this Prince found here, was a Crucifix of Gold, very massy, the Figure being as big as Life. *Frederic V.* Elector Palatin, and King of *Bobemia*, died here the Year following thro' Grief for the Death of this great King, who was killed at the bloody Battle of *Lutzen*, and who would infallibly have reinstated him into the Possession of all his Dominions, if he had lived but one Year longer. Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain*, accompanied with the Elector of *Saxony* and *Bavaria*, laid siege to it, and took it, but not till 48 Days after opening their Trenches. The Marquis *d'Uxelles* who was Governour of it, and the *French* Garrison, signalized themselves here gloriously, in several vigorous Sallies, and in the last general Assault.

Situation,
and other
Particu-
lars.

The fine Situation of this City a little above the Confluence of the *Rhine* and the *Mein*, its Citadel, its Bridge of Boats of an extraordinary Length, and the Toll it levies from all the Barks, from those that only pass, as well as from those which unload here, render it very considerable. The Key reaching along the River is very beautiful, and is defended by several Works well provided with Cannon.

Its Forti-
fications.

Whatever Mr. *Misson* has said to the contrary, the Fortifications of *Mayence* may be called considerable Works. They are well faced with good Ditches, and a very good Counterscarp. It is true the Place is commanded on the South by an Eminence from which it is impossible to cover it, without taking it in, and extending thither great Out-works. The Gate on that Side being situated at the Foot of this Eminence is absolutely in view, and command from it; but it is regularly placed in the Middle of the Courtain, and defended by Bastions flanking it. The Figure of the rest of the Fortifications is pretty extraordinary: This Kind of Fortification is called *Ouvrage à Chaudiere*. The Circumference consists of 16 Polygons. There are however two Places where they could not follow this Plan, one more particularly, where they have left the Face of a Bastion as it were in Air, *i. e.* cut like that of a half Moon, without being continued and joined to the great Line on the other Side of that Face: So that this Line must be defended from a Flank at a Distance, placed in the Form of a Shouldering-piece behind that Face.

I am willing to believe that these grand Faces may be a considerable Succour one to another, but as the Line is oblique, I imagine it to be faulty in that Respect: It is true they may play glancing Shot from these Flanks, but being so extremely small, that there is hardly room for more than one Cannon, and at so great a Distance, they cannot be of great Use. I observed another Defect of great Importance: It is, that the Ditch appeared to me almost quite naked and defenceless; for the Figure of this Kind of Fortification being composed of Salient and re-entering Angles, almost in the Form of a Star-fort, the Counterscarp, in consequence of that Figure, meeting the interior Angle, necessarily juts out very far into the Ditch, and so cuts it off from the

the View of the two Faces. In fine, as it is a very extraordinary Plan, I imagine, that one might learn a great Deal by attacking it, and that Experience would better discover its Defects and Faults than any one can by a bare Sight of it. The Elector keeps a strong Garrison here.

This is all I am able to tell you of this City. I shall only add, that the Elector of *Mayence* has the Precedency of all the other Electors, and that in Quality of Dean of the Electoral College, he appoints the Day of Election, upon the Decease of an Emperor, or when a King of the *Romans* is to be created. He takes the Title of Arch-chancellor for *Germany*, as those of *Treves* and of *Cologne* do, the one for *Gaul*, and the other for *Italy*. You know that the Dignity of Ecclesiastical Elector is elective, and that the Election belongs to the Chapter of each Electorate. That of *Mayence* consists of 24 Canons, who have Voices in the Choice, and who are called *Capitulaires*. The Chapter of *Treves* has 16 *Capitulaires*, and that of *Cologne* 24. All the others who are called *Domiciliares* have not Suffrages: The two former of those Chapters do not admit any into their Canonships, who are not noble for four Generations, and these Canonships are worth about 2000 Crowns of yearly Revenue: They admit neither Counts nor Princes, that being all of the same Quality, every one of them may have an equal Chance for succeeding to the Electorate.

The present Elector, besides the Bishoprick of *Worms*, anciently *Vangiones*, likewise possesses that of *Spire*, formerly *Nemetes*, and that of *Bamberg* in *Franconia*: So that he is Metropolitan of twelve Bishopricks. There are three Places or Dignities in the Chapter of his Nomination, to each of which belongs a Rent of about ten or twelve thousand Crowns.

His Country is fruitful in Corn and Wine, and watered by three considerable Rivers, the *Rhine*, *Mein*, and *Necker*. The last has its Source in *Sua-bia* above the Village of *Zwein*, in the Black-Forest. It passes by *Tubingen*, *Wittingen*, *Stutgard*, *Canstat*, *Lauffen*, *Hailbron*, *Heidelberg*, and runs into the *Rhine* near *Manheim*.

The Revenue of this Archbishoprick, which comprehends within it 25 Bailliages, may amount to about fourteen or fifteen thousand Florins: So that reckoning the Revenues of the Bishopricks of *Worms*, *Spire*, and *Bamberg*, which the present Elector possesses, this Prince is undoubtedly the richest of all the Ecclesiastical Electors.

Tradition says, that Christianity was first preached in this Country by an *Englishman* called *Boniface*, who was the first Bishop of *Mayence*: But some Historians say *Boniface* was the third. He who was Archbishop of *Mayence*, when *Gustavus Adolphus* made War on *Germany*, named *Wambold*, was so obstinate that he would not enter into any Terms of Accommodation with this Prince, and so obliged him to besiege him in his Capital. He himself was so lucky as to make his Escape in the Night to *Cologne* by the River: But the poor Inhabitants paid dear for his Stubbornness: For they were forced to pay two hundred thousand Crowns to *Gustavus* to save their City from being pillaged. The *Jews* were expelled this City in 1433, but re-established afterwards. To conclude, the Elector not being here at present, we had not the Pleasure of seeing him.

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C H A P. XX.

Departure from Mayence. The River Mein. Hochst, a little Town. Francfort, an Imperial City, and its great Commerce. Its celebrated Fairs. The great Church and its Curiosities. False Traditions of the Protestants at Francfort. Reflexions on the golden Legend. The Quarter of the Jews in this City. Their History and Customs.

The River
Mein.

WE embarked early in a Boat drawn by a Horse, and after crossing the Rhine a little above Mayence, we entered into the Mouth of the Mein, a large River, in Latin *Moenus*, and not *Moganus*, as Mr. *Misson* ridiculously calls it. We advanced at a tolerable quick Rate, and soon passed a small Borough called *Coftum*. In a little time after we dined at an indifferent Town in the Electorate of Mayence named *Hochst*; which has a large Castle that was formerly very magnificent, but since destroyed by Fire: Now they begin to rebuild it. It was near to this Place, that *Tilly* and *Gonçales* defeated in 1622, the brave Duke of *Brunswick Halberstad*. The same Day towards the Evening, we got to the famous City of *Francfort*, where we designed to make some Stay.

Francfort.
an Impe-
rial Town
Its famous
Fairs.

Next Day, we took a Walk through the Fair which is kept here twice a Year only, and not thrice, as Mr. *Misson* tells us; the first beginning 15 Days before *Easter*, and the second, the 15th of *September*. During these two Fairs, which bring a vast Confluence of Merchants hither from all Nations, almost all the Houses in *Francfort* are so many Shops or Magazines; and the Streets are filled with portable Tents and Stalls. All these overflow with Merchandize of every Sort, and are never empty of Buyers from Morning till Night. Here the Gallants and the complaisant Husbands, (but the latter are the smaller Number) come to purchase agreeable Presents for their Mistresses and Wives. There is a great Trade at these Times in Books of all Languages and Sciences, which are sent here from all Parts of *Europe*; printed Catalogues of which are distributed: So that there is a mighty Bustle and Stir here on these Occasions: But the rest of the Year there is not much Trade, not much Bookselling more especially; most of these kind of Shops are shut up. In these Fairs there is great Plenty of Horses to be sold, in a large open Place designed for a Horse-market, at the North-side of the Town.

The great
Church,
and its
Curiosities
The Cha-
pel in
which the
Emperor
is elected.

The chief Church of *Francfort*, is dedicated to St. *Bartholomew*: It is a large Building, but there are two Things only that render it worthy of Notice. The first is a little Chapel called, the *Conclave*, which is very long, but narrow. To the Left in it, is a very pauntry Altar indeed, for so celebrated a Place, and along the Walls are Benches of very common Wood. It is here and upon these Benches however, that the Electors sit when they choose an Emperor. According to the ancient Institution, the Electors ought to come here

here fasting, and not stir till the Election is over : So that if they be long about it, they must suffer the Penance of being shut up all the while, without eating or drinking : But the Election is soon over, the Choice being fixed upon before they enter this Conclave.

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The other Thing which deserves Attention in this great Church, is a Chapel, to which the elected Emperor is conducted, to be crowned by the Elector of *Mayence* : It is nothing more than an Iron Cloister without any Ornament, joined to the Ballister of the Quire, somewhat like a Parrot's Cage. The Altar in it has no other Ornament, but a Crucifix of Brass of very indifferent Workmanship.

Another
Chapel
where the
Emperor
is crowned

These are the chief Things in this Church ; and they are remarkable only on Account of the important Ceremonies which are performed in them. There is however a Curiosity of another Sort here. It is the Tomb of a Bishop of *Worms*, whose Statue of white Marble, big as Life, stands in a Niche of black Marble. The Inscription says, that this Prelate was named *John Charles*, and was descended of the House of the *Barons of Frankenstein*, who mount up their Genealogy from Father to Son, to more than 900 Years standing of uninterrupted Nobility. This surely we may call noble Blood, and ancient Nobility. I own I was not a little disappointed and surprised to find nothing more considerable in a Church where the Emperors are crowned, and that belongs to the Catholics, in a Town where almost all the Inhabitants are *Lutherans*. They say here, that it was built by *Pepin King of France*, and greatly enriched by his Son *Charlemagne* ; but the Emperor *Lewis of Bavaria* took away the greatest Part of its Revenues, because its Chapter had sided with the Pope against this Prince.

The
Tombs of
a Bishop
of Worms.

We stop'd a few Minutes at the Entry to the great Bridge of Stone, which leads to *Saxenhausen*, to see a Picture, which is a terrible Libel against the *Jews*. We had often heard of it. It is a Picture, or rather a vile Daubing in Distemper, which represents a dead Infant besmeared with Blood, with this Inscription under it in *German* :

1475. am grünen Donnerstag,
war das kindle in Simon 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ jahr alt
von den Juden umbracht.

That is to say, in the Year 1475, on *Palm-Sunday*, this little Infant *Simon*, A Story about two Years and a half Old, was massacred by the *Jews*. Under the Figure of this Infant is exhibited a *Jew* in a black Cloak, with a Ruff *invented at* riding astride a Hog, with his Face towards the Tail of the Grunter, which *Francfort* he holds in his Hand instead of a Bridle. A huge enormous Devil follows *to defame* him and spits in his Face, and I know not how many Women, accompanied *the Jews.* with a great Number of little Devils are round this poor *Jew*, insulting him with a thousand Outrages, as well as his Companion, whom another Devil carries on his Shoulders.

The Mob of *Francfort* believe this Story like Gospel : And really three Fourths of its Inhabitants are Mob in this Respect ; God knows how you would be handled

Great
Credulity
of the
People of
Francfort.

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handled if you should take it into your Head to call it into Question. In good Earnest I am not ill satisfied to see the *Lutherans* guilty of the same Credulity with which the *Roman Catholics* are so often charged: This Story would afford me a good Opportunity to jeer the *Lutherans* in my Turn, were I of a revengeful Temper, and disposed to render Evil for Evil. But I am willing to let People believe whatever they will, without giving myself any Trouble about the Matter.

This Story
confuted.

Mean time I am persuaded that this Story has been forged to make the *Jews* odious: And they are not the first to whom Crimes, of which they were entirely innocent, have been imputed: Witness the first Converts to Christianity, whom the *Gentiles* treated as Sorcerers, Incendiaries, and Disturbers of the public Peace; and all that out of Hatred to the Name they professed. It is of this *Tertullian* complains, when he says: *Nomen, non Crimen in nobis damnatur; Seditam vox sola prædamnat quia nominatur, non quia vincitur. Odio est in hominibus innocuis nomen innocuum.*

Trifling
Founda-
tion for it.

I had already endeavoured to inform myself of the Circumstances of this pretended Murder, and of the Motive to it; the *Cui bono*: But I was always answered, that nobody could tell for what End the *Jews* murdered this Infant, and that there was no other Foundation for this Story, but an obscure, imperfect Tradition. All that is alleged to verify the Truth of it, is, that the *Jews* had offered the Magistrates a vast Sum, if they would cause this Picture upon the Wall of the Bridge to be effaced; such a scandalous Imputation, do they think, it brings them under. And is not this a very convincing Proof? Upon such Evidence as this, what may not Tradition make to pass for Truth? All I shall say, is, that as often as you are pleased to scepticize about the Catholic Traditions, I will make Reprisals, by calling into doubt those of the *Lutherans* of *Francfort*, who hold more than one such Story as an Article of their Faith. Here is another Sample of their Credulity no less glaring, and which has no better Credentials to vouch for it, than the Leger-demain-Tricks of Doctor *Faustus*.

Another
Story as
absurd
as the
former.

The Steeple of the great Church here has never been finished; and they give this Reason why. Two famous Architects, whose Names they have forgot, undertook at the same Time, the one to build this Steeple, and the other to build the Bridge which joins *Francfort* to *Saxenhausen*. The Former laid a considerable Wager, that he should have his Task finished before the other; but the Latter was more cunning than he. For he made a Compact with the Devil, who engaged to make him win. And for that End; no sooner had the Masons and other Workmen, employed by the Architect to build the Bridge, done their Day's Work, than *Beelzebub*, accompanied with a Dozen of Subaltern Devils, came at the Head of a Legion of the stoutest Ruffians in Hell, and worked at this Bridge all the Night; so that in less than six Hours this Bridge was farther advanced than the Steeple was in a Week, and so was finished before the Steeple was carried higher than it is at present; which so afflicted its Architect, that he threw himself from it in Despair, and knocked out his Brains against the Street.

Now

Now after these two pretty Stories, believed here like the Scripture, I hope you will treat the Traditions of the Roman Catholics with a little more Respect and Mercy; above all the Lives and Miracles of the Saints contained in their famous *Golden Legend*, which have been so edifying to many a godly Soul for many Ages: Ever till the Heretics begun to burlesque them into a *Pantagruelisme*, to cheer their Spirits and banish the Vapours. 'Tis true, two very knowing Catholics, *Lewis Vives*, and *Melchior Canus* a *Dominican* Friar, and afterwards Bishop of the *Canaries*, have very roughly handled the Author of this Legend *Jacobus de Voragine*, who was likewise of the Order of *St. Dominic* and Archbishop of *Genoa*; calling him, *Hominem ferrei oris, plumbei cordis, Judicii nullius aut hebetis*. They have passed the same Sentence against this poor Archbishop, that the famous Chancellor of the University of *Paris*, and *John Rawlin*, a celebrated Doctor in the same University, pronounced against the Authors of the Romance of the *Rose*, and of *Oger the Dane*; in which they assert, that these Authors were as certainly damned as *Judas*, if they died without Repenting, for having composed and published such Works.

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FORT.

Some Re-
marks on
the famous
Golden
Legend,
and its
Author.

However, as a Proof of the Sincerity and Simplicity of my Heart, I will frankly own to you, that amidst many edifying and truly marvellous Things contained in this *Renowned Legend*, I have met with some that have not a little scandalized me as well as *Vives* and *Canus*. Above all, a certain Passage in the Life of *St. Dominic*, which I will relate to you for its Singularity. The Author says, that a certain devout *Nun*, having for a long Time been grievously afflicted with a secret Malady in a certain Part of her Body, (the Text says in precise Terms, at the Top of her Thigh) found herself, one Day, possessed with a strong Inclination to address herself to the above-mentioned Saint; which she had no sooner done, than he appeared to her, and after having greatly praised her Devotion towards him instantly cured her. All this is very well. But what scandalized me is, that this good Saint, says the Author, cured her by a certain Ointment which he drew from under his Frock; and the *Nun* ravished by the Sweetness and Fragrancy of this Ointment, had the Curiosity (Women you know being naturally curious) to ask what it was; upon which the Saint told her, "that this precious Ointment was called, the "Unction of Love, and was so valuable, that it was above all Price." Now I frankly give you Leave, Sir, as for this Story with some others of the same Stamp in this Legend, and the Etymologies of several Saints Names to be found there, to ridicule them as much as you please. For I acknowledge that they are Absurdities of the first Magnitude, and no-wise becoming such a Book.

Comical
Passages
of this
famous
Book.

The Gild-
ed Le-
gend.

Quas ipse
Non sani esse hominis, non sanus juret Orestes.

But if you presume to scoff at the Lives of the Saints, wrote by the Father *Ribadinera*, whom *Patin the Elder* has so much burlesqued, calling the Author anagrammatically, the Father *Badineria*; I protest, I will retort upon you

*Ribadine-
ra's Lives
of Saints.*

1705. and the Learned *Gui*, and make merry with the *Francfort Lutherans*, and their
 April 26. jolly Packet of equally credible Legends.

FRANC-
 PORT.
 The Jew-
 ish Quar-
 ter at
 Francfort.

Their
 Usage
 from the
 People.

Great Se-
 dition at
 Francfort
 in 1614.

The
 Storm
 falls upon
 the poor
 innocent
 Jews.

We spent a whole Day among the Descendants of *Issachar*, *Zabulon*, and *Nephthali*. And in truth, this poor Offspring of *Methusalem* have not the Air of having been able to pay for erasing that Picture of the Murder of *Simon*; for they have a very beggarly Look. The Street where they live is very narrow, but about an *English* Mile long, and execrably dirty. There is a Gate at each End of it, which Care is taken to shut every Evening, and the Keys are carried to the Magistrates. The Houses are for the most Part four, five or six Stories high, and of a Neatness much like that of a Hog-stall. Don't imagine I exaggerate in the least, for we had the Curiosity to visit half a Dozen of them, with Snuff-boxes at our Noses. This little Quarter contains, we were told, about 3 or 4000 Souls; and according to the *Jews* themselves some Thousands more: Yet Dr. *Burnet* says only 1200. The chief Commerce those *Jews* drive is in buying and selling old Ware, and in going from Inn to Inn to shew their Toys and Fripery to Strangers, and change Money which is not current here: And this pitiful Business they are allowed to carry on but five Days in the Week; for *Saturday*, every body knows, is their own Sabbath; and on our *Sunday*, these poor oppressed Creatures dare not appear in the Streets, or they would be soundly pelted by the Christian Mob, so much are they hated in *Germany*. It was purely out of Hatred, very ill founded in my Opinion, that their Ancestors were pillaged and sacked so cruelly, in the Year 1614, by the Populace here in an Insurrection against them; the History of which, you may perhaps not be displeased to hear.

The Citizens of *Francfort* having had some Quarrel with the Magistrates, on Account of Privileges, Matters went to such a Height, that the ancient Senators, after having been beset by the Mob in the Council-chamber for four Days, were forced to lay down their Offices and retire to another Place. The Emperor sent hither an Imperial Mandate, ordering the ancient Magistrates to be re-established, but to no Effect; they found Reasons and Pretences for not regarding it, which they sent to him in Writing. Upon this, another Order was dispatched, to which they payed as little Respect as to the first; protesting that they would suffer the utmost Extremities in their Persons and Fortunes, rather than restore the ancient Magistrates.

During this Squabble, the Principal Authors of the Sedition raised, by Means of their Domestics, a great Commotion in the City the 24th of *August*, the Eve of Saint *Bartolomew*, a Day formerly very fatal to the Protestants in *France*. In the Morning the Mob was seen in Bands through the Town, and some dreadful Scheme was apprehended, Massacre or Plunder, Things which commonly go together in popular Insurrections. But after Dinner they went all in one Body to wreck their Fury upon the Quarter of the *Jews*. At first the *Jews* contented themselves with barricading the Gates of their Street as well as they could; and some of the Inhabitants came to their Assistance. But the Mob thickned from all Corners of the City; and neither the Consuls nor the Citizens, who came in Arms to prevent this Tumult, could hinder it.

The

The Gates were broke open, and the *Jews* putting themselves in a Posture of Defence killed and wounded several of the Ring-leaders of the Mob. This inflamed the Fury of the Populace, and the *Jews* were obliged at last to retire within their Houses, to save, if they could, their Wives and Infants. But being driven from thence, they made their Escape into their Burying-place, where they fortified themselves in the best Manner they were able, abandoning their Houses and all they had in the World, which they could not carry with them, to the Plunderers. And accordingly there was nothing to be seen or heard, but the Noise of breaking up of Coffers and Chests, and pil- laging till Night was well advanced.

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Endea-
vours to
defend
themselves
But to no
purpose.

Next Day early, the greatest Part of the Citizens, a-foot or a-horseback, came well armed to the Quarter of the *Jews*, where the Riot was not yet over. They began by posting strong Guards at all the Entries, and then seized the Plunderers, and took from them what they were carrying off, and put such Effects in a secure Place, in order to restore them to the Proprietors; and so at last put an End to the Insurrection. The *Jews* seeing the Bur- gesses in Arms to defend them, and fearing that the Populace might force their Burying-place in which they had intrenched themselves, begged Leave to retire out of the Town, which was immediately granted to them. The Citizens in Arms escorted them to the River where they embarked, with their Wives and Children and all the Effects which they had saved, or that had been recovered by the Citizens from the Plunderers.

They are
at last re-
scued by
the Citi-
zens, and
leave the
City.

It has been remarked, that in all the Troubles which had ever happened be- fore at *Francfort* the *Jews* had never suffered the smallest Damage neither in their Goods nor Persons; and this fatal Day, they afterwards called, *The Day of their Tribulation*. It is likewise observed, that they had called their Quarter the *Little Jerusalem*; and that the Day they were obliged to fly from *Francfort* was a solemn Fast, they had been in Use to keep, in Memory of the Destruction of the ancient *Jerusalem*, by *Nebuchadnezzor*, and by *Titus* Son to *Vespasian*. There are still extant upon the Subject of this Disaster two *Leonine Verses*, the last of which marks the Year in which this Accident hap- pened.

Remarks
upon this
Accident.

*In Mense Augusto, Bartholomæique profesto,
Francforti, beI Miseros! serVI præDantVr Hebræos.*

The Year following, upon *Easter-Sunday*, the People of *Worms* demolish- ed the *Jewish* Synagogue there to the Ground, maltreated the *Jews* most un- mercifully, and drove them out of their Town, in spite of all the Opposition the Magistrates could make; and that because their Ancestors had cru- cified *Jesus Christ*. Is not this a very proper and suitable Proof of true Zeal for the Christian Religion, the Burden of which is Charity and Mercy? But let us return to the *Jews* at *Francfort*. These miserable oppressed Wretches are obliged under severe Penalties to fetch Water when Fire happens in any Part of this City, however distant from their Quarter it may be. In Recom- pence the Magistracy permits them to choose a Dozen of Judges of their own Body,

They
meet with
the same
Fate at
Worms the
next Year.

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Habit of
Apparel
of Men
and Wo-
men.

Rambles
of the
Christian
Gentry
among
them.

Jewish
Synago-
gue, a dif-
mal Place.

Maids not
admitted
into the
Synago-
gue.

Body, to decide Differences and Quarrels that may happen among them, to which Judges they give the Appellation of *Baromeesters*. Those who will not submit to their Decisions are allowed to appeal to the Tribunals of the *Lutherans*.

As to their Habit, it is suitable to the Cleanliness of their Dwellings. The Men generally wear Cloaks so coarse and thread-bare that you may see the Threads at twenty Foot distance, flat Hats, old greasy Ruffs, that seem to wait as impatiently for a Scouring, as their Masters do for the *Messiah*, and thick pointed Beards. Their Women are not quite so ragged as their Men: They wear above their Cloaths short Cloaks of black Crêpe, bound about their Necks by Clasps of gilt Copper, and round their Shoulders a sparkling Border of Tinsel, shining like Gold, a Foot in Breadth. Their Head-dress was formerly like that of Christian Women. But the Magistracy, to mortify these poor Creatures, have now ordered them to wear the most ludicrous one imaginable, viz. A coarse Wrapper about their Head, ending at their Front, in two large Horns, about four Fingers in Breadth, one of which is covered with black Gawze; and the other with a Bit of Lawn dyed blue. Judge you what a Figure these party-coloured Horns must make on a Woman's Head.

As for those they give to their Husbands they are not visible, tho' Scandal will have it that the Beaux and Coxcombs, among the young Merchants of this City, whose Pockets are well lined with Ducats, sometimes assist at the Ceremonies of their Sabbath, and suffer themselves to be shut up in the *Jewish* Quarter all Night, which they do not pass in singing Psalms. If this scandalous Rumour be true, the Christian Women at *Frankfort* must be so many *Lucreces*, since these Fops, as well fledged as their Purfes are, find themselves necessitated to have recourse to *Jewesses*, who stink so monstrously of Garlick, not to mention the Elegance of the Chambers and Beds of these Charmers, the very Sight of which is enough to blunt the keenest Appetite.

The Synagogue has more the Look of a Kitchen than of a Temple, so smoaky and black are its Walls; and so rank does it smell. All this however did not discourage us from not only venturing our Noses into it, but staying there all the while their Ritual lasted. The *Rabbi*, i. e. the grand modern Priest and Sacrificer, wears a long black Robe down to his Heels and had a large white Beard, a Foot and a half long.

Nam Dominus jussit sapientem pascere Barbam.

As for his Lady, she is covered with a short Cloak of Velvet, dawbed all over with Gold Lace. They are both held in great Veneration, and have the first Rank amongst the Descendants of *Abraham*.

Girls are not permitted to enter into the Synagogue: They must be married in all the Forms before they can enjoy this Privilege. They are distinguished from the married Women by their Head-dress, which is nothing but a Piece of Red Taffety, bordered with a Gold Gawze, with which their Hair is gathered and tied,

One of our Company, not well versed in the *Jewish* History, asked me very simply, Whether the *Jewish* Women were not circumcised as well as their Men? Which Question diverted us not a little for some time, and brought back to my Memory what I had formerly read in *Pancirolos*, a famous *Italian* Author, concerning *Gyges* King of *Lydia*, so famous for his Ring which rendered him invisable, viz. That he was the first who took it into his Head to geld his Concubines, that they might always preserve an Air of Youth.

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FORT.
A comical
Question
about the
Jewish
Women,
and Re-
marks up-
on it.
Singular
Ear-rings
they wear.
Jewish
Baths.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that a great Number of *Jewesses* wear Ear-rings, which represent the Signs of their Houses or Shops; as for Instance, if a Cat be the Sign, the Wife or Girl of the House carries dangling at her Ears two little Kittens of Copper gilt, and so on as to the rest.

By the Synagogue are their hot and cold Baths: The former are in two little Rooms, where there are Cauldrons for warming the Water: The Cold are in a subterraneous Place about thirty Foot deep, to which descends a Stair of as many Steps, each a Foot thick, surrounded by an Iron-rail, where twenty Women watch to see, that she, who baths herself, plunge over Head and Ears into the Water; for their ancient Laws ordain that every Hair be purified. However that be, I am sure one can't stay long in this Bath without perishing; for we but just looked into it, and were almost frozen with Cold.

We payed a Visit to another of their Houses, which put me in Mind of a Place Sutler in the Army's Kitchen or Shop. Its Furniture consisted of two or three long Tables, and as many Ovens for dressing their Sabbath-Victuals. The Eve each Family carries its Pot, with a Mark to distinguish it; and poor Christians, who are paid for it, put these Pots into the Oven, while the *Jews* are keeping their Sabbath. When their Service is over, every one comes and distinguishes his own Pot, and sends it home, and they go to Dinner.

This is all I have to tell you of the *Francfort Israelites*. They are the very Picture of Misery. Our Guides through their Synagogue, Habitations and Baths, passed for the best tufted among them; yet they did not fail to ask us *Trinet-Gelt* for their Trouble, as pitifully as the poorest Beggar could have done; so I leave you to judge whether it be probable that these Wretches could have proffered a large Sum to the Magistracy, if they would consent to let the Picture of the Murder of the Infant *Simon* be destroyed.

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C H A P. XXI.

Francfort continued. Its Fortifications, and those of Saxenhausen on the other Side of the Mein. The Town-house and its Singularities. Remarkable Story of a late Elector of Saxony. The Famous Golden Bull described. Several Particulars concerning the same. A Summary of the Articles contained in it. This Bull very little minded in several material Events. The Constitution of the Empire very much altered in many Instances. The Hall where the Emperor dines after his Election. The Entry of Gustavus Adolphus into Francfort.

Its Forti-
fications
described.

WE went this Day to view the Ramparts and Fortifications of this City, which are both regular and solid. They make a *Decagon*, i. e. they consist of ten Bastions, all which are faced with hewn Stone. There was formerly, as I was told, a great Defect in them; to wit, that the Works were too low, and that in some Places the Counterscarp was higher than the Parapets. I imagine the Design was to make the Lines as rasant as possible. But they have heightened the Works which were too low, and have raised others behind them in the Manner of Retirades or Retrenchments of Earth, well beaten and covered with Turf. I observed that to defend and flank their Ditches the better, they have opened along the Faces and Flanks of the Bastions, some low Port-holes 'twixt Wind and Water; but they appeared to me useless, both on Account of the Impossibility of hindering the Water from getting into them, and because the Smoke, having no Breathing-holes for evaporating itself, would blind and suffocate any one that should attempt to go there to do any thing that could be of Use. The Ditches are deep and filled with fresh Water; and all the Out-works, I saw, consist of certain flying ones placed before the Gates. The best defended is that in the Middle. It is covered by a detached Work that advances a little into the Ditch. This is a massy substantial Work, prolonging its Face in a right Line, upon the two Sides of which are two Perpendiculars that serve for Flanks, well faced with Parapets of Earth Bomb-proof. This shocks at first Sight; for one is apt to fancy the Faces of the neighbouring Bastions not to be well so defended. And it is true, that Work hinders the Fire from Flank to Flank in a great Measure: But the Bastions fronting one another are seen by the whole rasant Line, their second Flank being drawn about a Third from the Curtain, and receive a powerful Succour from the Flank and two Thirds of the Face of the Advance-foss; for it is constructed in such a Manner that it has a full Sight of all the Works behind and on each Side of it.

Scarce any
Cannon,
and no
Garrison
in these
Fortifica-
tions.

What surprised me much was that there was not above a Dozen of Cannon in all these Works, nor not so much as a single Sentinel. Our Conductor observing my Surprize at this, gave me this Reason for it. The Inhabitants of *Francfort*, says he, being chiefly Negotiants very much at their Ease, are wiser

wiser than to keep a Garrison to eat them up; and think themselves, in Case of Need, capable of defending their Town without having Recourse to mercenary Soldiers, for the most Part insolent and brutal. However, he added very sincerely, that if a considerable Detachment of the *French* Army had threatned to bombard this Town, before the Battle of *Hogbset*, he did not doubt but the Magistrates would have forthwith carried the Keys to the Commander.

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A mighty pretty Thing indeed! and what do you think of the Bravery and Parsimony of Mercantile People in general? In Truth your King *Charles II.* was not far in the wrong when he said, that Merchants bring Wealth to a Place, but that in another Sense they are a sad Race. What made him say so was, because he knew that during the War which *Lewis XIV.* and he declared against the *Dutch* in 1672. great Numbers of Merchants in *Amsterdam*, *Rotterdam* and *Zeeland*, sent several Vessels into *France* loaded with Masts, Sails, Cordage, Anchors, and all the other Necessaries for equipping the Fleet that was preparing to attack their Country by Sea, while a Land-Army of above 150000 Men had, with amazing Rapidity, made themselves Masters of three of their Provinces. But what was that to Merchants? among whom those who can make most Money, at any Rate, are reckoned the best Men.

Remarks
on the
Avarice of
Merchants

——— *Lucri bonus est odor ex re
Qualibet.* ———

As said the Miser *Vespasian* to his Son *Titus*, when he upbraided him for his Meanness in imposing a Tax upon Urine, as *Suetonius* and *Juvenal* inform us.

In walking through the Streets, I observed Pine-trees planted by the Doors of several Houses, and Cyphers painted on the Posts of these Doors. Our Guide told us, these Houses were Taverns, and that these Cyphers marked the different Prices of the Wines in their Cellars. This last Article appears to me, a very great Convenience to the Votaries of *Bacchus*.

Price of
Wines on
the Doors
of the Ta-
verns.

After having viewed the Fortifications of this Town, we crossed the *Mein* to *Saxenbousen*. I believe I have already told you, that this River is large, and pretty rapid. The Bridge which makes the Communication between *Francfort* and *Saxenbousen* has 15 Arches, and is near 100 Paces in Length. At *Saxenbousen* there is little worth Notice, except its Fortifications, which are tolerably good. There is a large Horn-work with a Ditch full of Water, and a Covert-way very judiciously contrived, ranging on the Head of the Ditch, which must be passed to go to *Saxenbousen* on the Land-side. There are six Bastions in all: But they are irregular Pieces, which flank one another very ill: They are out of all Rule and Proportion. There is, however, on one of them a large Cavalier to oppose a commanding Eminence to the Right in entring, which would be a good Defence enough, did not the Ground below slope, and widen as it slopes towards the River, in such a Manner as to make by its Inequalities a Covert from this Cavalier as well as from all

*Saxenbou-
sen*, its
Fortifica-
tions.

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the Works to the Left, under which Lines of Attack might be approached to the very Ditch. Some Salient and re-entring Angles compleat the Fortification on this Side, and defend the Passage of the River. The Left also is very weak: The Bastions are small and ill flanked: The Counterscarp is very high which makes the Glacis steep; but the Ditches are large and always full of Water, and meet the *Mein* at a Point of the last Bastion, which is the strongest of them all, and compleats the Defences on the Side of the River.

Exchange
for the
Town of
Hochst.

Saxenhausen formerly belonged to the Elector of *Mayence*; but it was bartered, about a hundred Years ago, for the Town of *Hochst*, which depended on *Francfort*; since this Change one of the Counsellors of this City must reside at *Saxenhausen*. There is here a very large House belonging to the Knights of the *Tentonic Order*, which is a Sanctuary to Assassins and Bankrupts for 15 Days; but that Time being expired, they may be taken up. The greatest Part of the Territory in the Jurisdiction of *Francfort* is on this Side of the River; that on the other is not of great Extent.

Gardens
and
Vineyards
on the
Mein.

There being no more to see at *Saxenhausen*, we took a Walk by the Side of the *Mein*. It is adorned on this Side, with a vast Number of Gardens filled with Vines, some propped and others in the Form of Arbours: But the Wines they produce are not very strong. Our Guide led us into one belonging to his Father, pretty large and in good Order. He assured us that the Wine of this Growth is reckoned the best in that Soil, especially after it is two years old: But there is nothing extraordinary in this; for his Father, as he told us, every Year lays a golden Border about his Vines, *i. e.* he saves no Expence in dunging and dressing them, to make them fruitful in rich Grapes.

The
Town-
house de-
scribed.

The Town-house is worth seeing: It is a vast Building. We were first of all brought into a Hall where the Emperor is chosen, which is not very large. We could neither see the Tapestry, nor the black Velvet Arm-chairs for the Electors, which, Mr. *Misson* says, make one of its Ornaments; but in Lieu of these, a large Table covered with a very sorry green Carpet, and a Dozen of old Chairs covered likewise with green Serge, and some tolerably good Pictures.

Several re-
markable
Pictures.

One of *Esber* and *Abasuerus*; but the Figures are cloathed according to the Mode about 100 Years ago, *i. e.* with Fardingales, Ruffs, Doublets with Skirts, and pointed Hats, &c. There is likewise the History of *Susanna* and her two old Lovers: That of *Dionysius* the Tyrant, and the Parasite *Damocles*, with a noble Repast before him, which he does not touch for Fear of a Sword which hangs by a feeble Thread directly over his Head: That of *Sesostris* King of *Egypt*, with the Captive Kings dragging his Chariot: That of *Eginard* Secretary to *Charlemagne*, and of *Emma* his Spouse, Daughter to that Emperor: That of *Scipio Africanus* restoring a young Captive Princess to her Bridegroom without taking the Tythe, as *Livy* tells us: And that of *Bersheba* in the Bath, to whom one of her Bed-chamber-Women gives a Billet-doux from *David* the Royal Prophet.

Pleasant
Repartee
of an Ele-
ctor of
Saxony.

I mention these Pictures to you purely for the Sake of telling you a pleasant Story with which the Secretary of the Town-Council diverted us. At

the Opening, said he, of a Conference held in this Chamber among the Electors, in 1683, the Elector of Cologne, a good Prince, but a little bigo-^{1705.} tish, would not enter here till they had covered all the Pictures in which there ^{April 26.} were any Nudities; which was done to please him: But this scrupulous Prince ^{FRANC- FORT.} had no sooner taken his Seat, than the Elector of Saxony, Father to the present King of Poland, who was the *Archi-Biberius-mero* of Germany, ordered all the Pictures to be uncovered, saying *Omnia sana sanis*.

A Digression for a Moment, if you please, with Regard to this Elector: the Story is not long. An *Italian* passing through *Dresden*, the ordinary Re-^{That} sidence of this Prince, was told by *Saxon* Gentlemen with whom he dined, ^{Prince was} that their Master usually drank a Dozen of Wine at a Repast, to which he ^{a prodi-} answered in Latin, *Ergo est Elector Bibentissimus*. And when one of these ^{gious} Gentlemen, thinking he was making an Encomium on his Prince in men- ^{Drinker.} tioning his Bacchical Strength and Feats, added; that sometimes he would swallow two Dozen, and when he found himself uneasy, he had no more to do but to thrust a Feather down his Throat, which made him empty his Stomach, and then he could return afresh to the Charge: The *Italian* replied without Hesitation; *Ergo Elector vester Bibentissimus habet Stomacum obedi-*
entissimum.

Railery aside, may we not justly apply to these Hogthead-emptiers, Princes, ^{Reflexion} or not Princes, what a very gallant Man formerly said to a certain Guzler, ^{on such} who filled and emptied in the same Manner with the Elector of Saxony. ^{Kind of} ^{Sots.}

*Sæpe bibis, quò sæpè vomas, & sæpè voracem
Distendas miseri corporis ingluviem.
Quin si fortè tenax stomacho cibus hæserit, hunc vel
Dextra, vel in fauces indita penna ciet.
Tanquam sis genitus perdenda ad vina, nec ulli
Te Natura aliò finxerit Officio.
O, dignum laqueo facinus! Quodcunque voratur,
Turpiter ingeritur, turpius egeritur.*

Let us return to the Election Chamber. There is another Picture here, in ^{Other} which there are Nudities not a little immodest. It is one representing the Cu- ^{Pictures.} riosity of the Females, to whom *Minerva* had entrusted her Basket, in which the little *Erichthonius* with his Dragon's Tail was shut up. You know that the secret History of the Gods, wrote by their Scandal-monger *Momus*, gives out, that *Vulcan* had hammer'd (among others) at the monstrous Child of which *Minerva* was delivered. And there may be something in it; for this Cripple of a God was an arch Forger, and was besides not displeased at any Opportunity of revenging himself on the Sister, since her Brother *Mars* had cuckolded him many and many Times.

In this Hall, the Secretary of the Council shewed us one of the three Ori- ^{The fa-} ginals of the Famous Golden Bull: The other two are, one at Prague the ^{mous Bul-} Capital of *Bohemia*; the other at *Nuremburg*, not at *Meidelberg*, as Mr. *Misson* ^{la Aurea,} says. This Bull is not exhibited to Strangers but in the Presence of two ^{or Golden} Counsellors ^{Bull exact-} ^{ly describ-} ^{ed.}

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Counsellors and the Secretary. It is a little Manuscript in *Quarto*, consisting of 42 Leaves of Parchment, instead of 24, according to Mr. *Misson's* Account. This Manuscript is covered with another dirty wrinkled Piece of Parchment, on each Side of which there is pasted half a Leaf of the Manuscript. The Seal of Gold weighing 20 Ducats is appended to it by a Cord of yellow Silk: Mr. *Misson* says, of Silk of different Colours, and that this Seal is two Inches and a half in Diameter, and a Line in Thickness. I measured it with great Care, and found it three large Inches in Diameter, and a Line and a half in Thickness. As to the Inscriptions and other Things, he gives them very accurately. One Thing however had escaped his Exactness, which I remarked; viz. that in the Escutcheon of the Empire, to the Right of the Emperor *Charles IV*, the Eagle is represented with one Head, as in the Time of the ancient *Romans*, and not with two, as they have thought fit to represent it for several Ages.

Cuspinian
refuted
about the
Arms of
the Em-
pre.

If we may believe the Learned *Cuspinian*, the Arms of the Empire are not an Eagle with two Heads, but two Eagles joined Back to Back; and that, says he, "in Memory of the two *Roman* Eagles which *Arminius* Prince of the *Cherusci*, gained at the Defeat of the three Legions which *Quintus Varus* commanded in *Germany*, in the Reign of *Augustus*:" He adds, "that the Eagle of the third Legion was thrown into a Marsh by the Standard-Bearer, that the Enemy might not seize it:" And he pretends, that the other two are still kept some-where in *Germany*, but he does not name the Place. With all due Deference to this learned Man, there seems to be very little Probability in the last Article; since these two military Ensigns of the ancient *Romans*, taken from them by one of the bravest and most renowned Princes of the ancient *Germans*, are Pieces of Antiquity of the rarest Kind, that would do Honour to the Modern *Germans*, if they were shewn to the Curious instead of hiding them without any Reason. However that may be, this Eagle puts me in Mind of another over the Gate of the Bridge leading to *Saxenhousen*, which has two Heads, both of them turned the same Way.

Several
Particulars
concern-
ing the
Golden
Bull.
A Mistake
in *Sleidan*

Another Particularity in the *Golden Bull*, which Mr. *Misson* does not mention, is, that the first Part, which is about the Half of it, was given at *Nuremburg*, by the Emperor *Charles IV*. in the 1356. (*Sleidan* says in 1362 :) But the other was given at *Metz*, about the End of the same Year, as the Title of the second Part, which is towards the Middle of the Manuscript, expressly bears. The whole is wrote in *Latin* and in *Gothic* Characters without Diphthongs, but is easy to read. This famous Manuscript is kept very carefully in a Box varnished with black, together with two Copies also in Manuscript, of a Translation of it into the *German* Tongue, the one contemporary with the Original, the other much more Modern. Probably it was this led your Famous Dr. *Burnet* into the Mistake, when he says, in the first Edition of his Travels, that the *Bulla Aurea* being wrote in the *German* Language, upon a large Parchment, he did not ask to see it, because he did not understand that Tongue. What an unaccountable Blunder in this learned Prelate!

And of
Dr. *Bur-*
net.

Besides

Besides, here and at Vienna, in 1697, the *Golden Bull* has been printed, with the German Version and a Commentary, in one small Volume in *Folio*, large Character. I found here in a Booksellers Shop by Chance, an Edition of it in *Quarto*, printed in this Town in 1611, with an ample History and full Detail of the Coronation of *Maximilian II.* in 1562. adorned with very fine wooden Cuts. This Edition is very rare, and on that Account I bought it.

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Here, Sir, is all I have to say of this famous *Bull*, of which many have spoken who never saw or at least never examined it. See in a few Lines the Substance of what it comprehends. *Hæc Sanctio, quam Legem Carolinam etiam dicunt, comprehendit Leges, Ritusque in Electione Imperatoris servandos, & consulit potestati, autoritatieque omnium Ordinum; atque inter sese Imperatorem & Principes ad eum modum devincit, ut in Reipublica, Patria, Imperii, & Vicinorum detrimentum aut perniciem, nemini movere moliri quicquam impurè liceat. Cæterum, inter alias conditiones & constitutiones, hanc optimam de Regum & Imperatorum Creatione edidit, idque præcipuum statuit Carolus, ut qui de cætero ad Cæsaream aspiraret Dignitatem, etiam variarum Linguarum peritiam haberet, præsertim Latina, Italica, Gallica, Liburnica, & Germanica; ut deinde creatus Imperator, variis Linguis sine Interprete Subditis respondere posset.*

The Sum
of this
Bull.

As to the last Article it is no more minded than the Regulation concerning the Number of the Electors, which ought not to exceed Seven, though there be at present Nine. And how many other Things are there besides, in which the Spirit of the Ordinances in this *Bulla Aurea* are not observed, though the Intention of the Institutor was to render them perpetual and immutable. The Election, for Instance, of an Emperor, now become in a manner Hereditary for these three Ages past in the House of *Austria*, is it not a convincing Proof of what I advance? Hath not this many times threatened Ruin to the Liberty of *Germany*? Without the surprizing Efforts of *Gustavus Adolphus* to support it, was not that considerable Part of *Europe* upon the Brink of becoming the Slave of one single Family, not very considerable in its Origin? Even at present, may not the Germanic Body formerly so potent, the Liberties and Privileges of which the *Golden Bull* was intended to preserve, with Reason say:

It is often
laid aside
in several
material
Points.

*Non sum qualis eram, magni cum præmia Regni
Virtuti meritisque darem; nulloque coactu,
Liberæ Septenus ferret suffragia Princeps.
Nunc alia est rerum facies, aliasque reposcunt
Fata vices: Liceat vel nota efferre, suamque
Digerere in seriem. Priscos diffavit bonorum
Invida fors titulos: abit indignata sub auras
Libertas, sedesque negat jam nosse priores.
Sic submissa iugo, primi vel nominis umbram
Vix teneo: Sic partiri mea præmia dudum
Dedidici, postquam noto de tramite Septem
Defecere Viri, captivæque vota Legentum
Semper in Austriacum transfert Francfordia Nomen.*

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O, Electores, servum genus! ut mihi turget
 Bile jecur vitrea, famulanti vota tuenti!
 Siccine Teutonicis virtus emareuit oris?
 Una Domus superest Aquilæ? par una tuendis
 Fascibus Imperii? Generis quod gloria vobis
 Vanuit, & toties dignati hoc jure Penates?
 Quid? caput Imperio pridem dare Saxo, Boëmus,
 Franco, Palatinus, Bavarus potuere Domusque
 Suevica; nunc unam spectant ea Jura Viennam?

The Hall
 where the
 Emperor
 dines after
 his Electi-
 on, and its
 Pictures.

From the Hall of the Election, we passed into another where the Emperor dines after he is anointed. He eats alone at his Table, but the Electors have their separate Tables here also, and the Floor is covered with black and yellow Cloth, the Livery of the House of Austria. There is not the least Furniture in this Hall. Upon its Cieling is painted the Story of *Ganimede* carried away by the Eagle of *Jupiter*, and the History of a false Witness who had accused a Person of Murder. When he had confirmed his false Evidence by his Oath; a large Raven having forced his Way through one of the Windows of this Hall, perched on the Villain's Head, tore out his Eyes with its Beak, and made him swim in his Blood. The Miscreant touched with Remorse, confess'd his Crime, and had his Head struck off. Don't tell me that this Story seems to be a Copy from that of the Raven which treated in the same Manner the poor *Gaul*, who in the Gaulic War attacked *Valerius Maximus*, from hence surnamed *Corvinus*. For this Story is not painted in a Convent, but in the Town-house of *Francfort* by the Order of a *Lutheran Magistracy*, and not by *Monks*.

The En-
 try of *Gu-*
stavus A-
dolphus in-
 to *Franc-*
fort.

When *Gustavus Adolphus* King of Sweden was in the Neighbourhood of this City, he demanded a Passage through it for his Army; which was granted him with good Grace. This Prince entered into the City at the Head of his Troops the 17th of November 1631; and it was remarked that he kept his Hat off all the Time, and saluted every one who looked at him as he passed.

*Fortunata Dies, quæ te Francfordia bello
 Exemptam, trepidoque metu, curisque solutam
 Jussit in Arctoa requiescere Principis umbrâ!
 Quam placitum est, medio cum celsior agmine Princeps
 Teutonicos inter Procures, atque arma suorum
 Iræ, & Hesperio populam salvere juberet
 Vetus equo, tunicâque nitens, quam nobile textum
 Permeat, & Phrygio variavit dextera limbo;
 Astreperentque tubæ, lituisque sonantibus auræ
 Accinerent, Equitumque manus, Peditumque Cohortes,
 Multaque belligero sequeretur Machina cultu!*

Gariffoles Adolphid. Lib. IV.

The

The Affability of this King gained him the Affections of the Magistrates, and all the Inhabitants. Upon his Return to this City three Days afterwards, they entertained him most magnificently at the Town-House, in the same Hall where the Emperor dines after his Election. History tells us, that this King was attended at this Entertainment by the *Landgraves* of *Hesse-Cassel* and *Darmstadt*, the Duke *Bernard* of *Weymar*, and 17 sovereign Counts of the Empire, who adhered to him.

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CHAP. XXI.

Francfort continued. The new Church of the Lutherans. Their Severity towards the Calvinists. Bochinheim, where the latter go to their Worship. Their Riches and great Number. Origin and Government of Francfort. The Jesuits could never get Footing there. The Councils that have been held at Francfort.

WE went to Day to see the new Church of the *Lutherans*, which is incontestably the finest in *Francfort*. At one End of this Church immediately under the Organ, there is a splendid Altar of black Marble with white Veins adorned with wreathed Pillars, the Chapiters of which are gilded. The Altar-piece is by a good Painter. It represents *Jesus Christ* in the Garden of *Gethsemane*, supported by an Angel who presents to him a Chalice, out of which comes a red Cross. Above this Picture is a large Oval in which there is a Crucifix, and upon each Side of it an Angel of white Marble, Figures that weep heartily, and hold each a gilded Palm in their Hand; the Oval is adorned with Festoons and richly gilt. Before this Altar there is a Table of black Marble which serves for the Eucharist: The whole is balustrated with wreathed Pillars of black Marble. The Pulpit is of the same kind of Marble and adorned with Gilding and Sculpture, and has a little Dome over it, upon which is represented a Pelican in her Nest, which pierces her Side to fetch Blood for her Young. The Cieling of this Church is painted with Histories taken from the Old and New Testament, as is also a double Gallery, which reaches the whole Length of it.

The new
Church,
and its
Singularity.

I observed two Singularities in it. In a Picture representing the Prophet *Elijah* in the Desert, and the two Ravens which brought him Food, the Man of God sits upon the Trunk of a Tree with a large Cage at his Feet, in which there is a young Raven the Off-spring, no doubt, of the Raven that fed the Prophet. Now what can one infer from this Cage, but that the Painter thought the Prophet had really placed one by him, with the young Raven in it, to draw the Father and Mother there to feed their young one, in order to profit by the Opportunity? The other Singularity is that among the Twelve lesser Prophets painted in 12 different Pieces; the same Painter has dressed the Prophet *Hosea* quite in a Cardinal's Habit at *Rome* on solemn Occasions, the red Hat only excepted, which he durst not perhaps give him for Fear of bringing the *Vatican* Thunder upon his Head. 'Tis true his Brother

Two very
extraordi-
nary Pi-
ctures.

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Service
in that
Church.The
Tomb of
the learn-
ed Ludolf.Bocken-
heim, Place
of Wor-
ship for
the Calvi-
nists, who
are severe-
ly used by
the Luthe-
rans.

Brother Painters have not always shewed the same Respect for the holy See; for the greater Part of them, when they took it into their Heads to paint the *Trinity*, have had the Impertinence to put the Pontifical *Tiara* or Triple Crown upon the Head of God the Father, without fearing to offend his Vicar on Earth.

As the Hour for Prayers happened to strike while we were in this Church, we saw mount into the Pulpit a *Lutheran* Doctor in a long Gown, with an antique Ruff about his Neck, an ill combed Peruke black as a Coal, but shining with Grease or Sweat, as well as his lusty bushy Beard cut to a Point. He said some Prayers in the *German* Tongue which lasted an Hour and a half, and then some Litanies, in which there are as many *Kyrie-Eleysons* as in the Liturgy you know where.

I must not forget to tell you, that the Learned Mr. *Ludolf*, Author of the History of *Ethiopia*, who died here about six Months ago, is buried, not within, but without this Church, near the Entry, and that according to his fanciful Will. I should have thought this great Man above such an unaccountable Whim, and to have been of the same Opinion with one who said more wisely: *Nihil interest intrare an extra putrescam*. He was a *Saxon* by Birth, and a Man of profound Learning.

We took an Opportunity of a *Sunday* to go to *Bockenheim*, which is about a League from *Francfort*, in the Territory of the Count de *Hanau*. It is the Place where the *Calvinists* go to Church. When we came to the Gate of the Town that leads to it, we found it shut, and they do not open it till nine a Clock, though the rest are opened at Six. This we were told is done through the Malice of the Magistrates who are *Lutherans*, and take Pleasure in giving as much Trouble to the *Calvinists* as they can: Not only will they not suffer them to have Churches in their Town, or in any of their Territories; but they oblige them to marry and baptize their Children in the *Lutheran* Churches, and take Delight in making them wait sometimes two or three Hours before they are allowed to go out of the Town, in order to worship God in their own Way. The more considerable and rich among them, have often offered a large Sum to the Magistracy for Leave to assemble in *Francfort*, were it but in a Barn; but this Liberty has always been obstinately refused them. They have even threatned on some Occasions to quit the Town and go to *Mayence*, or to a very agreeable Place opposite to it, which hath been offered to them by the Elector and the Chapter of the Cathedral *gratis*, with full Liberty of Conscience, and Leave to build a Town. But all this has made no Impression upon these Hard-heads, or rather Hearts. *Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum!* Now when one considers how much the *Calvinists* suffer from the false Zeal of the *Lutherans* here, who call themselves Protestants; even to such a Degree as to have moved the Catholics at *Mayence* to offer those *Calvinists* an *Asylum* amongst them; when one considers this, is it at all surprizing, that the *Calvinists* have been so miserably used in *France*?

For

For my Part, who am an Enemy to Oppression, and detest all Sorts of Persecution, especially in Matters of Religion, I wish I had Eloquence enough to persuade the *Calvinists* of *Francfort* to accept the Offers of the Elector of *Mayence* and his Chapter, and so take hearty Revenge upon the *Lutherans*. First of all, it is certain that *Mayence* is at least as agreeable a Place as *Francfort*, and much better situated for Trade. Secondly, as the chief Trade of the latter, whether in Banking or Merchandise, is in the Hands of the *Calvinists*, no doubt, it would follow them wherever they went; so that they have no more to do, but to take a firm Resolution to quit *Francfort*, and it would in a few Years become very desert, since the *Calvinists* do not make a contemptible Part of its Inhabitants. The Cities of *Antwerp* and *Lubeck*, are Examples of what I have been saying, having lost their great Commerce in the same Manner; an Opportunity *Amsterdam* and *Hamburg* well knew how to make their Advantage of.

1705.
May 7.
FRANC-
FORT.
How the
former
might Re-
venge
themselves
upon the
latter.

All this, you will say, has some Shew of Reason and Probability; but what Trust can the *Calvinists* of *Francfort* place in the Word of an Ecclesiastical Elector and his Chapter? Since it is so well known, that Catholics in general maintain this pernicious Doctrine, *That they are not bound in Conscience to keep Faith with Infidels; or with those whom they call Heretics*. To this I reply, besides that all Catholics do not maintain this detestable Principle, Self-love, Interest, and the great Profit arising from the Commerce the *Calvinists* would bring along with them to *Mayence*, and its Inhabitants, and by consequence to the Elector and his Chapter, would be Motives of Force enough to engage them to observe faithfully whatever Treaty they might for these Reasons make with the *Calvinists*.

Obj-ction
against
this Me-
thod an-
swered.

What convinced us of the Wealth and Numerousness of the *Calvinists* at *Francfort*, was the great Number of Coaches we saw without the Town. We counted more than 250 in the high Road to *Bockenheim*, most of which were very magnificent; and there was besides a vast Number of Men, Women, and Children, who were going thither a-horseback, or on Foot. They have two Churches in this Village, the *German*, in which we saw more than 2000 Persons, and one for the *French* Refugees, and other *Calvinists* of *Francfort*, and the adjacent Places, who understand *French*. All these would desire nothing better than a Settlement in a Place where they should have the free Exercise of their Religion, while they carried on their Commerce, without being obliged to travel every Sunday a long League, not unfrequently in Wind and Rain, to hear a Sermon.

The Cal-
vinists are
numerous
and rich.

They have four Ministers for these two Churches, two *German* and two *French*. The Poor chiefly, among the *Calvinists*, have good Reason to complain loudly against the Injustice and Malice of the *Lutherans*, in not allowing them so much as a Barn or Stable to pray to God in without Disturbance, while they permit the *Jews* to have a Synagogue, as if the Commerce of the latter at *Francfort* were more considerable than that of the *Calvinists*. Your Dr. Burnet positively asserts in his Travels, that the three Religions *Lutheran*, *Catholic*, and *Calvinist*, are tolerated at *Francfort*, which is so far from being true, that the *Calvinists* are obliged, as I have just told you,

Their Mi-
nisters.

Dr. Bur-
net cor-
rected.

1705.
May 7

FRANC-
FORT.

The
Origin,
Name,
Situation,
Riches,
&c. of
Francfort.

to undergo the Fatigue of going in all Sorts of Weather through Dirt and Mud a full League every Sunday to worship, and to carry their Provisions with them, or fast all Day; the Village of *Bockenheim* not being able to furnish Victuals to the hundredth Part of those who go thither on Sundays.

Francfort is an ancient City. Some Authors ascribe its Origin to *Marcomire*, Duke of *Franconia*, Father to *Pharamond*; others to one of his Predecessors named *Francus*, who lived 100 Years before him, and say it was anciently called *Trajectum Francorum*: But there is no Certainty in all this. What is sure is, that it was called *Helenopolis* from *Helen*, Mother to *Constantine* the Great: Now, it is called *Frankofurtum ad Mœnum*, to distinguish it from *Frankofurtum ad Oderam*, in the Marquisate of *Brandebourg*. It is one of the Hanse and imperial Towns in *Germany*; and tho' it be of the Circle of *Franconia*, it is properly in *Veteravia*, of which it is the Capital. It stands on the *Mein* in a wide champain Country; and is very well situated for bringing Corn and Wine in Abundance from the Palatinate and *Franconia*. It is round, and has no Suburbs, but is much larger, richer, and better peopled than *Mayence*, tho' not so pleasantly situated. The Streets are generally narrow; the Houses are mostly built of Timber and Plaister, and covered with Slate. There are some however built of a Sort of red Marble like those in *Mayence*. Its Commerce and Fairs make it famous through all *Europe*; and you know that it is the ordinary Place where the Emperor is elected: But perhaps you may not know that on the Day of the Emperor's Instalment, a whole roasted Ox is served up to him, larded and stuffed with all Sorts of wild Fowl, Venison, and sucking Pigs. This you see is outdoing the ancient *Romans*, who at a Festival served up, among other Things, a whole wild Boar roasted. When the Emperor has dined, this Ox is abandoned to the Populace, who make themselves merry with it.

Its Go-
vernment
and Reli-
gion.

The Government here is quieter than in most of the other great imperial Towns: The People are not of so tumultuous a Disposition. Its Liberties and Immunities which it boasts of holding originally from *Charlemagne*, seem to be better established than those of the other imperial Cities. Besides, it is not subject to the Pretensions of any Prince. The Magistracy which governs it, and the greater Part of its Inhabitants are *Lutherans*; yet they have but five Churches, whereas the Catholics, which are the smaller Number, are in Possession of the principal Church, and have a Convent of *Dominicans*, another of *Carmes*, and two or three of other Orders.

Jesuits
could
never get
a footing
here.

The Sons of *Loyola*, with all their Ambition, Activity, and Cunning, have never been able to get footing here, tho' they have left no Means untried to establish themselves in this Town. Probably the Magistrates here knew the History of their Settlement in *Japan*, and the Disorders which the affected Zeal of these good Fathers has occasioned at different Times in many Countries; and therefore they always received their Applications with a *Vade retro Satanas*.

The Ma-
gistracy
and their
Jurisdic-
tion.

The Magistracy is divided into three Classes. The first consists of 14 *Echevins*, one of which is always a Burgo-master, and has for his Colleague one

one of the second Class, which consists of 14 Councillors: These two Classes are Patricians, and the Grand Bailiff, who is always President of the Council, is chosen out of the former: His Office is during Life, as well as that of the *Ecbevins*. The third Class is *Plebeian*, and is also composed of 14 Persons, chosen out of the Corporations of Crafts by the *Patrician* Classes, into which these fourteen never enter. Besides these three Classes there are likewise *Syndics*, whose Power is very limited. The *Calvinists* may exercise no Employment, except that of Director of an Hospital, which was founded in 1679. for the Relief of poor Strangers, without Distinction of Religions.

1705.
April 26.
FRANC-
FORT.

These Directors are twenty in Number, among whom there are but two *Calvinists*; nor is even that Number admitted into this Charge, but because it is troublesome and expensive, and has no Salary or Profits attending it. The Jurisdiction of *Francfort* extends but to *Saxenbousen*, and some neighbouring Villages.

To draw to a Conclusion, there was a Council held here in 794. against the Heresy of *Felix*, Bishop of *Urgel*, who taught that *Jesus Christ* was only the Son of God by Adoption: And another in 1006. to erect the City of *Bamberg* into a Bishoprick.

Councils
held at
Francfort.

This Town has likewise produced several learned Persons; among others *Conrad Lautenbach*, a considerable Divine, good Historian, and excellent Poet, who died in 1595. *Hartmannus Beyer*, a great Divine and able Mathematician, who died in 1577. *Joannes Latomus*, Divine, Historian, and Dean of the great Church, who died in 1597. *Joannes Cockleus*, Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of the Church of St. Mary, who died 1552. and the celebrated *Joannes de Indagine*, Divine, Astronomer, and Dean of St. Leonard's.

Learned
Men it has
produced.

C H A P. XXIII.

The Road from Francfort to Wirtzburg. Hanau, a fine Town, and the Capital of a County. Its History and Origin, and by whom built. Steinheim and Seligenstad. The Tomb of Eginard, and Emma his Spouse. Aschaffenburg, its great Church and Curiosities. Councils held there. A Part of the black Forest. Langenfeld, Remlingen.

AFTER a long Stay at Francfort, during which we fully satisfied our Curiosity in this celebrated imperial City, we set out this Day not by Water, but in a Calash. The Road was very bad between Francfort and Hanau, a very pretty Town, where we dined. It likewise is in *Veteravia*, which makes a Part of *Hesse*, the Inhabitants of which Country were anciently called *Catti* and *Chasuarii*. This Town is the Capital of a Lordship of the Empire of the same Name, and is divided into the new and old Hanau.

May 13.
Hanau,
Capital of
the Coun-
ty of that
Name.

The Origin of the first is uncertain. The new was built by mere accident. When the barbarous Duke of *Alba* was Governour of the Low Countries under Philip

Origin
and Hi-
story of
the new
Philip
Town.

1705.

May 13.

HANAU.

Philip II. of Spain, an Infinity of Families which had embraced the Reformation, left these Provinces to escape the Persecutions of that Monster of Cruelty. A considerable Number of these Fugitives established themselves at *Frankfort*, and made Manufactures flourish there. In 1596. the Magistrates, jealous and envious of the growing Wealth of the *Calvinists*, were inclinable to deprive them of their ancient Privileges. Upon this the *Flemish* held a general Meeting, the Result of which was a Resolution to treat secretly with the Count of *Hanau*, for a Permission to settle themselves in his Territory. This Count named *Philip Lewis*, who had espoused a Daughter of *William I. Prince of Orange*, accepted of the Proposal with Joy, and the Treaty was forthwith concluded between the *Flemish* and him upon these Conditions.

The
Dutch and
Flemish
settled
there on
very ad-
vantage-
ous Terms

That the *Flemish* should have such a Portion as they should judge proper, of the Plain reaching from the ancient *Hanau* along the River-side, for building a new Town of the same Name, at their own Expence; and that the Count should at his, inclose it with a strong Wall, and a Ditch of fifty Foot in Breadth; and fortify it with five Bastions and three Gates, with their Port-cullis and Draw-bridges: That the said Count should likewise dig a Canal from the new Town to the *Mein* for the Convenience of Commerce, and grant to them and their Descendants for ever the free Exercise of the Reformed Religion, with Power to name their Ministers to preach to them in *Flemish*, *French*, and *Italian*: That they should have like Authority to choose their Magistrates and Officers of Justice out of their own Body to govern them, and Power to receive into their Town all such of the Reformed Religion as were willing to settle among them, who should enjoy all the same Privileges with themselves: That they should have Liberty to hold two public Markets every Week, and two Fairs in the Year like those of *Frankfort*, and to keep a large Bark for transporting Commodities, and the Conveniency of Travellers.

Duties
they bind
themselves
to pay to
the Sovereign.

The *Flemish* on their Side engaged to pay to the Count 100 *German Florins* for every Acre of Ground adjoining to the Market-place of this new Town; 80 for each Acre adjoining to the former, and 50 for every other Acre included within the Walls of this Town; in Consideration whereof this Ground was to belong in Property to the Builders and their Descendants for ever, with full Power to dispose of it as they should think fit: That every substantial Family, which settled in this new Town, should also be obliged to pay to the Count, as a Sort of Homage or Acknowledgment, two Florins yearly; and the others in Proportion to their Abilities, and two Florins for every Foudrer of Wine that should be consumed in each Family: That they might export their Manufactures and other Goods without paying any Impost, but that they should pay for Entry to the Custom-house of the Count a *Batze*, i. e. eighteen Deniers, for every hundred Weight, of whatsoever Merchandise, provided it be not prohibited or contraband.

In this Manner was the new Town of *Hanau* built, and peopled by the *Calvinists* from the *Low Countries*, i. e. by the Offspring of those, who flying *Alba's* Persecutions, had settled at *Frankfort*. This new Town proved a great
Hurt

Hurt to the latter, and ought to make the present Magistracy there afraid, lest the *Calvinists*, among them, who are incomparably richer, and more numerous than those ancient ones were, should do them a much greater Mischief by quitting their Town to go to *Mayence*, and accepting the offer made them by the Elector and his Chapter.

The new Town of *Hanau* was almost totally rebuilt, and rendered much more populous in 1698. by a great Number of *French Calvinists* who fled hither, to have the free Exercise of their Religion, together with the Liberty of Commerce, upon the Footing of the original Establishment.

It comes very near to the *Dutch* Towns in Neatness. The Houses here are all built upon a Level; and almost all the Streets terminate in a grand Square, which is the Center of the Town, and the Place where the Public Markets are held twice a Week. At each of the four Corners of this Square there is a Well of a tolerable Depth, walled about with red Marble, and adorned with some Foliage, and other Works of Iron, on the Top of which is a large Lamp which is lighted every Evening. These Lamps give a great Deal of Light to this Square, and all the adjacent Streets.

The Church in which they preach in *Flemish*, and that in which they preach in *French*, are but one Edifice, divided by a Wall from Top to Bottom into two separate Apartments. The Gallery in the *French* is very spacious, and capable of containing a vast Number of People: It is an Amphitheatre, supported by twelve Columns of red Stone, upon which the Roof rests, and the Ceiling is of Stucco, very well adorned. The *Lutherans* have their Churches in the old Town; but though the Count be of that Religion, yet the *Calvinists* are more numerous, which is not common in the Dominions of *Lutheran* Princes. As to the Catholics they have no Church here, but are obliged to go to a Village, at the Distance of a Quarter of a League from *Hanau*, to perform their Devotions.

The Castle, which is the ordinary Residence of the Count, is likewise in the old Town, and tolerably magnificent. It is, as well as the new and old Town, situated upon the *Mein*; and very well fortified with Works, faced with Stone surrounded with Ditches, which are at all Seasons full of Water. The little River *Kinsig* washes a Part of its Walls before it discharges itself into the *Mein*. In fine, the Town of *Hanau* generally passes for one of the neatest and most regularly built in *Germany*.

The Counts of *Hanau* are the richest Counts in the Empire, and well able to support the Quality of a Prince, with sovereign Jurisdiction, from which their Subjects cannot appeal: They have likewise the Right of Coining Money since the Year 1368; and are allied to the best Families in *Germany*. They boast that the first of the Family who had the Title of Count flourished in the Year 938. being then 92 Years old. This is all I have to say of *Hanau*, which once more is as pretty a Town as one can see.

After Dinner we continued our Journey, and found much better Road. We saw, in passing, the Town of *Steinheim*, which lies on the other Side of the *Mein*, and belongs to the Elector of *Mayence*. There is a large Castle upon an Eminence which entirely commands it. Two Hours after, being arrived

1705.
May 13.
HANAU.

This Town rebuilt and peopled by the French Refugees. Description of new Hanau.

Its Churches.

The Palace.

Power and Dignity of the Counts of Hanau.

Steinheim and *Seligenstadt*, to the Elector of *Mayence*.

1705.
May 13.

SELI-
GENSTAD
An Ab-
bacy and
its Church.

Tomb of
Eginard
and Emma

opposite to *Seligenstad*, in *Latin Salingostadium*, a *Danish* Count, in Company with us, made us stop, telling us there was something we would not be displeased to see in that little Town. Accordingly we left our Berlin on this Side the River, and crossed it in a Boat.

The Count conducted us to an Abbey in this Town, and having demanded leave to see the Church, a Monk who came to open it to us shewed us the chief Curiosities. The principal Altar is magnificent, and so are some others. And the Monk would fain have persuaded us that the great Altar-piece was by *Albert Durer*, the *Apelles* of *Germany*. He conducted us next to the Tomb, which is the Curiosity the Count had in View, he having seen it formerly: It is the funeral Monument of the famous *Eginard*, Secretary to the Emperor *Charlemagne*, and of his Spouse *Emma*, Daughter to that Prince, by *Hildegard*, Duchess of *Suabia*. The Monk assured us, that the *Archives* of this Abbey, which was founded by these two Lovers, contain a Relation in *Latin* of their Story. Here is the Substance of it.

Eginard, whom some call *Enbard*, was a young Man who by his Knowledge merited to be Secretary to the Emperor *Charlemagne*. And being well made and handsome, the Princess *Emma*, the Emperor's Daughter, fell in Love with him, and their Correspondence went to such a Length, that the Father perceiving it, commanded *Eginard* to be put to Death. But having observed his Daughter carrying him out of the Palace on her Back to save him, he pardoned them both, and consented to their Marriage. These Lovers coming to this Country, where *Charlemagne* had given them Lands for their Subsistence, founded this Monastery in the Year 816. *Emma* died the 3d of *August* 820, and was buried here: *Eginard*, after her Death, renounced the World, and became first Abbot of his own Convent, where he wrote several Books. The Attempt of *Emma* to carry her Lover off on her Shoulders, procured her the Name of *Virgo Andropogon*. *Eginard's* Works testify his Learning. He endowed this Abbey with some Lands which *Lewis* the *Debonaire*, his Brother-in-Law, had made him a Present of: And the Church he enriched with some Relicks of *St. Peter* and *St. Mark*, which he had ordered to be brought from *Rome*. He made his own Epitaph in 8 *Latin* Verses, which are still to be seen upon his Monument.

Enhardus fueram Regum qui clarus amore;

Cui Caroli magni filia nupta fuit.

Quaeque sub hoc mecum tumulo conclusa quiescit,

Ad superos donec nos tuba rauca vocet.

Hoc Ego construxi devoto pectore Templum,

Fratribus & largas contuleramus opes.

Corpora Sanctorum summâ tumulatâ sub Arâ,

Congessi, vivo quæ mihi Roma dedit.

The good Monk told us likewise, that the present Counts of *Erpach* boast of being descended from these two Lovers. In truth I am much obliged to the Count, for without him I should not have seen this remarkable

able Curiosity. Hearing that there was nothing more here, (where a Council was held in 1022, for the Reformation of the Clergy) we crossed the Rhine to our Calash, and continued our Journey to Oostenheim, where we were sadly entertained and worse lodged. Next Day we set out early and soon arrived at Aschaffenburg, after passing through a very fine hunting Country.

This Town, anciently known by the Name of *Assiburgium*, is likewise situated upon the *Mein* and the *Aschaff*, a little River which empties itself into the other. It is walled, but has nothing considerable in it, besides a fine Bridge of nine Arches. The Castle however is worthy of our Observation. It is a vast square Building of red Stone, flanked by four large Towers with a Platform in the Middle. Over the first Gate, there is an Equestrian Statue of St. Martin Patron of the Archbishoprick of Mayence, and quite at the top one of Jesus Christ, which has lost the right Arm. I don't doubt but they would have taken Care to have repaired a Statue of Jupiter, Mars, or Apollo. After passing through the second Port, we entered into a spacious square-Court of Buildings, three Story high. To the Left there is a Portico of 12 Columns, upon which rests a Terrace railed Breast-high.

1705.
May 13.
Aschaffenburg, a Town and Castle.

From hence we go into a Chapel, the Altar of which is of white Marble, and adorned with Columns of Jasper, and Bas-reliefs representing the History of our Saviour's Passion in several Compartiments, with a large Crucifix of white Marble at the Top. On each Side of the Altar, there is a fine Statue of the same Marble, big as Life: One of St. Martin cutting off a Part of his Cloak to cover the Nakedness of a poor Beggar. The other of one St. Wicbard Archbishop of Mayence. The Pulpit is also of white Marble, and adorned with Statues of Jesus Christ, St. Peter, St. Paul, the four Evangelists, and the four Doctors of the Church, St. Jerom, St. Ambrosius, St. Gregory, St. Augustin, all of very fine Sculpture: In the four Niches of the Pedestal supporting this Pulpit, are Statues of Moses, David, Isaiah, and Daniel.

The Chapel of the Castle.

Having begged Leave of the Prince of Baden, who lives in this Castle, to wait on him; but he excused himself in a Manner not very polite, and so we could not see his House. The Apartments, they say, are spacious and richly furnished. To make up this Loss, we went to see the great Church dedicated to St. Peter, where there are two Altars adorned with excellent Sculptures; one representing Jesus Christ crucified, and St. John; the other the Adoration of the Magi. Here I had Occasion to observe, that the Gentlemen Sculptors think themselves privileged, as well as the Painters and Poets, to commit the greatest Impertinences. The Author of this Piece, though very skillful in his Profession, was guilty of a very great one; for whereas the good King *Gaspard* ordinarily offers, in Pictures, a large golden Cup to the Infant Jesus, this extravagant Sculptor, by his ridiculous Fancy, and perhaps to distinguish himself by the odd Conceit, has given this Prince nothing in his Hand but a Christmas-box, into which the Infant is going to put through the Chink a little Piece of Silver, about the Size of a sixpenny Piece English, which he holds between his Fore-finger and his Thumb.

The great Church.

Impertinent Conceit of a Sculptor.

Here

1705.
May 13.

ASCHAF-
FEN-
BOURG.
A more
odd one
still of a
Painter.

Here is another Caprice of a Painter still more ridiculous. Against a Pillar in the same Church, to the left, there is a little Picture representing *Jesus Christ* scourged, and all in Blood: he is sitting upon a Joint-stool, and the good Man *Joseph* supports him behind, for Fear he should fall into a Swoon: The Virgin *Mary* is at his Feet all in Tears, and embraces his Thigh; the beloved Disciple takes him under the Arm, and will needs force him to rise. Is not this an *Ecce Homo*, in a very grotesque Taste? Those who have made two Sisters of Painting and Poetry, have not judged ill.

*Namque unum sectantur iter, & inania rerum.
Somnia concipiunt & Homerus, & acer Apelles.*

The Sa-
crifice of
Abraham,
comically
represent-
ed by an
Italian
Painter.

This *Ecce Homo* puts me in Mind of a droll Fancy of an *Italian* Painter, well skilled in his Art, who was forced to think of some very out-of-the-way Thing to humour the Duke d'Urbini, who would have him to paint the Sacrifice of *Abraham* in quite a new Way, with not one Figure, *Isaac*, *Abraham*, and the Angel excepted, or any one Circumstance that had ever been put into this Story by former Painters. The Artist did not know what to do, but obey he must. At last he thought of this Whim, and accordingly executed the Picture in this Manner, which not a little surprised the Duke and all his Court when they saw it, and made them very merry. The Painter had roosted poor *Isaac* at the Top of a Tree. The Father of the Faithful at a considerable Distance, takes his Aim at him with a long Fowling-piece. But how prevent his killing him? The Painter had taken care of that. An Angel descends from Heaven, and pisses in the Pan to wet the Priming, and so the Gun misgives. *Abraham* primes afresh, but kills, instead of his Son, a large Owl, who had perched upon the Tree. What say you of this Invention?

Tomb of
Otho, D.
of Saxony.

In the Quire of this Church, which is Collegiate, there is the Tomb of its Founder, named in the Epitaph *Otho* Duke of Saxony, Brother to the Emperor *Otho* II. who died 982. These two *Leonine* Verses are an Admonition to the Reader.

*Cum tumulum cernis, cur non mortalia spernis?
Tali namque Domo clauditur omnis Homo?*

The Stone-cutter must certainly have mistaken the Name of the Person who is interred here. *Otho* the Great had but two Male-children by his first Wife *Editb*, Daughter to *Edward*, King of England, viz. *Ludolphus*, Duke of *Suabia*, and *William* Archbishop of *Mayence*; and by his second *Adelaide*, the Widow of *Lotharius*, King of *Italy*, he had *Henry*, Duke of *Bavaria*, *Bruno*, Duke of *Saxony*, and *Otho* II. who succeeded him in the Empire; and therefore it must be this *Bruno*, and not *Otho*, Brother of the Emperor *Otho* II. who founded the great Church at *Aschaffenburg*, or else *Hugo*, Duke of *Saxony*, Brother to *Otho* III.

Other
Tombs.

Besides this Tomb, there is likewise that of *Theodoric* of *Erbach*, Archbishop of *Mayence*, who died 1459; that of *Albert* of *Brandenburg*, likewise Arch-

Archbishop of *Mayence*, and Bishop of *Magdeburg* and *Halberstad*, the great Persecutor of *Luther*; who died in 1545. Their Epitaphs are long, and not worth the copying; But that of the Count of *Homburg*, who died in 1573. appeared to me not undeserving the taking Notice of. His Statue, completely armed, and holding the General's Battoon in his Hand is tolerably good. Under it are the six following Lines.

1705.

May 13.

Decipimur votis, & tempore fallimur, omnes

Mors ridet curas, anxia vita nihil.

Inveni portum, Spes & Fortuna valete;

Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.

Eccè vides, Lector, mihi quæ Sors obtulit, illa

Cum minimè credas, te quoque Fata manent.

Account
of Hom-
burg's
Epitaph.

Here is all that is curious at *Aschaffenburg*, which belongs to the Elector of *Mayence*, who sometimes resides there. A Council was held there in 1292. to regulate the ecclesiastical Discipline, and for the Reformation of the Clergy. Churchmen in former Times must have been very wicked and worthless: I don't say all of them, but the greater Number; seeing so many Councils have been held since the first of *Nice* under *Constantine* the Great, to that of *Trent*, and from that Time to the Council of *Bourdeaux*, assembled in 1624. by the Cardinal *de Sourdis*, Archbishop there; more than one half of which were chiefly called for the Settlement of Ecclesiastical Discipline, and Reformation of the depraved Manners of the Clergy: Scarcely had any one Council made Regulations for that Purpose, when the debauched Ecclesiastics, returning like the Dogs to their Vomit, obliged the Church to assemble a new one to remedy their scandalous Irregularities.

A Coun-
cil held
there for
the Refor-
mation of
the Clergy

We left *Aschaffenburg* about ten in the Morning; and about a full League from hence we began to enter into the Forest, which is here called *Speshart-Waldt*: It was Part of the dreadful *Saltus Hercinius*, which extended formerly thro' two thirds of *Germany*, now called the *Black Forest*: A Name very proper for it, since in the Part of it thro' which we passed, the Trees are so thick and close, even on the great Roads, that two Men, with our Coachman, and sometimes our Servants, were obliged to cut them down in several Places with Hatchets to facilitate our Passage. We were obliged at different Times to walk more than four or five Leagues o' Foot in this Forest, on account of the Precipices and bad Roads. At last we got clear of it, and gained a Village called *Esselbach*. Next Day we continued our Journey towards *Wirtzburg*, and three Hours after setting out we crossed the *Mein* at *Langensfeld*, a small Town upon that River, a little above *Wertheim*, the Capital of the County of that Name, situated upon the *Tauber*: Opposite to it upon an Eminence, from which one has a View of a very fine Country, there is a magnificent Convent of *Augustines*, which has, as we were assured, 50000 Crowns Income tho' they are not above five and twenty in Number. The Superfluities of these well fledged Fathers would give plentiful Bread to

Part of
the *Black*
Forest.

Numb. IV.

U

many

1705. many poor Families, who by their Industry are of much more real Use in
May 13. the World.

Remlingen,
and its
Church.

About Mid-day we arrived at a small Town called *Remlingen*, belonging to the Count of *Cassel*, who boasts in his Titles that his Family is as old as the Empire, and one of the first in *Franconia*. He is Catholic, but all the Inhabitants of this Town are *Lutherans*. We took a short Walk before Dinner thro' the Town, where there is nothing worth Notice, but a Church, with a large Crucifix on the Altar, and three gilded Statues of the Virgin, St. George, and St. Agnes, as is usual in all the *Lutheran* Churches throughout *Germany*; so that the *Roman Catholics* are not the only Religionists who out-do the ancient *Pagans* in Statues and Images. The latter generally contented themselves with placing one Statue in a Temple, namely, that of the Deity to which it was dedicated.

A Lutheran
Baptism.

When we were coming out of this Church, we met the Minister in a long Gown and Surplice, attended by a young beardless Fellow about 18, who was come to present his Child to Baptism. This young Father was accompanied with a long Train of Wives and Maids marching two and two; all of them with Ruffs about their Necks, and little Jackets tied very tight about the Haunches, and long Cloaks of black Crape, extremely plaited, and hanging down to their Heels. The Minister having prepared himself for making a young Christian, began the Ceremony, by commanding the Devil to get out of the Child, in case he was lodged there; and Master *Satan* not answering a Word, the Reverend Doctor took it for granted that he was duly and fully dislodged. Therefore he proceeded to read the Decalogue, and the Apostle's Creed, and making proper Pauses to ask this poor Infant about two Days old, if she believed all that? To which the Father, who was likewise Sponsor, answered, *Yes*. Then the Child was pulled out of two little Blankets, in which she was well wrapped, and having taken off her Biggin, the Minister refreshed her heartily with pouring, not upon her Fore, but Hind-head, a full Pint of Water. This Refreshment, too copious by three fourths, ran down the Child's Neck and Shoulders, and made her squal with all her Strength.

I own I never was witness to such a Way of administering Baptism, and our *Danish* Count assured us, that he had never seen such a Ceremony before. After this plentiful watering, the Child was wrapped up again in its Equipage; and the Doctor coming up to the downy-bearded Father congratulated him with a Smile upon his Fathership, and then stretching out his Hand, like the Beggars, the young Man put a Teston into it, and made a humble Bow, and the Company went off in the same Order they came.

After Noon we went on towards *Wurtzburg*, and passed thro' a beautiful Country, abounding with Corn and Vines, and saw several Towns, Villages, and Convents on each Side of the *Mein*, as we coasted along this River, which made a charming Landfkip. In the Evening we arrived at the proposed Place.

1783.
May 13.

CHAP. XXIV.

Wirtzburg, a Bishoprick. The Cathedral. Tombs in it. Its Treasury. The Church of St. Killian. The History of the three Apostles of Franconia. St. Killian, St. Colonat, and St. Totnam. The University.

FIRST of all we walked through all that Part of this Town which is on the left Side of the *Mein*, and below the Citadel. Then we crossed the River once more, upon a Stone Bridge of 8 Arches which leads to the other Side of the Town, the finest and largest Part of it: At the Entry to the Bridge there is a triumphal Arch of hewn Stone, with two Statues of *Pallas* in Niches on the Out-side, and two of *Mars* in Niches within. It would have been better methinks, to have paired them one with the other.

The Cathedral is an ancient Gothic Building, without any Ornament but four high Steeples ending in Points, two to each Front. The Inside of this Church has been lately repaired, and the Vault is supported by 20 strong Pillars, which make two Porticoes, the Cielings of which are of Stucco, and divided into Compartiments. At each Pillar there is an Altar sculptured, and adorned with gilded Columns, dedicated to some Saint. The Pictures on them are tolerably good, and many gilded Statues about them make a yet finer Ornament. Among the Paintings I remarked one representing St. Laurence, holding a Gridiron in his Hand, with this Inscription.

*Cultui & Invocationi S. Laurentii Martyris gloriosi,
In igne probati, sine labe inventi,
Singularis adversus fulmen & incendia Patroni.
Altare hoc dedicavit Capitulum Cathed. An. M.DC.LXXXVI.*

These Words *Cultui & invocationi*, don't they seem to give the Lie to a Book of the Bishop of Meaux, and to many other Doctors of the Romish Church, who maintain boldly, that Papists render only a Sort of Veneration to the Images of the Saints?

Between the Cornishes and the Arches of the Porticoes, there are on each Side ten large Borders, some square, others round, and some Octagonal, each of which is supported by two Angels as big as Life; all of them in different Attitudes. Our Conductors told us, that on their Borders is to be painted the whole History of our Saviour's Passion. The Cieling is likewise separated into three grand Compartiments, in which are to be painted some other Scripture Histories. All the Spaces between the Borders and the Compartiments, are already filled with Statues, Festoons, Foliages, and other Ornaments in Relievo.

Against the Pillars which support the Roof, there are several Statues of Bishops of Wirtzburg, with their Tombs, and some Inscriptions not worth mentioning.

WIRTZBURG.
upon the
Mein, a
Bishoprick.
The
Bridge.

The Cathedral.

Picture of
St. Laurence
and
Remarks
upon its
Inscription.

Further
Description
of the
Church.

Several
Tombs.

1705. mentioning. One of the most remarkable is that of the Bishop *Melchior*
 May 13. *Zobel*, who after having gained three Battles against the Marquis of *Brandenburg*, was killed, together with two young Lords who attended him, in 1558.
 WIRTZ- by some Soldiers of the same Marquis who lay in Ambuscade, when the
 BERG. brave Bishop was going up from the Town to the Citadel. His Statue
 That of is on its Knees at the Feet of Jesus Christ, has a Mitre on its Head, a Crozier
 a Warlike in its Hand, and a Sword under its left Arm. The Manner in which he was
 Bishop. killed is represented in Bas-relief upon one Side of his Monument.

*Ce Prélat, dit l'Histoire, étoit d'une humeur fière ;
 Hargneux, d'un Esprit vif, grand Clerc, & grand Guerrier :
 Mais il eût bien mieux fait de dire son Bréviaire,
 Que s'exposer au feu comme un Avanturier.*

Of one
 Fox also a
 great
 Warrior.

Here is the Epitaph of another Warrior, but who was such by Profession, and not an Ecclesiastic, like this fiery Bishop *Zobel* : A brave Captain named *Richard Fox* born here, who after many bold Exploits in the Service of Duke *Albert of Saxony*, was at last killed in a bloody Fight and buried in this Cathedral of his native Country. His Epitaph is level with the Ground, and much worn out. I should not have given myself the Trouble of decyphering, much less of transcribing it, were it not very particular, both in respect of the *Latin* in which it is composed, and of the swaggering *Rodomontado's* it contains. Here it is.

His singular
 Epitaph.

*En me Franconia Nithardum vulpis alumna,
 Herbipoli quondam fovit in urbe potens.
 Martis eram Decus, ac Equitum Peditumque Magister,
 Magnus & immensi Belliger Orbis eram.
 Innumeros domui Populos, Villagia, & Urbes ;
 Acer & armipotens alter Achilles Ego.
 Indomitos Suevos gladio vibrante subegi,
 Indomitoque jugo substravi Frisiones.*

The *Thraso*, or vain-glorious Soldier in *Plautus*, does not speak in half so bragging Style as this bravado Captain in his Epitaph.

Of the
 Famous
 James
 Bawer, a
 great Cap-
 tain, and
 his History.

There is likewise in this Cathedral the Tomb of another Heroe ; the Famous *James Bawer*, Son to a simple Peasant by Name and in Reality (for in the German Language *Bawer* signifies *Peasant*.) He having passed through all the Degrees of military Employments, came at last to be Generalissimo of the Troops of the Bishop of *Wirtzburg*, which then amounted to ten or twelve thousand Men. This brave Man having occasioned much talking of him during the War of *Bobemia*, joined the Count *de Tilly*, General of the Emperor *Ferdinand* the Second's Army. They attacked together, the celebrated Count *de Mansfeld*, who commanded the Troops of *Frederic V.* Elector *Palatin* and King of *Bobemia*. The Battle was desperately bloody : It happened near the little Town of *Hezeldorf* in the higher *Palatinate*, the 14th of

July

July 1621. There the brave *Baiwer* was killed by a Musket-shot through his Head, with a good Number of the best Officers in the Imperial Army. The Count of *Mansfeld* was likewise wounded, and lost a great Number of brave Men.

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May 16.
WIRTZBURG.

The Pulpit is of white Marble, and ornamented with the History of our Lord's Sufferings in Bas-relief and other Sculptures with Riglets of Gold-leaf drawn over them of a fine Taste and extremely delicate Workmanship. The Pedestal supporting it, is adorned with 8 fine Statues of the four Evangelists, and the four Doctors of the Church; all inclosed within an Iron Baluster, which is very neatly wrought; and the Chancel is filled with Benches carved and gilded. On the two Sides of the Quire are two large Corners, in which are two magnificent Altars, with Pillars of black Marble and a good deal of Gilding: One is dedicated to St. *Joseph* Spouse to the *Virgin Mary*, and to one St. *John Nepomucene*; the other to St. *Philip* and St. *Cunibert*: No doubt you know the two Saints who lived 1700 Years ago, much better than you do the two Modern ones. One of our Guides well versed in the Legends, informed us that they were both regular Canons of St. *Augustin*, and that they performed an infinity of Miracles. The Statues of these four Saints, bigger than the Life, are at the Sides of these two Altars, with those of two Angels of the same Size; all of them richly gilded. The Pictures on the Altars represent, one of them an *Ecce Homo*, and the other old *Simeon*, holding the Babe *Jesus* in his Arms. They are both done by a Painter of this Town, named *Oostwaldus Ongbers*, whom they boast of here, as the most famous, modern Painter in *Germany*; and we were told that these two Altars cost vast Sums to the Barons of *Guttemberg* and *Stadian*, the one Grand-Provost, and the other Dean of this Cathedral. The Quire of this Church is well enlightened, and there are in it two Rows of very fine gilded and sculptured Benches for the Canons. The chief Altar is a magnificent Dome, and richly adorned with Sculpture and Gilding. It is supported by four large Columns of black Marble with white Veins, the Bases and Chapiters of which are gilded as well as the Cornish and Festoons. Between these Columns are five grand Busts gilded, one of the *Virgin Mary*, another of St. *Andrew*, and the three others are St. *Killian*, St. *Colonat* and St. *Totnam*, called here, the Apostles of *Franconia*; I will let you know these Gentlemen in due Time and Place, when I am somewhat more familiar with them.

The Pulpit and Altars very Magnificent.

They shewed us the Treasure in the Vestry; but I shall only mention what we thought most remarkable in it. First of all a large golden Cross enriched with a vast Quantity of Diamonds, in which is incased a Bit of our Saviour's real Cross. Another Cross of Gold very massy, and garnished with very large Sapphires, Rubies and Emeralds. A large Chalice also of solid Gold, adorned with Diamonds. Five Busts of solid Silver, very heavy and gilded, representing the *Virgin Mary*, St. *Andrew*, and the three Apostles of *Franconia*; the Heads of the three last are enclosed within their Busts. The *Virgin* holds the Infant *Jesus*; St. *Andrew* his Cross; St. *Killian* a Sword; St. *Colonat* a Chalice and a Palm-branch; and St. *Totnam* a Branch of Palm and a Book. These Five Busts must have cost a considerable Sum; for besides that they are

The Treasure and its Riches.

1705
May 16.

WIRTZ-
BURG.

A curious
Manu-
script.

The
Chapter.

The
Church of
St. Killian

History of
the three
Apostles
of Franconia.

They are
assassinated

massy, richly gilded, and of exquisite Workmanship, the least of them is between five and six Feet in height.

The Piece which is most esteemed in this Treasure, is a Manuscript in Quarto upon Vellum, in half Gothic Characters. They pretend, that it is the Manual of St. Killian, which, according to the Legend of this Saint, must be near 1200 years old. But, depend upon it, it wants more than one Half of that Age; however, this Manual has been very much used, for 'tis exceeding nasty within and without. This is what is most remarkable in this Cathedral. We were assured by our Guides, that it was soon to be repaired without, as it has lately been within, and that it will be one of the most beautiful Cathedrals in Germany, and particularly, that the Gate they design to make to each Front will be very magnificent.

To this Cathedral belongs a Chapter, consisting of 54 Canons, 24 of whom have the Right of Suffrage, and are called *Capitulars*; the other 30 are called *Domiciliars*; but their Income, which is 3000 German Crowns, is equal. And here none is admitted who cannot shew good Proofs of Nobility for four Generations, both on Father and Mother's Side.

To Day we visited the Church of St. Killian, which is dedicated to that Saint. It is Collegiate, and by Consequence has Canons. One of these Gentlemen being then performing the Service, we waited till it was over: And then our Conductor having presented us to him, and intimated our Desire to be instructed in the History of the Apostles of Franconia, this obliging Canon condescended to give it us to this purpose, which he told us was but an Abridgment of what is contained in the *Chronicon Franconie*, by Haremannus.

St. Killian, (a Name which I suspect to be a Corruption of William) St. Colanot and St. Totnam were three poor Scotch Gentlemen, whom God had inspired above 1200 Years ago with an Inclination to go to preach the Gospel in Franconia, a Country more fertile, in every Thing, especially in Wine, than their own. Having gone through an Infinity of Perils, they at last accomplished their End, so far as to convert the Duke of Franconia, one of the Descendants of Marcomirus Brother to Pharamond. His whole Court followed his Example, the Duchess only excepted, whom there was no possible Way of reconciling to the Christian Mysteries. In short, she would not renounce her Idols. She was Woman in this, as well as other Things, that is, very obstinate.

Some time after his Conversion, the Duke, who loved St. Killian so much that he had made him Bishop of Wirtzburg, was obliged to go to War against the Saxons, who ravaged his Frontiers. He particularly recommended this good Saint and his two Companions to the Duchess; and before he mounted his Horse embraced them with such Marks of Affection, that his Consort, who inwardly hated them, was enraged in the highest Degree. She therefore sought Means of ridding herself of them; and the Duke was no sooner gone, than she prevailed so far upon the Cook and two Grooms, by Bribes and Promises, that they strangled them in the Stable, now the

the Chapel; and threw their Bodies into a Well where they lay for many Ages without corrupting.

Their Legend says, that the Murderers did not long escape unpunished. When the Duke returned to *Wirsburg*, and could not find his dear Friends, he would know what was become of them, and for that Reason examined all his Servants one after another. He knew very well how the Duchess hated them; *Notumque furans quod Fecmina possit*: The Assassins varied, as it commonly happens among Villains, in their Answers: They swore and cursed themselves in the most terrible Manner, that they knew nothing of the Matter. The Cook in particular, wished the Devil might run away with him, if he had so much as seen the Bishop and his Compatriots since his Highness's Departure. After all these Perjuries, Master Cook returned into his Kitchen, under Pretence of taking Care of the Dinner; but it was the last he ever cooked: For *Asmodeus*, or Prince *Beelzebub*, took him by the Hair, when he was remounting his Jack, dragg'd him out through the narrowest Cranny in the Kitchen, as Silver is drawn through in a Wire-drawing Machine, carried him off, and he was never heard of again.

1705.
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WIRTSBURG.
The Murderers miraculously discovered and punished.

Pour Messieurs les deux Palfreniers

Plus cruels que des Boucaniers,

Exemptés ne furent de la peine:

La Dague du premier sortit de son Etui,

Et plus vite qu'un trait se dardant contre lui,

Vous lui transperça la Bedaine.

Pour l'autre, dans le temps qu'il vouloit se mouvoir,

L'on vit de son poignet sa main se détacher,

Se fourrer dans sa gueule, étrangler le Fausaire,

Sans qu'il pût jamais s'écrier.

Ainsi ces Scélérats reçurent le Saldire

De Parjure & de Meurtrier.

What have you to say against these Miracles? For my own Part, they appear to me so much the more credible, that they were not performed till these three Saints were Dead, and could have no Hand in them, but had left it to God to take Vengeance on their wicked Assassins. The only Thing you can object is, that the miraculous Punishment did not extend to the Duchess, though she had deserved the rudest Chastisement, as being the chief Cause of the Death of the Good Saints, *Killian, Colomat* and *Totnam*.

Remarks upon this Legend.

The Church dedicated to them, is nothing but an old Gothic Building, and very dark. Upon the Wall of the Chapel, which was anciently the Stable in which they were strangled, is painted the History of this Assassination, with these Latin Verses below.

The Church described.

1705.

May 17.

WIRTZBURG.

BURG.

*Hi sunt Herbipolis, qui te docuere Magistri**Qua verum coleres Religionem Deum.**Impia quos tandem jussit Geilana necari**Celavitque sub hunc corpora cesa locum.**Ne turpi, sine laude, situ defossa jacerent**Corpora, Burchardus sub monumenta locat.*

This *Burchard*, who drew them many Years after their Death out of the nasty Well into which the Murderers had thrown them, was likewise a holy Man, and Bishop of *Wirtzburg*. You see likewise by these Verses, that the Name of this cruel Duchess is come to us through so many Ages, though that of her Husband be not preserved; so true is it, that Men seldom or never forget the Name of a wicked Woman; witness *Medea*, *Helena*, *Clytemnestra*, *Jezebel*, *Atalia*, *Tullia*, *Agrippina*, and a Thousand more. There is a very old Piece of Tapistry in this same Chapel containing the principal Passages in the Lives of the three Apostles of *Franconia*. Upon the Altar of the same Chapel are their Statues gilt, with this Inscription.

*Verè locus iste sanctus est, in quo viri Sancti ac Martyres Dei
Killianus, Colonatus, & Totnamus, Apostoli & Patroni Franciæ
Orientalis, à Christo sunt excitati ad pugnam, confortati ad Victoriâ,
Evocati ad Palmam. Quorum Corpora hîc in pace sepulta sunt.*

The obliging Canon who shewed us all this, was likewise pleased to take the Trouble of conducting us into an ugly dark subterraneous Place, which he told us, was, before the Church was built, the Kitchen of the Palace whence Satan drag'd the Cook through a Cranny, which still subsists, and this Particular sets the Truth of the Fact beyond all Controversy.

Miracu-

lous Statue

of St. Anne

Daughter

on her Knee

who appears

to be about

six Years

Old, yet she

is a

Mother at

that Age,

for the

Painter has

put the

Infant Jesus

in her Arms

like a

Doll. This

Statue is

wonderfully

assistant to

Women in

Travel, if

they have

Recourse to

it. It is of

Stone, and

the Sculptor

who made it

was extremely

pleased with

his Workman-

ship, for he

put his Name

upon it with

the Date,

In coming out from hence, I observed against the Wall of the Chapel, a miraculous Statue of St. Anne, Mother to the Virgin Mary. The good Dame holds her Daughter on her Knee who appears to be about six Years Old, yet she is a Mother at that Age, for the Painter has put the Infant Jesus in her Arms like a Doll. This Statue is wonderfully assistant to Women in Travel, if they have Recourse to it. It is of Stone, and the Sculptor who made it was extremely pleased with his Workmanship, for he put his Name upon it with the Date, which is 1444.

Whimsical

Representa-

tion of

Christ's

Descent

from the

Cross.

Here is likewise another Piece of Antiquity, which represents the Descent from the Cross in a very pleasant Manner. Joseph of Arimathea holds Jesus Christ by the Waist: One of his Arms loosened from the Cross, falls upon the Neck of the Virgin Mary. A jolly young Smith with a Leather Apron, exerts all his Strength with Pinchers three Foot long to pull out the Nails which fasten our Lord's Feet to the Cross, and seems to be very angry that he can't obtain his End. The well-beloved Disciple, with his Right-hand under his Chin and a Prayer-book in the other, looks attentively at the Smith, and

and weeps bitterly. In fine, this Church, old as it is, is called *Newmunster*, ^{1705.}
i. e. new Church. It is Collegiate, and has 24 Canons, 16 of which have ^{May 17.}
Suffrages, and the others not.

At last we arrived at the University, founded by *Charlemagne*, which with
the Seminary makes but one Edifice. In the Church, in common to both,
there are two fine Galleries, the one over the other. The principal Altar is
magnificent, being adorned with several Statues of Stucco-work, which looks
like *Porphyry*. There are four Professors of Theology in this University, and
three of Philosophy, all *Jesuits*; four of Law, three of whom are Laicks,
and the fourth an Ecclesiastick, who is for the Canon Law: There are
besides two Supernumeraries and a Rector; but no Library, which is pretty
singular. The Seminary is founded for 40 Ecclesiasticks, who swear at their
Entry into it, never to accept of any Benefice but Cures of Souls, and in the
Diocese of *Wirtzburg*.

WIRTZ-
BURG.
The Uni-
versity.

I wish you would take it in your Head to tell me that the Priests of your
Church of *England* do the same: Oh, how I could confound you! But as
zealous as you are for the Clergy, you know I am too well acquainted with
England to be so put upon. How many have I known who snap at Benefices
from all Quarters, and are continually upon the Hunt for more, that they
may the better *indulgere genio*, take their Swing in every Kind of Luxury;
while a poor Vicar, with a very scanty Maintenance, has all the Care and
Drudgery of feeding their Flocks. Yet amongst you these real Simoniacs
and Epicurish fat-gutted Hogs, are reckoned as Pastors. I can't however
help regarding them as Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing, and as such I most
heartily condemn them: But, on the other Hand, I sincerely esteem and ho-
nour those true Pastors, who *well* deserve the Name, and conscientiously ac-
quit themselves of their important Duties of teaching and exemplifying the
Virtues by which Society prospers. For doing good on Earth, is the sure
Way to Heaven.

A Re-
flexion on
the Ava-
rice of the
English
Clergy.

Over and above these forty Ecclesiasticks, there is the same Number of Gen-
tlemen Pensionaries maintain'd in this Seminary: But they must all be Natives of
Franconia. They are educated from their youngest Years to serve in the Troops
of the Prince, or in political Employments, every one agreeable to his Genius
and Capacity: an excellent Institution and worthy of Imitation; Education
being rarely calculated to produce any thing but mere Scholars, and very
seldom adapted to qualify, for the World, and useful Business.

Gentle-
men edu-
cated in
this Semi-
nary.

1705.
May 18.WIRTZ-
BURG.

C H A P. XXV.

Wirtzburg. *The new Church. That of the Augustines. Its Curiosities. Four miraculous Saints. An Anecdote on this Occasion. The Jesuit's Church. They pretend to be poor here. A considerable Abbey of Benedictines. A droll History of a Scotch Abbot.*

The new
Church.

TRAVELLERS are seldom accused of being too devout; those who go in Pilgrimage have more than their Share of Devotion: Yet since we have been at *Wirtzburg* we have done nothing but go from Church to Church; and here is another Day that has been entirely employed in the same Way. The new Church here, dedicated to St. *John* the Baptist, is pretty, but small. It is built of Hewn-stone, and its Face is very handsome: In the Middle of the Vault is a Dome very high and well-enlightened, and underneath are the Statues of *Jesus Christ*, the *Virgin Mary*, and the four Evangelists. All is carved and gilt in this Church, the Pulpit, the Organs, thirteen Altars, including the principal one, of which the large fluted Pillars and Pilasters are gilt from Top to Bottom, as well as the Statues of the twelve Apostles big as Life, which are ranged between these Pillars. The Altar-piece, which represents the Assumption of the Virgin, is done by their famous *Onghers*. The Benches for the Canons are also gilt: For it is a Collegiate Church, that has as many Canons as St. *Killian*, i. e. 24. In short there can't be more gilding in so narrow a Compass.

The
Church of
the *Augu-*
stines, and
several
Saints
worshipped
there.

I shall not trouble you with a particular Detail of all we have seen to Day. I shall only tell you, that in the Church of the *Augustines* I found some Saints, the Legends concerning whom are very curious. The first is a *Gascoign* Saint from *Nismes*, whom the *Parpaillots* of *France* * put to Death in a very barbarous Manner, as the Inscription under his Picture informs us.

*Beatus Andreas Quatre-bras, Nemausi in Gallia,
Seviente Calvinistarum Tyrannide, præcisâ linguâ,
Manibus, pelleque detracta, martyrii palmam accepit.*

St. *Quatre*
Bras.

You see by this Example of Cruelty that the *Calvinists* have not been always so human as they pretend, since they have in this Instance surpassed the Barbarity of the *Pagans* towards St. *Bartolomew*. This poor Martyr *Quatre-bras* is a hideous Sight. The Painter has represented him all over Blood, his Veins and Muscles bleed, with his Skin hanging over his Arm, like an Amess, probably to shew that he had been a Canon-regular of St. *Augustin*. You will tell me, to exculpate your *Hugenots* of *France*, that had this Story been true, the *Grands* and *Petits Augustins* at *Paris*, and throughout that whole Kingdom, would not have failed to have represented it in all their Churches, to perpetuate the Memory of so cruel a Protestant-deed, especially

* A Nickname of the Protestants in that Kingdom.

since

Since it was perpetrated in *France*. And you are in the right to deny the Fact. Every Action that reflects so terribly on Mankind should be denied as long as one can.

The second was an *Italian* Monk of *Sienna*, who was cured by *Jesus Christ* himself of a violent Itch to quit his Frock. He is represented at the Feet of our Saviour, in the Garden of the Convent from which he would gladly have enfranchised himself. Here is the Legend.

*Beatus Joannes Guiccius Senensis, Novitius, tædio
Monasticæ Disciplinæ clam se subducens, à Christo in borto
revocatus, vitam Miraculis claram finivit.*

But you know our Saviour did not always cure this Disease, and remove the Inclination Monks had to forsake their Order and Habit (neither in *England*, nor elsewhere) for the Sex's Sake. How many have become Protestants to have freer Correspondence with the Ladies?

The third Saint is likewise an *Italian*, and a very famous and well known one. It is the great *Nicholas de Tollentin*, who has worked so many Miracles, of which none but such Unbelievers as yourself doubt. The most marvellous one in my Opinion of all he performed was at *Grenoble*, the Capital of *Dauphine*. There an Infant fell by chance into a large Cauldron of boiling Water; and tho' he was boiled into Bits, the good *St. Nicolas* gathered all the Fragments, and put them together again, as dexterously as *Jupiter* did those of the little *Pelops*. So the Legend assures us.

*S. Nicolaus Tollentinas Gratianopoli in Gallia
Infantem in Lebetem ferventem lapsum & decoctum,
coartuat, & ad vitam revocat.*

This you must own was a Miracle, surpassing all the Arts of Legerdemain, and all the marvellous Ointments of Mountebanks, said to have performed wonderful Restorations from the Dead. Yet here is another no less famous and marvellous one.

In the great Altar-piece there is painted a Procession of a Number of People with Wax-tapers in their Hands. And among many Statues, of Saints and Saintesses, that were carried about in it, was that of *St. Nicolas of Tollentin*. And this Statue, when it came to the Corner of a Street where there was a large Crucifix, stopping to make a Reverence, *Jesus Christ* unnailed his two Arms, and embraced his dear Friend, upon which the Saint fell on his Knees to give thanks for this extraordinary Honour. All the Spectators in the Picture appear so affected with this Miracle, that they seem to weep with Joy and Heart-melting. If you doubt, I will send you to the Legend of this *Sanctus Nicolaus Tollentinus*, where you will see these Miracles attested as true, with all the Forms and Vouchers of traditional Evidence.

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A comical

Proof of

Transub-

stantiation

But here is another yet of far greater Moment, since it proves *Transubstantiation* beyond all Possibility of Denial: Thus runs the Legend.

*Sanctus Johannes Sabaguntinus Sacrafaciens,
Christum Dominum in propria specie presentem
semper intueri solitus.*——

If you tell me that I ought to be better acquainted with the Rodomantados of the *Spaniards*, after having made so long a Stay among them; I will answer, that there is no Fanfarade in this Case. We see in the Picture representing this Mystery the Infant *Jesus* coming out of the Chalice, wherein was a consecrated Wafer, holding a small red Cross in one Hand, and taking the good *Dom Juan* with the other by one of his Mustaches, and kissing his Mouth. Now is not this a decisive Proof of Transubstantiation? And may not I say on this Occasion what the learned Jesuite Father *Hardouin* says on so many? *Sic jubeo legi.*

Digression
containing
several
pleasant
Stories.

This Transubstantiation put me in Mind of a Knight of *Calatrava* named *Dom Lewis* of *Alvis*, a Native of *Biscay*, a Man of Wit, who had travelled a good Deal, (which is not common among the *Spaniards*), and was a little incredulous as you are. He told me several Things in *Spain*, without fearing the Inquisition, which you, as bold and sceptical as you are, would hardly venture to say in that Country.

When I left *Madrid*, where I had been sent about Affairs of Consequence, a little before the Death of *Charles II.* whose last Will occasioned such Revolutions in *Europe*; I took the Rout of *la Corunna* in *Gallicia*, to embark in the *English* Packet-boat. *Dom Lewis d'Alvis*, to whom I had the Honour to be particularly known, and who was going at the same time to *Gallicia*, in Quality of *Veedor* of that Kingdom (a Post answering to that of the Intendant of a Province in *France*) proposed to make the Journey with me, which I consented to with Pleasure. We entertained one another with what we had observed in our Travels: And coming one Evening to a Convent of *Benedictins*, situated upon the Summit of *Cabrero*, the highest Mountain in *Gallicia*, we went in to see it. This Convent, is only inhabited by two Monks, and a few Domestic. The Reverend Fathers, one of whom was called the *Father-Prior*, and the other the *Father-Cura*, received the Intendant and his Company very civilly.

Of a Host
turned in-
to Flesh.

Here we lodged, and next Morning, after a hearty Breakfast, they conducted us to their Chapel; and with great Ceremony, for a special Favour, shewed us a miraculous *Host*, which became incarnate; *i. e.* transformed itself forthwith into Flesh and Blood, after it had been profanely torn into Pieces by a *Lutheran* (for that is the Appellation the *Spaniards* give to Heretics of all Sorts.) When we were set out in our Journey, *Dom Lewis* asked me smiling what I thought of the Miracle? And observing that I was thinking how to get off without making him a Categorical Answer, he told me plainly his Faith in Miracles was not very large; and began to relate to me several of the most renowned Miracles of their *Spanish* Saints.

I shall only mention one, he told me of a certain famous Monk among them, named *St. Vincent Ferrier*, who wrought so many miraculous Cures upon the Blind, Lame, and Diseased of all Sorts, that his Convent was daily besieged with Crowds of Patients from all Quarters of *Valladolid*. The Superior, plagued out of all Patience with this continual Hubbub, at last forbid the holy Man, upon Peril of Disobedience, to work any more Cures, and made the People believe that this *St. Vincent* had lost his Faculty of Miracle-working, which they very readily (for the *Spanish* are more credulous than any other Nation in the World) took for real Truth. However, a little Time after this, as our Saint was going into the Town to execute some Commission the Superior had given him, he observed a poor Slater, who had made a false Step, tumbling headlong from the Top of a House, and consequently in a fair Way of squashing his Body into Marmalade upon the Streets. *St. Vincent*, moved with Compassion at the Sight, and not remembering at first the Superior's Prohibition, called out instantly to this Man, caprioling in the Air: *Stop, stop, tell I run to the Superior to get Permission to do a Miracle*. He had no sooner uttered these Words, than the Slater was suspended in the Air, as they say *Mahomet's Tomb* is at *Mecca*. The Superior gave leave to compleat what was already very well begun. And there was such a Crowd gathered to see this Miracle, that the Father could scarcely pierce thro' them near enough to go on with his Performance. But when he had got within hearing of the Slater, who was now hanging in the Air, he cried out with all his Force, *Come down, come down gently*. And immediately the poor Man came sliding softly to the Ground like a Machine in an Opera. When he found himself on firm Ground he threw himself at *St. Vincent's* Feet, to thank him for saving his Life, and afterwards assisted in carrying him back to his Convent in Triumph, the People crying out all the Way, *Viva, Viva, i. e. Long live St. Vincent Ferrier*, God grant him many Days. *Dom Lewis* having finished this Story, paused a little, and then said, What a Braggadocio was this Monk: The true Saints are a little more modest, and don't like such Applause, such Triumphs, but do their Works with more Privacy and Humility.

The fifth and last Picture which appeared to me worth notice in this Church, contains the History of the Death of a Nun of the same Order, named *Sancta Britta de Cassia*. God permitted the Heathens to vent their Fury upon several Christians in the first Ages of Christianity, that they might Seal the Truth of their Testimony with their Blood. But it was *Jesus Christ* himself who procured that Honour to this Saintess. She is in the Picture on her Knees before the Crucifix, which darts like an Arrow into the Middle of her Forehead one of the largest Thorns of his Crown. The Saint falls in Blood to the Ground, and two Angels bring her the Crown and Palm of Martyrdom. The Legend is at the Bottom of the Picture in large Characters. Here it is.

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And one
of *St. Vin-
cent Fer-
rier*, fa-
mous for
his Mira-
cles.

*Sancta
Britta de
Cassia,*
and her
most ex-
traordi-
nary Mar-
tyrdom.

Sancta

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SANCTA BRITTA DE CASSIA, DOMINICÆ PASSIONIS MYSTERIIS DEVOTA, A CHRISTO PARTE CORONÆ SPINÆ IN FRONTE ET MARTYRIO MERUIT DECORARI.

This Honour was, methinks, somewhat violent: But however that be, I don't believe any other, except St. *Britta*, ever was martyred by *Christ* himself. At least no such Example is to be found in the golden Legend, nor in the two large Volumes in *Folio* of the Lives of the Saints; tho' some have been stigmatized by him, as for Instance, St. *Francis of Assize*.

The Je-
suit's
Church.
Their Po-
verty
here.

The Church of the *Jesuits* here is more simple, and one of the least adorned at *Wirtzburg*, because here the *Loyolists* are poor. And that indeed is a Miracle of the highest Kind! to see Poverty dare to thrust herself among these modern Companions of *Jesus Christ*; for they do not much imitate those who accompanied him in his Life, tho' they take an Oath to do it when they assume the Habit of their Order. If you ask me where I learned this *Anecdote* concerning the Poverty of the *Jesuits* at *Wirtzburg*, a Thing they avoid every where as they would do the Pestilence; I will tell you that it was communicated to me by two of themselves who shewed us their House. And it appearing to me not very probable, I took the Liberty to say to them that if it was really so, they were most certainly not admitted into the grand Secret of their Society, which was to enrich themselves by all Manner of Means: I added, that in order to see their House filled with Riches in a few Years, they had nothing to do but to send (as their Brethren of *Portugal*, *Italy*, and *France* do,) some of their Fathers Missionaries to *China*, *Siam*, *Cochinchina*, *Pegu*, or *Japan*, the richest Countries in *Asia*. It is true, continued I, that this last Country is a little dangerous to the Society, which has no great Reputation there, but they knew better than I how to get in there *Incognito*. The two *Ignatians* answered me with a Smile, and a Shake of the Head. And so we parted.

Abbacy of
Benedictins

The Citadel being by Report curious, we went to see it. But before we came to the Gate of this Citadel we passed by a large Abbacy of *Scotch Benedictins*, who have followed the Example of their Compatriots the Apostles of *Franconia* (not by exposing themselves to Martyrdom as they did, for the Preachers of the Gospel now a-days have not the Zeal of their Predecessors, or are not so simple) but in planting their Spear in a much better Country than *Scotland*.

And a
merry
Story of a
Scotch
Abbot.

You will say that I seldom let any Occasion pass of dawbling the Ecclesiastics, yet I must tell you the Story of the last Abbot of this Convent, a gallant *Scot*. This Abbot, a Man of Forty, of a fresh Complexion, and a zealous Votary of *Dame Nature*, in fine, a very Jolly Fellow, having a Mind to be Printer, as well as Author, and to make his first Essay on Virgin Parchment, went very often to a Printer's who had a very handsome Daughter. Now whether this Father had discovered the Girl's Wants, which she was ashamed to declare, by her Looks, and took Compassion upon her: Or

whether he thought a yearly Revenue of 2000 Crowns, for his was no less, would be shamefully spent upon eating and drinking alone, and it might afford better Sport; or whether he had a Mind to leave behind him a young Abbé of his own Formation to be a Pillar of the Church, when his broad Shoulders should be laid in the Dust; or how I can't tell,—but the fair and charming *Agnes*, the Printer's Daughter, after a few Visits from the Abbot proved with Child. I am willing to put the most favourable Construction upon the Abbot's Motives and Action; (but, if he designed Charity, he should have kept it more secret, and not have sounded his Trumpet like the *Pharisees* before he produced his Alms.) The Bishop of *Wirtzburg* however interpreted the Thing in the worst Sense, and sent the Abbot to *Rome* well guarded, that the Pope might treat him as his Holiness should judge proper. And we have heard since, that the Chastisement was very severe; the poor Abbot having been condemned to perpetual Imprisonment. In that long Confinement he'll have time to consider, and repent of his having printed his Works on Virgin-Parchment. All I have further to say for this Abbot is, that if the Pope should take it in his Head to serve all the Abbots and Prelates, who like to leave such Works behind them, with the same Sauce, all the Palaces in *Rome* would scarcely be able to contain the Prisoners. Let us return to the Citadel of *Wirtzburg*.

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C H A P. XXVI.

Wirtzburg. The Citadel, named Marienberg. Its Situation and Fortifications. Its Subterraneous Apartments, filled with prodigious Tuns of Wine. The Bacchanals which are celebrated there. The new Palace. The Chancery and the Treasury.

THE Citadel is called *Marienberg*. In its Situation it resembles not a little *Ebrenbreistein*, but is not so strong or elevated: An Emi-^{The Ci-}nence commands it on one Side. The first Port is covered by two Bastions, faced with hewn Stone, and a deep broad Moat. Above it are the Arms of *Philip de Schoonborn*, Elector of *Mayence*, who was likewise Bishop of *Wirtzburg*, and who built it in 1652. It is adorned with eight Statues of Stone, three without in *Roman* Armour, and five within, the Middle one of which represents *Hercules* leaning on his Club. Between the first and second Port they shewed us the Place where the Bishop *Zobel*, whose History and Tomb are in the Cathedral, fell down dead by a Musket-shot he received in the left Breast. In Memory of this Accident they have placed a Stone-pillar with his Arms, a Cross above it, and this Inscription underneath.

*Anno Domini 1558. XVI Cal. Maii.
En pius occubuit charo pro te Grege Pastor;
Pro Pastore pias, Grex pie, funde preces.*

How

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How
taken by
Gustavus
Adolphus.

How much play with Words in two Verses! The German Poets love this Kind of Versification. In the Time of *Gustavus Adolphus*, King of Sweden, the Fortrefs was not enclosed as now. It consisted then of no more than an old Castle, the ancient Walls of which, flanked with large Towers, still remain.

After taking *Wirtzburg*, this Prince sent a considerable Party of Soldiers to review this old Fort, and as the Garrison happened to be, celebrating a certain Festival, the Swedes found not so much as a single Sentinel upon the Walls; and taking Advantage of this Negligence, they entered into it by a back Entry which they found open, and made themselves Masters of it, having first slain the Garrison, which was then very drunk. The King, so soon as he had Intelligence of this Surprise, went up to it immediately; and as they spared the Life of the Governour, he, in Gratitude for this Benefit, shewed the Prince the Place where the Bishop of *Wirtzburg*, who had refused to make an Alliance with him, kept his Treasure hid, which Discovery was very seasonable to this Prince, who then wanted Money to pay his Army.

*Paulatim subeunt Sueci, parvoque potiti
Limine, terrificant Arcem: tenet atria victor
Vandalus, & pavidas incestat cladibus aedes:
Horrent funeribus Turres, Conclavia, Muri:
Congestæ rapiuntur Opes, fulvique metalli
Dulcia vandalicas locupletant pondera dextras.*

Adolphidos, Lib. VIII.

The Cita-
del de-
scribed.

At our Arrival at the second Gate, we found the Commander there, with some other Officers, who received us very politely. They first of all made a Tour with us, to shew us the Fortifications, which are very irregular on Account of the Situation; but all lined with hewn Stone, and command the Town, and all within their Sight, except on the Side which is in the Power of the Eminence above mentioned. Thence they conducted us into the Magazines, which are well filled with Cannon, and all warlike Stores, like those of *Ekrenbreistein*. There is here, as well as there, a large Well, The Bishop has also built there a Manage, a fencing School, and another for Dancing, and keeps Masters for these Arts, on Account of his Pages, and other young Gentlemen of his Court; "A Thing that is, but ought not, to be neglected at Courts, or in Places where Youth are educated, especially by Princes, who love either War or Magnificence, but indeed for the Sake of Politeness and Safety in Countries of Liberty."

Its beau-
tiful Pro-
spect.

From this Castle one sees not only the Town of *Wirtzburg*, but all the circumjacent Country, which is exceedingly beautiful by its Variety and Fertility: What is most observable in this Prospect are the famous little Hills about *Stein*, so renowned for the Wine they produce. But the Commander pointed us to another Growth to the South of this Fortrefs, called *Leyß*, the

the Grapes of which have pretty much the Muscadel Taste, and which are ordinarily sold at the Rate of four or five hundred Crowns the *Fouder* ready Money.

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The Apartments in this Castle are very commodious, and well furnished; the Tapestry is magnificent, and all the rest is in Proportion. The Chapel is in a very fine Taste; it has a handsome Dome, with four beautiful Altars of Stucco, two in Imitation of Porphyry, and two which resemble Jasper. The two last are adorned each with thirty Heads of St. Ursula's Companions, tho' at Cologne they boast of having them all: But two Pages of the Prince, with two of the Bishop's Almoners, and some other Gentlemen who were along with us, asserted that there are few Catholic Cities of any Importance in Germany, where there are not some Heads of these famous eleven thousand Virgins. In Fact, such a Number may furnish some to all the Towns in Europe. There is a fine Organ in this Chapel.

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BURG.
Apart-
ments and
Chapel.

Hence we were conducted to see the subterraneous Parts of this Fort. And in the Entry, upon the Stair which leads down to them, are the Arms of the present Bishop, with this Inscription.

Its Cel-
lars and
vast Quan-
tity of
Wine.

*Vivat Johannes Philippus
Dux Franconum, vivat.
Ad portam pulsare licet; ne dolia pulses,
Dolia si pulsas, certa repulsa tibi est.*

What we found there answers exactly to these Verses; represent to yourself an Avenue, if I may so speak, bordered on each Side with fifty lofty Tuns, as large in Circumference as the famous Tun of Heidelberg, holding each no less than a Dozen of *Fouders* of Wine, i. e. in French Measure about 50 Hogsheads. The Trojan Horse was scarcely so large. This Avenue is so long, that one can hardly see to the End of it, but very well lighted, tho' under Ground; for each Tun has its great Iron-candlestick, with a Flambeau of yellow Wax in it. I confess the very Sight of these terrible Machines made me quake; and no Wonder, for every one of them was broached, and we behoved to taste a little of each, because one of our Company had the impertinent Curiosity to knock with his Fingers against these *Colosses* to try if they were full. This it seems is an established Law in this subterraneous *Demesne*, agreeably to the Distich on the Top of the Stairs.

———*Ne Dolia pulses,
Dolia si pulsas, certa repulsa tibi est.*

The Governour (so they call him here, who has the Keys and Charge of them) kept for our last and best Regale the largest of these Machines, which is one of a most enormous Size, adorned with Grapes, and I know not how many

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many Goblets and Glasses in Bas-relief. The Inscription says, that it contains Wine, in Comparison of which the oldest Nectar of the Gods is poor Stuff. I have never tasted *Nectar*, but I believe the Inscription says Truth; for there is no Brandy which approaches this in Strength; it is almost as strong as *Aqua Fortis*. They assured us, it is the Great Great Grandfather of all the other Wines in this Cave, i. e. more than 150 Years old. *Credat Judeus Apella, non ego.* *Gustavus Adolphus's* Army were not Folks likely to leave such good Wine, especially at a Time when it must have been at its best.

Great
Drinking
in those
Places.

We had laid a Scheme to make our Escape, but the Governour of the Fort suspecting our Intention, told us, that it was in vain to think of turning our Backs, and that he had ordered our Collation to be carried into a neighbouring Closet; we thanked him, retired as we imagined in Triumph, but found ourselves disappointed, all the Gates were shut, and we were taken like Rats in a Trap. In fine, we were forced to return, and we found our Collation in Readiness. To get off the best Way we could, we resolved to taste a few of the Things prepared to set the Mouth and Throat a Fire, Tongues, Ham, Anchovies, &c. and then to drink one single Bumper of half a Pint to the Health of his Royal Highness, capitulating, that after this we should be at Liberty to fill as we pleased. They were overjoyed to see Strangers so bold as to venture on such a Draught, which indeed went down with us like so much Physic, and they kept their Word with us. We had full Liberty afterwards to do as we pleased, and accordingly we stay'd till all the Collation was consumed. And this Sacrifice to *Bacchus* did not end till about eight a Clock of the Night; some had performed their Part so well that they could neither sit nor stand. I wondered how People could, without being thirsty, swallow such vast Quantities of Wine, and not leave, as I observed they never did, so much as a Drop in the Glass. One of the Prince's Almoners, to whom I said so, answered me, that it was the Custom of this Country, and that they make a Boast of it in *Franconia* never to leave one Drop in their Glass, and that though they did not drink so much here as in *Saxony*, yet the *Saxons* did not observe that Piece of Politeness. And on this Occasion he repeated to me an Epigram of *Taubmannus*, a learned *Franconian*, which appeared to me worthy of a Priest of *Bacchus*, and of being wrote down in my Pocket-Book. Here it is.

*Saxonie mos est Potoribus, inter Amicos,
Haurire ex imo Pocula nulla cavo.
Mos certè nibili; nam cur, quod ab ore refusum
Alterius, tepidâ colluvione bibam?
Laudo meos Francos, qui se cervice supinant,
- Et fundo ex imo præbita Pocula bibunt,*

In

In fine, we got out of our Prison. Some of the Company had the Complaisance to offer to wait on us to our Lodgings, and with much ado they went with us, till they saw us, as well as they could see, without the Fortrefs, where we made them our Compliments, and parted.

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Next Day the same Gentlemen, who had regaled us in the Citadel, came to conduct us to the new Palace which was built by this Bishop, and is much vaunted of; but is in Reality no great Matter. Near to it are the Chancery and the Treasury, and the Chamber for the *Finances*. We went likewise down into the Cellars of this Palace, where we found all ready for another *Bacchanal*. But we got off with tasting a Wine they called the *Nestor* of Wines, *i. e.* a much older Wine than any in the Citadel, and as *Juvenal* says in his fifth Satire.

The new
Palace.

—Cujus Patriam, Titulumque Senectus
Delevit, multâ veteris fuligine Testæ.

And thus we left our Guides to moisten themselves, and clink their Glasses as much as they pleased.

C H A P. XXVII.

Wirtzburg. The great Hospital, and its Splendor. Its Founder. The terrible Usuries committed here. The Character of the present Bishop of Wirtzburg. His Court. A Description of the Town. A Reflexion upon the Prepossession of the French in Favour of their own Nation. The Councils that were held here. A famous Harangue by the Bishop of Tulle against the Court of Rome in one of these Assemblies.

I Must not forget to mention to you the great Hospital at *Wirtzburg*, which though but an Hospital, is more magnificent than the Bishop's Palace, and most other Palaces in *Germany*. This Charity-house was founded by a Bishop of *Wirtzburg*, named *Julius van Echteren*.

The great
Hospital.

The Cardinal *Julius Mazarin* (whom the good *Patin* calls the crimson'd Pick-pocket, and who so roundly pillaged *France*, that he was in a Condition to give 22 Millions in Marriage with his Niece *Hortensia Mancini*) never built the smallest Hospital, though he had reduced one half of the Kingdom to beggary by his Robberies. Above the Gate of this Hospital is a Figure of the Founder on his Knees before a Crucifix. He is surrounded with a Crowd of Orphans, sick, lame, and maimed Persons, and poor Pilgrims in Bas-relief, and without any Date is the following Inscription in golden Characters.

Covetous-
ness of
Cardinal
Mazarin.

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*Præful amans Christi, Patriæ, æternæque Salutis,
Julius, hæc Aedes statuit, quibus Orphana turba,
Et fessi morbo, nec non læsa ulcere membra;
Tum procul adveniens externis Pauper ab oris,
Hospitio, auxilio, victuque fovetur & Artis:
Hunc pia Posteritas tueatur & augeat usum.*

Terrible
Usuries
committed
here.

It fares with the Foundation of this Hospital, as with most other pious Establishments: The Design of it is not a little perverted and abused, especially with Respect to the *Tueatur & augeat usum* in the last Verse. This Maxim has been over acted in a most indign Manner, as we were informed by Persons of Probity and of the greatest Distinction in the Place. In Time of War and other public Calamities, the Nobility of the Country are often obliged to borrow Money, and to live upon what they can borrow at any Interest; so that this Hospital, being rich in ready Money, has got vast Numbers of Mortgages upon the Estates of these Gentlemen for Sums at a monstrous Interest. The Hospital lends in this Manner, and takes an Opportunity, when the Debtors are least able to pay, to demand the Money due, under Pretence of Want, and by this Means gets another Mortgage, and a higher Interest; for otherwise an Execution, and all its gloomy Train of Consequences would unavoidably follow: And by this infamous Oppression and Usury the Hospital is at this Day richer in Land, as well as Money, than the Bishop himself; so that we may well apply to this House those Verses of Horace, *Sat. 2. Lib. 1.*

*Dives Agris, dives positus in sænore nummis,
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urget.*

Reflexions
upon it.

The Directors of such Houses are obliged in Conscience to enrich them by honest Means as much as they can: But is it permitted to them to become Usurers, and to take exorbitant Interest? To profit of the Distress of their honest Neighbours, and rob them of their Estates? 'Tis true, the Managers of this Hospital have found out a marvellous Expedient to justify their Robberies, which is that they feed and cloath the Nobles they have ruined. But if this be Charity, first to make Beggars by Fraud and Oppression, and then to make a Boast of maintaining the Beggars they have made; what in the Name of Goodness is Cruelty?

Descrip-
tion of
this Build-
ing.

They have demolished the old Hospital, which was a Gothic Building, and of which there are still some Remains. In its Place they have built a vast Edifice of hewn Stone, which will be without Comparison much finer than the Bishop's Palace when it is finished. The Front and two Wings are already compleat, and they are busy in carrying on the Work. The

Entry

Entry to it is a large square Court. On the Side where the Gardens lie, which are spacious, and adorned with Fountains and Statues, there is along the Building a Terrass above two hundred Paces in Length, with a fine Rail breast-high. Once more we may venture to say it will be a very noble Building. The only Fault I could observe in it is, that it is too magnificent for a House designed for the Maintenance of poor People.

The Bishop of *Wirtzburg* not being here, we had not the Pleasure of seeing him. He is a Suffragan of *Mayence*, and has the Title of Duke of *Franconia*; a Title which the Emperor *Frederic Barbarossa* granted to the then Bishop of that See. He is likewise as Sovereign in his Diocese, as the Electors are in their States. His Name is *John Philip* of *Grieffenklaw*, of an ancient and noble Family at *Rbingaw*, a Country which produces excellent Wines. This Prince is about 55 Years of Age, and has the Reputation of being very fiery and vindictive; never pardoning when he thinks himself affronted or injured, *i. e.* one who pushes the *Odium Theologicum* to the utmost Height. We were informed, by very good Hands, that his Court is very numerous and gay, in short too pompous for a Bishop. He keeps a grand Chamberlain, a grand Master of the Horse, a grand Huntsman, a grand Marshal, and all the grand Officers, in one Word, that are to be heard of in any *German* Court. He has likewise a vast Number of Gentlemen of his Bed-chamber, called in their Language, *Camer-Herrn*; eight Pages who are all of the best Families in *Franconia*, and a Company of Horse-guards consisting of 60 Men. These last are cloathed in Purple, with Silver-buttons and Button-holes, and Bandileers of the same Colour, with three Rows of Silver-lace.

Besides all this, he keeps on Foot ten thousand regular Troops, consisting of two large Regiments of Cavalry, and two of Dragoons, and the rest Foot. The greater Part of these Troops are now in the Service of the Emperor. I have now told you all I could learn of this Prince and his Court.

Wirtzburg is the Capital of the Bishoprick, but not of all *Franconia*, as many Authors have said: *Nuremberg* has much better Pretensions to this Honour, both on Account of its Largeness and Opulence. The former called anciently *Herbipolis*, is not a large, but a very agreeable Town. It is situated on the *Mein*, which cuts it into two, in a charming Valley, surrounded with little Eminences, very fertile in Wine, Corn, and Fruits, precisely in the Middle of *Franconia*. It was anciently the Capital of the Dominions of *Pharamond*, which makes me think that the *French* Historians are very much in the Wrong for ascribing the Descent of their Nation to one *Francus*, an imaginary Son of *Hector*.

All the World knows that their Ancestors came out of this Country, and established themselves in *France* under the Kings *Clodion* and *Merovy*: And *Franconia* is too fine a Mother-Country to be disowned. But perhaps the *French* are unwilling to be taken for *Germans*. Let us however render Justice to every one. The Vanity and Prejudices of that Nation make

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WIRTZBURG.

The Bishop's Character, Titles, and Revenues.

His Forces

Description of Wirtzburg

Origin of the French Nation.

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WIRTZ-
BURG.
Reflexion
on their
Vanity.

make them forget that Sense, Virtue, and Politeness are the Growth and Product of all Climates, and that there is good Sense at *Surat*, as well as at *Paris*: That is to say, wherever there are Men. No doubt the *French* would be very angry if Foreigners should call them *Barbarians*, and treat them as such. But is it not as great Barbarity in them to be surpris- ed to find other People capable of reasoning, as well as they themselves do? Indeed as all other Nations are not quite barbarous and uncivilized, so all the *French* are not polite and well-bred: With a very well improved Language, and very refined outward Manners, they are however in many Respects very rude and unpolished.

And on
their mak-
ing a Kind
of Sport
of their
own Coun-
try's Cal-
amities.

For instance, can any thing be more brutal and cruel than the Licence, so prevalent and common in that Nation, of making the Misfortunes of the Public, and the frequent Defeats their Armies have suffered the Sub- jects of Lampoons, Songs, and Ballads? There is no Nation of the World, but the *French* that is capable of diverting themselves with such dismal Catastrophes. What makes them laugh would have drawn Tears from any others Eyes, even in the most uncivilized Parts of the World, if the like Misfortunes had happened to them. Their excellent comic Poet *Mo- liere* has reason thus to paint and upbraid them in his Comedy, intituled, *Les Facheux*.

*Eh mon Dieu! nos François si souvent redressés,
Ne prendront-ils jamais les airs de Gens sensés?
Et faudra-t-il toujours, sur leurs Défauts extrêmes,
Qu'en Théâtre public ils se jouent Eux mêmes?*

But let us leave the *French* to their natural Gaiety and Volatility, and go on with our account of *Wirtzburg*.

Councils
held at
Wirtzburg

This Town has a very gay Aspect. Its public Places, Squares, and Streets are very neat and agreeable, and its Houses very commodious; the Situation and Air are pleasant and wholesome, and here is every thing in Plenty that human Life requires. The Emperor *Rodolphus* I. and Pope *Honorius* IV. assembled a Council here in 1287. during which the Bishop of *Frescati*, the Pope's Legate, had almost been killed by the Bi- shops, and the other Ecclesiastics of *Germany*, for having demanded of them, in his Master's Name, the fourth Part of their Revenues for five Years. What contributed exceedingly to provoke the Fathers of this Council was a virulent Discourse made against the Court of *Rome*, by the Bishop of *Tulle*, Provost of *Tubinge*, and Doctor of Divinity. The Ha- rangue is curious, and I believe it is no where else to be found but in the seventh Book of the *Annales Boiorum*, by the learned *Joannes Aventinus*. He calls that Bishop *Probus*, and relates his Harangue in these Words:

Quo usque, Collegæ charissimi! Romulei illi vultures patientiâ nostrâ, ne di-
cam stultitiâ, abutentur? Quò usquè eorum flagitia, avaritiam, superbiam, lux-
um tolerabimus? Non cessabit hoc genus Archisynagogen pessimum, nisi omnes
ad Egestatem & servitutem durissimam redegerit. Discordia nostra hoc malum
creavit, Discordiâ nostrâ isti Nebulones tuti sunt, nec illis regnantibus unquam
licebit pacem & pietatem colere. Nuper Saxones & Suevos inter se commi-
serunt; deindè Fredericum II. Reipublicæ Christianæ utilissimum, & Conra-
dum IV. Suevos atque optimos Principes Imperio simul & vitâ privarunt.
In Germania Discordiæ mala Sathanae & Anti-Christi Satrapæ seminarunt.
Deindè Conradinum insontissimum & optimæ indolis Adolescentem, Prolem Di-
vorum, Jure Gentium Hæreditatem Majorum repetentem, fraude doloque inter-
ceptum necarunt. Suevos, Francos, Austriacosque inter se armis commiserunt;
deinde adversus hos Hispanos concitarunt. Nunc non adversus Galliæ atque
Hispaniæ Principes, cognatos nostros ex Germania quondam profectos concitare
nituntur. Quod antè duodecim annos Gregorius X. cum Decimis egit, id ip-
sum Honorius IV. cum Quartis aget. Ille ut aurum emungeret, Scythas, Ara-
bes, Turcas in nos armavit; hic vectigal magis quam nos salvos vult. Sathanae
illi lucem simulantes plura comminiscuntur quibus Populo tenebras offundant.
Proindè Patres Christo devotissimi, Expergiscimini, consulite, succurrite rebus
perditis. Majores nostri immunes Imperii, Romanos orbis terrarum Domitores,
Humano generi, finitimis imperitare permolestè tulerunt, eorumque Imperium
armis solverunt. Nos pueris atque effæminatis, ne quid gravius dicam, æquo
animo servimus. Qui sit ille Tusculanus, non sum nescius, novi hominis mores,
Aurifuga est, venalisque fenerator atque perfidus, vile pecuniæ Mancipium. Ego
minas ejus flocci fecero, Senatūque totius Orbis Christiani appello.

The Result of this bold Harangue, delivered by one of the most
learned German Bishops, was, that the Father of the Council in general
were so incensed by it, against the Pope's Legate, that if the Emperor
had not sent the Captain of his Guards with a strong Backing of Soldiers
to rescue him out of their Hands, they had certainly torn him into
Pieces. This Prelate durst never shew himself afterwards in Public; but
was glad to get back as fast and quietly as he could into Italy, for fear
of leaving his Relicks in Germany.

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WIRTZ-
BURG.
Discourse
of the Bi-
shop of
Tulle to
the Coun-
cil.

A Ha-
rangue de-
livered in
it, against
the Court
of Rome.
The
Council
very much
exasperat-
ed there-
by.

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C H A P. XXVIII.

Departure from Wirtzburg to Bamberg. Gaibach, a pleasant House belonging to the Elector of Mayence. A Description of it. The great Subjection of the Peasants in Germany to the Military. Reflexion upon it. Ebrach a famous and rich Abbacy. Its Library, Church and Rarities. The Monopoly of these Monks. An extraordinary Echo.

Departure
from
Wirtzburg

WE set out in the Morning from *Wirtzburg* for *Bamberg*; and about Noon we repassed the *Mein* at *Volkach* a large Borough, where we dined. The Country we went through is very pleasant and fertile. Two Hours after we had refreshed ourselves (for Travelers have other Appetites to content besides their Curiosity) we arrived at *Gaibach*, a pleasant House belonging to the Elector of *Mayence*, which passes here for a little *Versailles*. We stopped a full Hour to see its boasted Beauties. It is indeed very agreeably situated, and the Apartments are commodious enough; though the Architecture be but indifferent. The Gardens are not spacious, but very pleasant. In them is a very fine Fountain, a Grotto with Waterworks, Cascades, several Arbours, and a very handsome Orangerie. There are many very bad Statues; and some few good ones however among them. I took Notice of one somewhat resembling in Taste to the Conceit of the *Italian* Painter, in his Picture of *Abraham* going to sacrifice *Isaac*, which I have already mentioned to you.

Gaibach,
a Summer
Seat of the
Elector of
Mayence.

Strange
Whim of
a Sculptor.

Whereas the Painters and Sculptors commonly mount *Bellerophon* upon *Pegasus*, and represent him descending with all his Force upon the Chimera; the Sculptor of this *Bellerophon*, highly pleased, no doubt, with his Invention, has mounted his Heroe astride upon the Monster itself: With his left Hand he holds the Chimera by the Neck, and with his Right he plunges his Sword to the Hilt in the Monster's Throat; no doubt the Sculptor imagined *Pegasus* to be a skittish Animal, whom his Rider could never have made to go near so frightful a Monster.

The Gar-
den, and
ridiculous
Exactness
of Mr.
Misson.

In the Middle of the Garden is a very pretty little Hall, painted within, and adorned with a great Number of Emblems of all Sorts, that is to say, good and bad. It would be impertinent to tire you with a fatiguing Detail of them. I shan't imitate Mr. *Misson* in this, who sent his Friend all the Distichs of the great Hall in the Palace of *Munich*, all the Sentences in the Chamber of Audience in the same Palace, and a great Part of the Proverbs on the Walls of the *Villa Benedetti* near *Rome*. Let that be called Exactness by those who like it. I shall only mention three of the Emblems in this Summer-house at *Gaibach*, two of which I like very well, and the other of which is the arrantest Impertinence I ever saw.

saw. The first is a Pomegranate just opened a little, so as to shew its fine Vermilion Seeds, painted in so artful a Manner as that one would take it for a real one, with this Motto; *Interiora placent*. The Second is a Devil in the hideous Form Painters are used to give him. He is represented in the Air holding a Cupid in his Claws, with this Motto, *Le Diable emporte l'Amour*. I could willingly have effaced such stupid Nonsense. The Third is very good: It is a Table upon which are placed a large German Bowl brim-full of Wine; another of a less Size, and a Third yet less, which two last are not full, with this Motto from *Horace*; *Est modus in rebus*. Having heard from the Baron of *Schmitzberg* at *Mayence*, that the Elector hated great Drinkers, I immediately guessed that his Highness had intended by this Decree to correct those at his Court who liked their Bottle too much. We were told that the Elector is very fond of this House, which he built when he was no more than a Canon of *Mayence* and of *Wirtzburg*. Hence you may conjecture, as well as from the short Account I have given you of it, that if it be a *Versailles*, it is one in Miniature.

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GAI-
BACH.

This being all that is to be seen at *Gaibach*, we continued our Journey, and came to a Village where there was neither Bread, Wine nor Straw. This cross Disappointment gave us some Uneasiness; for it was Night, and there was neither Hamlet nor Village nearer than two full Leagues from hence, and our Coachman knew not one Foot of the Road. But he took it into his Head to make us pass for Officers in the Bishop of *Wirtzburg's* Troops, and so obliged one of the Clowns here to guide us to the first Village. There was no Occasion to pull him by the Ear; the very Name of Officers made him gallop along bare-footed before us two large Leagues, and we at last got to the Village; where however we were not much better off. The good Peasant wished us well, and with great Difficulty could I persuade him to take the *Trinst-galt*, which he durst not demand, imagining we really were Officers in the Service of his Prince. We found that the poor Hoydons of this Country are forced to serve as Guides to the Officers when they come, tho' ever so late; to get out of their Beds, leave their Wives, and march a-foot before them four five Leagues, or as far as they please, without daring to ask any thing for their Trouble.

Great
Subjection
of the
Peasants to
the Sol-
diery.

This unhappy Servitude of the most useful Part of the Subjects in a Kingdom, I mean those who cultivate the Ground, feed Cattle, and carry on the Manufactures, made me reflect with Pleasure upon the Happiness of your Island, in Consequence of your delightful Government, where the Grantees, nay the King himself, hath no Power to force the meanest Subject to do any thing against his Will.

Happiness
of those
of England

O! *Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint, Angligenas!*

Next Morning in getting up, I could not avoid reflecting upon that Tyranny which hath prevailed in all Ages and Countries among the Men of the Sword, even amongst the ancient *Romans* themselves, who boasted so much

The old
Romans
under the
same Sub-
jection.

Numb. IV.

Z

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EBRACH.

much of their Liberty : witness the 16th Satire of *Juvenal*, which begins thus :

*Quis numerare queat felicitis præmia, Galle,
Militiæ ?*

You know it turns entirely upon the great Advantages which the *Roman* Officers and Soldiers enjoyed over the other Subjects ; even to such a Degree, as to have the Power of beating them, breaking their Teeth, and knocking out their Eyes, without their daring to complain of such Injuries, for fear of bringing yet worse upon them, as the same Poet tells us :

*Commoda tractemus, primum communia, quorum
Haud minimum illud erit, ne te pulsare Togatus
Audeat : immo & si pulsetur, dissimulet, nec
Audeat excussos Prætori ostendere dentes,
Et nigram in facie, tumidis livoribus offam,
Atque oculum Medico nil promittente relictum.
—— Si justæ desertur causa querelæ,
Tota cohors tamen est inimica, omnesque Manipuli,
Consensu magno. efficiunt curabilis ut sit
Vindicta, & gravior quam Injuria ——*

Ebrach, a
famous
rich Ab-
bey.

The Li-
brary.

We set out, and at a little Distance from this Village we crossed through a large Forest, and arrived about Eleven at a famous Abbey of the Order of *Citeaux* named *Ebrach*, or *Mark-Ebrach*, six Leagues from *Bamberg*. This Abbey is large like a little Borough, and surrounded with strong Walls flanked with some Towers. It is situated in a very agreeable Valley, bordered on each Side with a little Eminence, covered with very lofty Trees. Through this Valley runs a large River called *Mittel-Ebrach*, which makes several Mills go, and from hence throws itself into a large Pond ; and out of that into the *Mein*. Having desired Permission to see an Abbey so renowned in this Country, the Abbot sent one of the principal Monks, who first shewed us their Library, which is the finest and best furnished I have seen since I left *Holland*. Above the Cornish, which reaches quite round, are the Portraits of all the *Abbots* who have presided over this Abbey since its Foundation ; the first of whom is named *St. Adam* : There are 30 in all. Besides a great many good Books in this Library, there are some *Greek* and *Latin* Manuscripts : Amongst the *Greek*, two of *Aristotle's Physics*, one of *Isocrates*, a *Nicomachus*, and some little Pieces of *Plato*. Amongst the *Latin* is one of *Silius Italicus*, which they take to be 800 Years old ; but it seemed to me to have no Mark of such Antiquity ; a *Claudian*, about 3 or 400 Years old, and several Missals adorned with very fine Miniatures. There are also Globes and a prodigious Quantity of Prints of the best Engravers in *Italy*, *France*,

France, Flanders and Germany, which they have collected at vast Expence.

From the Library, we went to the Dorter, Cloisters, and Refectory, which are all very handsome: But it is the only Convent we have yet seen where we were not offered, at least, a Glass of Wine and a Crust of Bread, and we happened to be very hungry. In fine, we went into the Church, which is very large and high Ceiling'd: Our Conductor led us to an Altar of white Marble where the famous St. Bernard Abbot of Clairvaux, Abeland's great Persecutor, used to say Mass. It is adorned with Bas-reliefs, representing the principal Actions of that Saint, and he assured us that this Altar was sent hither by an Abbot of Clairvaux above two hundred Years ago. But here is something more curious than this Altar.

In 16 Niches in the Wall, before which are Iron Grates, repose the embalmed Hearts of 16 Bishops of Wirtzburg, from Bertbold of Sternberg, who died in 1287. His Epitaph is in a pretty singular Style, and therefore I have transcribed it for you.

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EBRACH.

The Church.

The Hearts of several Bishops.

*Cor jacet in fossâ (sine quo Caro nil, nihil ossa)
Præsulis atque Ducis Wirtzburgi: da bona lucis
Bartibolao Chryste! quo sacratus locus iste:
De Stellæ monte, dedit hoc munus quia spontè.*

But, I believe, I must explain to you *Stellæ monte*, and the Riddle is briefly this. Sternberg, the family Name of this Abbot Bertbold, signifies *Mountain of the Star*, and that is all *Stellæ monte* is meant to signify.

Our Guide, who is a Monk of so noted Sanctity, that in all Probability Odd Story he will be canonized after his Death, certified to us, with all his solemn Gravity, that if the least Bit of the Wall in which these Niches are should fall, or any one of these Niches should chance to open of itself, it is an infallible Presage, that the then Bishop of Wirtzburg will soon die.

You may laugh: But the same good serious Monk told us something more extraordinary yet with the greatest Solemnity; viz. that the Devil is buried in this Church, and which is yet more, his Mother too. This you may say, is more ridiculous than the Devil in the Device at Gaibach: But whatever you may say or think this good Monk assured us this was Fact, and shewed us their Tombs. The Story is shortly this. A certain Brother of this Abbacy had for his Name and Sir-name *Hanns der Teuffel*, that is to say, *John the Devil*. His Mother died, and being very rich, she left all her Ducats to this Abbey of Ebrach, upon Condition that her Corpse should be interred in this Church; an Honour they allow to none, no not to the Abbots or the Monks themselves; but Money prevailed over Custom. Two Years after died Brother *John the Devil*, and though they were under no Obligation to bury him here, yet it was done for the Sake of the Joke, that it might be said, *Here are buried the Devil and his Mother*. Now was not this a very witty Invention of these face-

The Church Tombs.

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EBRACH.

History of
this Ab-
bacy.

tious Monks? The Organ in this Church is magnificent, and must have cost a round Sum.

This Abbacy was founded, they say, more than 1200 Years ago, by *Cherebert VIII* King of *France*, and fourth Christian King, who died in 573. During *Gustavus Adolphus's* War in *Germany*, it was quite laid in Ruins. Some Years ago, Wine and Corn were very dear in *Franconia*, and the other neighbouring Provinces, but the Monks of *Ebrach* had great Plenty, having for three Years before gathered vast Crops, which they stored up in their Granaries, without selling one Grain. Perhaps some of their 16 Niches had foretold them by some Sign, the Dearth that was to follow these three Years of fecundity. However that may be, they did not open their Magazines till these Commodities were at a very high Price; and then they did it, not to distribute them charitably to the Poor who were starving, but to make as much Money as they could extortion; by which Means they amassed a vast Sum. They no sooner found themselves in Cash than they thought their Abbey, which had been but indifferently repaired after having been destroyed by the King of *Sweden*, not fine enough for them; they razed it to the Ground, and built of the Profits they had made by their Corn and Wine, this magnificent Edifice of hewn Stone with a splendid Church, two large Courts, several Magazines and Granaries, Wine-presses, Brew-houses, Stables, Coach-houses, and I know not how many other Conveniencies, which make this Abbey appear like a little Town at a distance.

All this we were told by our sagacious Guide who expects Canonization. And he, instead of taking such a Monopoly to be a Sin, thought it a most meritorious Work, and could prove it, no doubt, from the Writings of their *Ignatian* Casuists, who are excellent Moralists.

Beautiful
Valley and
Echo.

In our return from this Convent, we walked a-foot across the agreeable Valley, and by the Side of the River already mentioned. And happening to speak a little loud, we were agreeably surprized with one of the most charming Echo's in the World. The whole Forest, which covers the Valley to the right, resounded our Voices, and the Echo distinctly repeated the last Syllables twelve Times. What most amused and surprized us was, that our Voices received from the different Concavities it met with different Tones, which made, as it were, a Concert of several Voices. From hence we came to *Lipsberg*, which is a pretty large Town where we dined, and then continued our Rout to *Bamberg*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIX.

Bamberg the first Bishoprick in Germany. The old Palace. The new Palace. The Cathedral. Several Monuments. The Treasury of this Church. Its Riches, and many curious Manuscripts.

NEXT Day after our Arrival, we payed our Respects to his Electoral Highness, who is of the Family of *Schoonborn*. He received us with uncommon Affability and Politeness. A Moment after we were splendidly regaled by the chief Nobility of his Court, who waited upon us afterwards through the Palace. Kindness of the Elector.

It is an old Building situated in an Island made by the River *Pegnitz*. The Garden is tolerable; there is a large Orangery wherein are several Trees of an extraordinary Size. There is besides an agreeable Bower with a fine Fountain. In the middle of the Basin is a Pillar which supports a vast Shell, out of which rises a *Neptune* riding on his Triton, both of Brass. The Rays which make up his Crown and the Points of his Trident, are formed by Spouts of Water, and have a very fine Effect. At one End of this Garden are two Grottos, in one of which is a Terrestrial Globe six foot Diameter, but without Zodiac or Meridian, made by an *Augustin* Monk named *Theodat Zovet*, who was about making one of eight Feet Diameter, he died in 1688. In the other are two Figures of Peasants, together with a Woman, all three sitting at a Table. The Woman holds a little Child on her Lap. The old Palace.

This Figure made a very strong Impression upon a Gardiner, whom about a Year ago the great Marshal, Director of this Garden, brought from the Country to work here, because he was reckoned a very skilful one. From the Moment he came here, he was so struck with these Statues, which he took for Images of *St. Joseph* and the *Virgin*, that he has ever since regularly paid his Devotions to them every Day at Noon before he goes to Dinner; and nothing could ever put it out of his Head, but that he was paying his Worship to the Saints he had ever, as he said, a great Veneration for. Great Simplicity of a Gardiner.

After walking sometime in a small but very pleasant Thicket and along the Banks of the River *Pegnitz*, we returned to the Court-Palace. Coaches which the Grand-Marshal had ordered to wait for us, in Order to carry us to the new Palace built by this Elector. It is a vast Pile of Building of hewn Stone three Story high: The Front is very regular, and stands between two large Wings, which reach half the Length of the Court that leads to the Cathedral, and half the Length of the Garden, which is not at all proportioned to the bigness of the Building. The Apartments are grand, commodious, and will be furnished with a Magnificence

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EBRACH.

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The old
Palace.

This Figure made a very strong Impression upon a Gardiner, whom about a Year ago the great Marshal, Director of this Garden, brought from the Country to work here, because he was reckoned a very skilful one. From the Moment he came here, he was so struck with these Statues, which he took for Images of *St. Joseph* and the *Virgin*, that he has ever since regularly paid his Devotions to them every Day at Noon before he goes to Dinner; and nothing could ever put it out of his Head, but that he was paying his Worship to the Saints he had ever, as he said, a great Veneration for.

Great
Simplicity
of a Gar-
diner.

After walking sometime in a small but very pleasant Thicket and along the Banks of the River *Pegnitz*, we returned to the Court-Palace. Coaches which the Grand-Marshal had ordered to wait for us, in Order to carry us to the new Palace built by this Elector. It is a vast Pile of Building of hewn Stone three Story high: The Front is very regular, and stands between two large Wings, which reach half the Length of the Court that leads to the Cathedral, and half the Length of the Garden, which is not at all proportioned to the bigness of the Building. The Apartments are grand, commodious, and will be furnished with a Magnificence

The new
Palace.

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nificence suitable to the Dignity of the first of the Electors. The Cielings, the Wainscoting, and every Part that admits of such Ornaments, are painted with History-pieces; but unluckily by an *Italian Quack*, who pretended to be a very able Master. This Rascal was well provided with excellent Designs and Studio's, which he said were his own: But he has impudently robbed the Elector, having done nothing that is tolerable, there being no Symmetry in his Designs, his Groupes confused, and most of his Figures distorted and out of all Proportion; his Colouring very florid, but very injudicious. He is not the first Villain of his Country who has imposed upon Princes. *Bragadin* formerly cheated scandalously the Duke of *Bavaria* with his pretended Powder of Projection, but the Knavery being discovered, that Prince rewarded him with the Gallows.

The Ca-
thedral.

The Cathedral and its Treasury have employed us all this Day. It is a vast Edifice quite *Gothic*, with four Steeples like those at *Wirtzburg*, of a very bold Work, open at the Top, and supported by very high Pillars, which appear very light and easy. The Body of the Church is very dark, but there are two Quires tolerably well lighted. In that to the East there is the Tomb of Pope *Clement II.* of white Marble, with this Inscription.

The
Tomb of
a Bishop
of Bam-
berg.

PRIMUS IN CHRISTO PATER ET DOMINUS D. SUID-
GERUS A MAYENDORF SAXO. IIDUS EPIS. BAMB.
POSTEA SUMM. PONT. CLEMENS IIDUS DICTUS.
OBIIT ROMÆ 10. OCTOB. ANNO M.XXXXVII.

This *Suidgerus* was the second Bishop of *Bamberg*, when the three Anti-Popes divided *Italy*, under the Names of *Benedict IX.*, *Sylvester III.*, and *Gregory VI.* The Emperor *Henry III.* Sirnamed the *Black*, Son to *Conrad the Salic*, went to *Rome* and took along with him this Bishop, and after making himself Master of the City got him to be chosen Pope, under the Title of *Clement II.* But poor *Suidgerus* did not long enjoy that Honour; for having consecrated the Emperor and the Empress *Agnes* his Consort, Daughter to *William Duke of Aquitania*, he died a little after being poisoned by the *Italians*, who could not suffer a *German* in *St. Peter's Chair*. The Emperor ordered his Body to be carried to *Bamberg*, and interred in this Cathedral.

Tomb of
the Em-
peror *Hen-
ry II.* and
his Wife.

In the Entry of the other Quire which is to the West, there is an Altar behind which are buried the Emperor *Henry II.* called the *Lame*, otherwise *St. Henry*, and the Empress his Consort *Cunegonde* Daughter to *Sigefroid Count Palatine* of the *Rhine*. History says, that this Princess died a Maid, though married. Their Monument is also of white Marble, with their Statues lying down in their Imperial Robes, with the Globe and Scepter in their Hands, Crowns on their Heads, and two Lions at their Feet. Three Faces of this Monument are adorned with Sculptures repre-

senting the Trial that was made of St. *Cunegonde's* Innocence; for being falsely accused of Adultery, she vindicated herself from the Calumny by carrying in her bare Hands Iron Rods red-hot, without being in the least hurt. Upon the fourth is a Cartouche of Brass, under which are these Words in Capitals.

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D. O. M.

HUMANI GENERIS REDEMPTORI JESU CHRISTO.
HUIUS ECCLESIAE FUNDATORIBUS, TUTORIBUS, PATRONIS DIVIS HENRICO ET KUNEGUNDÆ CÆSAREIS ET VIRGINEIS CONJUGIBUS. ARAM, TROPHOEUM, MONUMENTUM SACRAVIT, EREXIT, POSUIT,
M. O. E.

The whole is enclosed within an Iron Rail about half a Foot in height.

This Cripple Emperor was canonized for having been a great Benefactor to the Ecclesiastics in his Time. It was he that founded in 1006 this Bishopric and Cathedral, which he dedicated to St. *George*. He made *Eberhard* his Chancellor the first Bishop, and gave him a large Portion of the Estate of the Count of *Merspur*, who died without Children, but left several very poor Relations who ought in Equity and Reason to have been his Heirs; a plain Proof that Saints may commit Injustice, as well as other Men. He likewise built two Monasteries in *Bamberg*; one for Monks of the Order of St. *Augustin*, dedicated to St. *Stephen*; the other for *Benedictines* under the Name of St. *Michel*. He is called the Apostle of the *Hungarians*, because he brought about the Conversion of these Barbarians to Christianity. I am going to tell you how.

Their King called *Stephen* (a Name not *Pagan*) falling passionately in Love with the Princess *Giselle*, Sister to St. *Henry*, at the first Sight of her Portrait, sent to ask her in Marriage by a solemn Embassy. The Holy Emperor, full of Zeal, refused to give his Sister to the King of *Hungary*, unless he would embrace the Christian Religion. The amorous Prince got himself baptized immediately without any Scruple or Hesitation, to satisfy his Passion, in 1010. and his Subjects followed his Example. This is what the Legends say concerning this pious Emperor: But besides, that the Name *Stephen*, as I have already said, is not *Pagan*; I think that the Historians who have mentioned *Attila* King of the *Huns* or *Hungarians*, who lived about the Middle of the Fifth Century, say, that this Prince was at that Time a Christian, but infected with *Arianism*.

However that be, St. *Henry* was Nephew to *Otho* the Great, and he was crowned Emperor in 1002, by *Willigise* Archbishop of *Mayence*, Son to a Cart-wright, whom I have already mentioned in the Article of *Mayence*. He was obliged, much against his Will, to carry on several Wars, both in *Germany* and in *Italy*, during a Reign of 23 Years and some Months. The

H. story of
this Prince.

Hunga-
rians con-
verted by
his Means.

H's won-
derful
Chastity.

fame

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BERG.

Three-
other Re-
markable
Tombs.

The His-
tory of a
haughty
Bishop of
Bamberg.

He burns
the Cha-
ters, and
kills the
Magis-
trates of
this City:

same Legend says, that he kept his Continnence, even with his Wife *Cunegonde* and that a little before his Death he restored her to her Parents, saying: *Take back your Virgin, whom I restore to you as you gave her to me.* This happened in the Year 1024. in the Month of July. This surely is a most notable Example of Continnence, of which few Men now-a-days are capable, unless they be unqualified for Matrimony, or the Lady be an Antidote against Love, *i. e.* such a *Virago* with a Beard and a hairy flat Breast like a Man, as the late *Christina* Queen of Sweden was. The ordinary Devise of this chaste Emperor was; *Ne quid nimis.* One of his noblest Actions was, driving the *Sarazens* out of *Calabria* and *Apulia*.

There are several other Tombs in this Cathedral, I shall only mention three more of the most remarkable. The first is that of a Bishop named *Philip Valentin*, a very good Prelat, upon the Testimony of his Epitaph: His Statue as big as Life, dressed in the Episcopal Robes, is in a large Niche of Brass, with his Arms of the same Metal, placed upon a Pedestal of black Marble. The Second is of the Bishop *Melchior Otho*, another good Pastor. His Bust, the Niche in which it stands, and his Arms, are of white Marble, as well as the Corpse of a Man stretched out in a Coffin, with his Head leaning upon a Globe: All this is of a very fine Workmanship. The Inscriptions on these two are very long, and there is nothing very particular in them. The Third, is that of a Bishop whose Name is forgotten, but whose Statue has a broad Slash on the right Cheek. Here is the History of him.

During the See of this Bishop, the Magistrates of *Bamberg* were very jealous of their Privileges; by one of which, it was not permitted to the Bishop to pass beyond a certain Bridge, leading to a considerable Part of the Town, with his Guards or any Attendants in Arms. The Bishop, whom that Restriction had chagrined for a long Time, resolved to abolish it, and ventured passing the Bridge; but all the Populace rose immediately, took Arms, attacked and put to Flight the Bishop's Guard: A certain Cooper was even so brutal, as to cut the Bishop himself in the Face with a Planer; so that the poor Prelate was forced to make his Retreat as fast as he could. Sometime after this Accident, the Bishop invited half a Dozen of the chief Magistrates to Dinner, and begged them to bring their original Charters that they might examine them together, which the Magistrates being foolish enough to do he received and entertained them very kindly, and having made them drink copiously, *i. e.* *more Germanico*, he then asked a Sight of their Charters. These Drunkards shewed them to him, and which is more, were such Idiots as to tell him, that it was they who had spirited up the People to defend their Privileges so bravely. There needed no more to rouse the Bishop, who well remembered the Cut in his Face, to revenge himself. And first of all, he threw the Charters into the Fire; and next, having put all these Magistrates into close Prison in his own Palace, he had them secretly beheaded without the Ceremony of a Process. This was like a Bishop, who understood something more than humming over

over his Breviary. Here is an excellent Example for Secular Princes to copy after but of the *Machiavilean* kind.

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From the Church we were conducted to see the Treasury, which is extremely rich and full of very great Curiosities; at least very costly ones. First of all, here are two Mantles and two Imperial Robes of St. *Henry*: The two Robes and one of the Mantles are but of blue Damask; the other of Rose colour Damask very much tarnished, and trimmed with a slight silk Fringe all round.

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BERG.
The Trea-
sury, its
Curiosities
& Riches.

The Imperial Mantle of St. *Cunigonde*, with a large Border of Pearls is so heavy, that the strongest of your Porters could not carry it from one End of *London* to the other, without sweating very heartily. This single Piece is worth all the Wardrobe of the good Emperor her Spouse.

The Imperial Crown of that Prince; which is not close at the Top as those of the present Emperors and Kings are; It is only six Plates of Gold rounded a little at the Top, and joined together with Clasps: These Plates are adorned with precious Stones of all Colours. I took Notice of two antique Oriental Agats among them, representing the Goddess *Pallas* in *Cameo*. That of the Empress is composed of two Circles of Gold, clasped the one upon the other, richly set with Pearls and Jewels. The Mitre of St. *Otho* Bishop of *Bamberg*. This Prelate was a greater Enemy to Pomp than his Brethren in our Days: He imitated the Simplicity of the first Apostles, for his Mitre is of an ordinary Taffety of Fillemot Colour, with a slight Velvet Lace and black Stripes: It is even very bare and greasy, which makes me conjecture that this Prelate seldom wore any other. It was he that converted the *Pomeranians* to the Christian Faith, under the Emperor *Henry V.* A Crown of brown Velvet bordered with small Pearls, which was put upon the Head of St. *Cunigonde* after her Death: and they assured us, it had been in her Tomb more than 300 Years, without being in the least musty.

Three large Busts of solid Silver, one of the *Virgin Mary*, one of the Emperor St. *Henry*, and the Third of his holy Virgin Wife. Each of these is five Foot high, and the Workmanship is excellent. In the Globe which that of *Henry* holds in his right Hand, is the real Head of that Emperor; they did us the very particular Favour of opening the Globe, and shewing this sacred Head to us. It is very big, and they took Care to regale us with the agreeable Odour it exhales: We believed this Miracle with due Obedience of Faith, without attributing the sweet Smell (as you, no doubt, would have done) to the perfumed Cotton wrapt about this Head. I observed an *Ex voto*, which is very particular, that was offered to the Infant *Jesus*, which the Statue of the *Virgin Mary* has upon her Knee. 'Tis 13 Ducats of Gold sent from *Hungary*, and bored on purpose to hang them at his Neck by a slight silk Ribband: *Tantissimè animis cœlestibus aurum?* It was the good Bishop *Philip Valentin*, of whom I have already spoken, who put these three rich Busts into the Treasury.

Numb. IV.

A a

A

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The Treas-
ury.

A St. George o' Horseback combating the *Dragon*. It is of Silver gilt, and is seven full Feet in height, that is, with the Horse. The Father *Theophilus Raynaud*, a learned *Jesuit* of *Lions*, gave himself the Trouble to compose a large Work in *Folio* intituled, *Sanctus Georgius Cappadox*, to prove that this Saint, the Patron of *England*, was a Gentleman of *Cappadocia*. A noble Discovery, and of great Benefit to the Publick!

A vast Shrine for Relicks enriched with precious Stones of all Colours, and an Adoration of the Wise Men of Mother-o'-Pearl, and exquisite Workmanship.

A Vase of Porphyry, which was used, say they, at the Marriage of *Cana* in *Galilea*. That which is kept at *Angers* the Capital of *Anjou* in *France*, is of a greyish Marble: Another shewed us in the Chapel of the eleven thousand Virgins at *Cologne*, is of Alabaster; and this is of Porphyry: Perhaps we may see another of *Lapis Lazuli*, before we have done with our Travels. There is in this Treasury another Vase of Porphyry much larger, of which unfortunately they knew not the Genealogy; but it is a very fine Piece: Were this Vase at the Chapel of St. *Ursula*, they would not have failed to have assigned it some Employment suitable to its Merit; as for Instance, to have kept cool the Wine old King *Etherus* drunk out of the Cup which they keep there as a precious Relick.

A portative Altar of massy Gold five or six Feet high, and enriched with several Histories from the *Genesis*, all in Onyx, in fine Relief. Among which are two Figures of *Adam* and *Eve*, holding each an Apple: *Cain* and *Abel*, with their Names, and the Sacrifice of *Abraham* with all its Apparatus. Each Figure has its Name on it above or below. The Guardians and Treasurers assured us, that this Altar is very Antique, and that it is worth a whole Kingdom. I don't know whether these Gentlemen meant, by a kind of *Jesuitical Equivoc*, the Kingdom of *Ivetot*, or that of *Jerusalem*, which are worth very little at present. But I will tell you, that having examined this rich Piece very narrowly, I found that the Base and Cornish of this Altar said to be of solid Gold, which are the principal Parts of it, are only of Wood gilded: I proved it clearly to all the Company by thrusting into it the Point of my Pen-knife pretty deep. The Guardians appeared astonished, and looked at one another, but said not a Word.

A large Chalice of massy Gold. From the Middle of its Bottom rises a little Pillar of the same Metal, upon which is grafted one of the Nails with which our Saviour was fastened to his Cross: The Point of it is broken, but what remains is more than four Inches long. This Chalice is so loaded with Medals of Gold and Silver and Knots of Ribbands, which are Vows paid to this holy Nail, that it is a long time before it can be found out among them.

A fine Crucifix of Rock-Crystal of an extraordinary Size, adorned with a Border of Gold all round, and set with Rubies and Emeralds: The Christ is also of solid Gold. A little Tabernacle of Gold, in which is preserved the left Jaw of the Emperor St. *Henry*, in which there are seven
Teeth

Teeth quite fresh. They are of such a Size, that we may conjecture this Prince grinded with great Strength. On the Top of this Tabernacle is enchased a Sapphire big as a Pigeon's Egg, and for which, say they, 10000 Crowns have been profered: If it be without a Flaw it must be worth 30000.

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A large and heavy Cross of Gold a Foot and a half long; and another yet larger of Silver gilt, which the same Emperor St. Henry gave to this Treasury. They are stuffed with Relicks which this Prince brought from Rome, and of which I shall only mention the more considerable. A Piece of our Saviour's Cradle; some Remains of the Incense which one of the three Kings offered to him; a Bit of the Stone on which our Lord was circumcised; a Fragment of his Robe and Girdle; a Piece of the Soil on which the Habitation of our Lord in Jerusalem stood; a Bit of the true Cross; a Bit of the Earth upon which this Cross was erected; a Bit of the holy Sepulchre; the Finger with which a Soldier of Pilate gave a Fillip to our Saviour; a Piece of the Holy Virgin Mary's Gown; a little of her Milk, and some of her Hair; a Thumb of the Abbess St. Gertrude, who according to her Legend did not live a long time after St. Henry; a Toe of St. John the Evangelist; and several other no less curious and valuable Relicks. They shewed us likewise a Brass Chain about an Ell long, with a Padlock of a very extraordinary Form, with which St. Peter was fastened to a Post, when the Angel came to deliver him from Prison. But if I am not mistaken, they pretend at Rome to have this very Chain among their Relicks in the Church of St. Peter in Bonds.

Curious
and rich
Relicks.

They, by way of a special Favour, shewed us two Ivory Combs, with which St. Henry used to comb his Locks: The lightest of the two weighs, at least, a Pound and a half; and his Valets must not have been very careful to keep his Toilet clean, for they are very dirty. There is likewise one of the Knives this Prince made use of; its Handle is of Horn, and as for the Knife, there is not a Peasant now in Germany who does not carry a much better and handsomer about with him. His Sabre, the Grasp of which is of Wood, is here likewise, and the Iron point of the Spear which he carried with him in all his Wars, about three Foot long. The Rust upon it, they say, is the Blood of the Saracens whom he drove out of Apulia and Calabria.

But one of the finest and most curious Pieces in this Treasury is a Manuscript in Folio of the four Gospels in Latin upon fine Vellum in a charming Roman Character with some Gothic Letters interspersed, and the most beautiful Miniatures that are any where to be seen. On the first Page are the Twelve following Leonine Verses, in Letters of Gold; each Verse is between two purple Lines, and the whole is adorned with green Foliage.

Beautiful
Manu-
scripts.

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*Rex Heinricus ovans, Fidei virtute coruscans,
Maximus Imperio fruitur quo prosper avito,
Inter opum varias prono de pectore gazas,
Obtulit hunc Librum, divina Lege refertum,
Plenus amore Dei, Pius in Donaria Templi,
Ut sit perpetuum Decus illic omne per ævum.
Princeps ECCLESIAE, cælestis Claviger Aulæ,
O Petre cum Paulo Gentis Doctore benigno!
Hunc tibi devotum prece fac super astra Beatum
Cum Cunigunda sibi regnante Serena:
Hoc Pater, hoc Gnatus, nec non & Spiritus almus
Annuat æternus, semper DEUS omnibus unus.*

This Manuscript is bound in the antique Manner, that is, with Wood covered with curious Sculptures in Ivory, representing the Passion of *Jesus Christ*. They are bordered with an Edging of Gold, upon which are the Heads of our Lord and his Apostles in Relief: Those of the four Evangelists are on the four Corners. The whole is enamelled, and the Intervals between the Figures are garnished with precious Stones of all Colours and Pearls. Upon the Plate of Gold with which the Ivory-square is bordered are engraved and enamelled these four Verses in large Letters, without Diphthongs, Accents, Points or Commas.

*Grammata qui Sophie querit cognoscere vere
Hoc Matheſis plene quadratum laudet habere
En qui veraces Sophie fulſere ſequaces
Ornat perfectam Rex Heinrik ſtemmate ſectam*

There is another *Latin* Manuscript in *Folio* of the four Gospels, with a Commentary by *St. Jerom* and fine Miniatures; but it is not comparable to the first. There is a Third in *Gothic* Letters the Covers of which are also enriched with Pearls and precious Stones much in the same way as the First, with a Square of Ivory in the Middle, on which is wrought the Baptism of *Jesus Christ* by *St. John*.

There is besides a Manual of *St. Henry* in *Quarto*, which is likewise in Manuscript. This Prince put all these Things into the Treasury, together with a large and fine Shrine of Gold for Relicks, filled with a Piece of the real Cross, and several other Relicks covered with fine Rock-crystal. Upon the Gold with which the Crystal is bordered are these four Verses in Capital Letters, with the C of an extraordinary Form, and without Diphthongs, Points, Accents or Commas.

EN CESAR SOPHIE RENITENS HEINRICUS HONORE
CHRISTE CREATORI DABIT HOC TIBI MUNUS HONORI
IN QUOSANTA CRUCIS PARS CLAUDITUR AC DEUS ORBIS
REDDE VICEM PATRIE DONANDO GAUDIA VERE

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This Shrine is also set with precious Stones, as well as the Manuscripts. In short, I have only mentioned to you the Pieces in this Treasury which appeared most curious to me, without troubling you with a vast Number of Antependiums of Altars which are extremely rich, Candlesticks, Lustres, Lamps, Censers of Gold and Silver, and other Riches wherewith this Treasury is plentifully stocked.

C H A P. XXX.

Bamberg continued. A Pleasure-house of the Elector. Impertinence of a Sculptor. The Jesuits Church. That of the Dominicans, and that of St. Martin. Curious Epitaphs. Another ridiculous Whim of a Sculptor. A fine Notre Dame, famous for working miraculous Cures. The Character of the Elector of Mayence. His Prerogatives as Bishop of Bamberg. This Town described. Some Particularities concerning it.

THE Elector having done us the Honour to signify his Inclination, Pleasure-house of the Elector. that we should see a Pleasure-house of his about two Leagues from Bamberg; the Grand-Marshal sent us at seven in the Morning a Calash and Six, in which the Prince usually goes a Hunting, attended by two Gentlemen of the Court, and two of his Highness's Footmen, to conduct us to this House. We were almost the whole Way between a large Forest of Firs full of Deer, and a Lake, and we arrived there at nine o' Clock. This House is very pleasantly situated, in a fine hunting Country. It is of hewn Stone, built in the Form of a Square, with four large Towers, one at each Corner. There is a Portico all round the grand square Court, the Walls of which are garnished at equal Distances with fifty or sixty Heads of Deer of an extraordinary Size, with an Inscription under each Head, marking the Time and the Person's Name by whom each Deer was killed. This Decoration recalled to my Mind the Emperor *Andronicus Comnenus*, who caused the Horns of the Deer he killed in Hunting, to be fixed on the Gates of the grand Palace at *Constantinople*, to make a Joke of his Courtiers, who suffered him so tamely to debauch their Wives. There is upon these Walls likewise, the Figure of a prodigious wild Boar, which the Elector killed some Years ago, that weighed between 4 and 500 Pounds. The Apartments of this House are very convenient; but at this Time the Furniture

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The
Country
about
Bamberg.

A strange
Fancy of
a Sculptor

niture was taken down, in order to be cleaned. The Plan of the Gardens, which are but just begun, is in a very good Taste.

After having seen this House, which is splendid enough for an Ecclesiastical Prince, we returned to our Calash, to take a Turn in the Country about *Bamberg*; and we dined in a Village the Church of which is finer than many in large Towns. While one of our Company amused himself with a very good Organ in it, I searched it throughout to see if I could discern any Curiosity; but I found nothing, except a Statue of St. *John* the Evangelist by a Crucifix upon the Altar gilded and of very good Sculpture, which hath an imperial Crown on its Head; and in a hollow Place dug in the Wall, an antique Bas-relief representing the Virgin *Mary* dying: The twelve Apostles are about her Bed; ten of them have Prayer-books in their Hands; one of the other two holds a Crucifix before her, and the other presents a Cup to her like one of those in which Apothecaries commonly send Medicines to their Patients. The holy Virgin, without minding the Drogue, keeps her Eyes intently fixed on the Crucifix, and holds her Beads in her Hand which she seems to be telling very seriously. I would gladly know if the Sculptor, who contrived this Representation, fancied that the Virgin said an *Ave Maria* after every *Pater*, as all good Catholics do. You see what is to be got by travelling. Travellers are every Day learning something new. If I had kept at home, as you do, I should never have discovered that St. *John* the Evangelist had been an Emperor, and far less, that the Virgin *Mary* died saying *Pater Noster*'s. 'Tis true, *Cardan* had informed me that he had seen a Picture, in which the Apostles were represented playing on Cymbals at her Burial.

The Je-
suit's
Church.

Whim of
a Painter.

We returned to *Bamberg*, and payed a Visit to the Church of the Reverend Fathers Jesuits. The Front of this Church is well adorned with several Statues of Saints in Niches; but the inside is very indifferent which is extraordinary; for all the World knows, that the good Disciples of *Loyola* generally take Care to make their Churches very magnificent; and we have seen none that are not richly adorned, except those they have here and at *Wirtzburg*. I took notice in this at *Bamberg* two good Pictures by *Ongbers*, one of which represents a St. *Francis Xavier* dead, and the other a St. *Ignatius* on his Knees before an Angel. This blessed Spirit presents to the Patriarch of the Jesuits a Mirror in which appear these Letter *J. H. S.* i. e. *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, which are the Letters that are generally inscribed above the Gates of their Colleges and Houses. There are Rays darting from the Mirror, which rush to stamp the Characters, but in miniature, upon this holy Person's Breast just above his Heart; but besides this particular Sort of *Stigma*, the Saint is girt with a Belt of very massy Beads, to the End of which is fastened a Medal, on which is his own Image. What Impertinence in a Painter that passes for so considerable a one thro' all *Germany*! And how could these Fathers take such a Piece from him without making him efface their Patrons

trons own Picture on the Medal hanging at his Beads, and putting another in its Room which better became him to carry about with him.

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BERG.

To Day we made an End of seeing the Churches in this City; and here is all we found worth minding in them. In that of the *Dominicans* is an Altar to the Left on which is a very singular Picture. At the Top of it the Painter has placed God the Father under the Figure of an old Man with a large Beard; a little lower, *Jesus Christ* and the Virgin *Mary* Face to Face, and the holy Dove between them. The Saviour of the World makes five Fountains of Blood spring from his Wounds, which fall into a Chalice that supports itself in the Air: *St. Dominicus* is on his Knees upon a Cloud immediately under the Virgin *Mary*, and holds a long String of Beads in one Hand. Below him is Purgatory full of Male-Souls, there being but one Female one in it; and the good Saint is going to tie the End of his Beads to this Female, without troubling himself about the rest; she catches at it with both her Hands, and kisses the Cross in it, and *St. Dominicus* is preparing to pull her out of the Flames, as a Fisher does to draw a Fish out of the Water with his Line, that he may send this Soul straight to Paradise. A Monk, who was by while we were looking at this Picture, assured us that above two thousand Masses are said on this Altar every Year, which bring as many Souls out of Purgatory. Surely this cruel *Spaniard* has changed his Temper very much since his Death, for in his Life he was the most cruel and violent Persecutor of the *Albigenses*, and burnt them without Mercy as fast as he could lay Hands on them. You must own that the Monks and Priests have incomparably more Cunning and Art than your Ministers. The first take care to keep in the Fire of Purgatory to make their Pot boil, but yours have thrown so much Water it upon that they have quite extinguished it in your Part of the World. Had I a Mind to be merry I would not pass this Saint's particular Regard to the Sex without some Annotations.

The Church of the *Dominicans*, and a singular Picture.

But I hasten to give you an Account of a very extraordinary Picture in The Church of *St. Martin* here, in which there is indeed a good Deal of Church of Puffing. The Altar is dedicated to the miraculous *Notre Dame of Munich*. God the Father is painted alone in an Oval at the Top of the Altar: He leans on a Globe, and holds a Sceptre in his Hand, and from his Mouth comes a Blast (in the Manner that the Possilions of *Eolus* are painted) which passes a gilded Cornish to reach the Holy Ghost who is at the Top of a large Picture on the Altar. The Holy Ghost receives it, and then blows it towards *Notre Dame of Munich*, who is also by herself in a gilded Square about the Middle of this large Picture. The infant *Jesus* hugs his Mother and blows into her Mouth, and the good Virgin, swelled with these Puffs, makes one come out of her Bosom to diffuse itself thro' the Church of *St. Martin*, to whom two Angels present the Figure of this Saint on a Print. And so Ends all this Blowing. You can easily

S. Martin, and another very odd Picture.

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BERG.

ly guess no doubt at the Meaning of the first Part of this enigmatical Blowing: But I defy you to explain the rest. All I have to say is, that I wonder how it came that the Inventor and Painter of this most ingenious Piece did not make the Church to blow also in her Turn on the People who are on their Knees in the Picture. Underneath the Altar there is this Distich in golden Letters.

*Plebs devota tibi, virgo sine labe, Parensque,
Altare exstruxit; vota, Maria, tene.*

Not far from this Altar I remarked this Gasconading Epitaph, upon a Tomb of the Mother of a Counsellor to his Electoral Highness of Mayence.

A brag-
ging Epi-
taph.

*Sub hoc saxo magnus Thesaurus tegitur. Mulier pia, fortis,
& sapiens: Pretium illius in nomine legitur. Margaritba
Sophia de Wolffthal, nata de Wurtzburg. Ne tempus edax
rerum, hæc tam splendida nomina, vel in mortali hoc saxo
scripta arroderet, Illa dum vixit, vivis expressit moribus.
Abi viator, & jacta te ab hac Sophia doctum quam homo
vanus & inanis sis.*

*Nam cum Dote pia hæc est Margarita Sophia;
Sic quod in orbe placet, terra repente jacet.*

But this Epitaph does not, in my Fancy, express the Character of a rare and extraordinary Woman half so well as an antique one communicated to me by a Canon of Wurtzburg and a learned Antiquary, together with another upon the Tomb of an Anti-Lucretia, who little resembled this Dame Marguerita Sophia.

I have copied them both for you. The first is

Epitaph
of a good
Wife.

D. M.
*Q. Cavius. Severus. Rutilia. Primitiva.
Uxori. Rarissimi. Exempli.
Cum. qua. vixit. annis. XXXII.
Sine. ulla. Animi. Lesura. E. S.*

The second which is, as I have told you, in quite another Stile, has this Singularity in it, that the Lady gives Posterity her true Character without any Disguise.

D. M.

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And of a
very lewd
Woman.

D. M.

Qui. me. volent.

Valete. Matronæ. Matresque familias.

Vixi. & ultra. vitam. nihil. credidi.

Quos. potui. pellexi. Filtris. & Astu.

Viro. bumato.

Non vidua fui. nec. Maritæ. nomen. adeptæ.

Quæso. non. invidete.

Portia. Famelia. est. Veneris. Domus

Illicium. Cupidinum.

Cave. Viator.

Ne. me. diu. calcitam. calces.

To the Right in the same Church, and in a Corner of the Wall there is a Nativity of *Cbrist*, which is yet odder than the *Notre Dame*, who dies saying, *Pater Noster's* and *Ave Maria's*. The Idiot of a Sculptor has here represented the Virgin *Mary* stretched upon her Bed, as Women just delivered commonly are, and the Infant *Jesus* well swaddled, lying by her. But on the Bed are two Angels kneeling; the one holds a Flask of Wine to comfort the Woman just brought to Bed, and the other a Porringer full of Broth or Pottage for the Babe. Around the Bed stand five other Angels, with the Midwife, with Psalm-books or Litanies in their Hands, which they seem to sing; and at the Foot of the Bed near a Cradle is the Spouse of the Virgin fast asleep, with his Head lying on a Pillow. To this Picture do the Women here pay their Devotions when they are chanted. The Sculptor has not put his Name upon it. But if the Elector or the Priest here would take my Advice they would destroy this Representation, or at least not shew it to Heretics; so sadly does it burlesque the most sacred Mysteries.

An Imper-
tinence of
a Sculptor.

In the Middle of this Church there is a very fine *Notre Dame*, called *Mater pulchræ Dilectionis*. Four Angels big as Life standing upon Pedestals instead of Pillars to support on their Heads Chapiters joined together by large Festoons of Flowers: Upon these Chapiters lie four Corbels, which bear up a Dome, under which is the Statue of the Virgin. On the Top of this Dome is a fifth Angel which points to an Oval in which is the Name of our Lady in Golden Letters. All this is fine Workmanship, and richly gilt. A prodigious Quantity of Vows in Gold and Silver, Wax-work, and Painting, which represent separately all the Members of the human Body, are ranged along the Side of the Wall, or hung up. They are Gifts to the Virgin from Persons of all Ranks, who were miraculously cured by her from all Sorts of Diseases. What is a little scandalous, and sometimes disturbs the Devotion of pure Minds, is, that the Wind gets in amongst them sometimes, and makes some Members knock against one another, in a comical Manner.

A mira-
culous No-
tre Dame.

Numb. IV.

B b

We

1705.
May 28. We cannot doubt but the Catholics have borrowed their holy Water from the ancient *Pagans*, among whom it was in Use, as well as this Custom of hanging up Gifts in their Temples in Memory of miraculous Cures: For it was the Way among the *Heathens*, you know, to make an Offering to some God or Goddess, who they thought had cured them of some Distemper, of the Figure of the Member cured, in some Metal or other, according to the Abilities of the Person cured. I for my own Part remember very well to have seen in Cabinets of Rarities several such Gifts, in Brass, Iron, Lead, &c. *Priapus's* in particular, incontestably antique. That of the King of *Spain* at *Madrid* is very well furnished with such Pieces of Antiquity, as is likewise the Cabinet of your very curious Antiquary Mr. *Charleton*.

An old
Crucifix.

I observed, in passing through the Entry to one of the Bridges here, a large Crucifix that would be compleatly dressed if it had the Periwig which is upon the Head of one in the Church of the *Maccabees* at *Cologne*, for it has a Cravat adorned with a lusty Knot of Ribbands of rose Colour.

May 29.
The Character of
the Elector
of *Mayence*

To Day we took leave of this Court, and had a farewell Audience from his Electoral Highness, who had treated us in the most gracious Manner. He had the Complaisance to say, that he was sorry we should make so short a Stay, and to desire that, if we returned this Way when we had seen *Italy*, we would come and see him again. After entertaining us a little with various Conversation, but chiefly upon the Advantages of Travelling, we had once more the Honour of kissing his Hands.

'Tis certain there are few Princes who are better made than the Elector of *Mayence*. He is of a fine Stature, and has a very majestick Mien. There is naturally in his Countenance something very sweet and engaging, which inspires at once Love and Respect; and his generous, affable, humane, beneficent Temper is quite answerable to his Looks. He is a very wise, judicious, understanding Prince, thoroughly acquainted with his own Interests and those of every Potentate in *Europe*. He loves the Sciences, and the ingenious Arts, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture in particular. Witness his magnificent Palace at *Bamberg*, which they are now finishing, and his elegant little House at *Gaibach*, which he built when he was but a private Canon. This Prince is of the illustrious House of the Counts of *Schoonborn*, which holds a considerable Rank in the Empire. His Name is *Lothaire Francis*, and he is about 49 or 50 Years of Age. He is the first of the Electors, and has the Right of anointing, and crowning the Emperor. His Brother, who has a very numerous and beautiful Family, is Vice-chancellor of the Empire, and possesses several other Employments.

Pictures
of five
Bishops.

When we left the Elector's Apartment, we went into the Anti-chamber to take leave of the principal Persons of his Court. Here I took notice of the Portraits of fifteen Bishops of *Bamberg*, with their Names, Ages, and the Times of their Death marked upon them all except the first, upon which

which there was neither Name nor Date: But to make amends for that, he has a red Hat on like those of the Cardinals.

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May 29.

The Bishop of *Bamberg* is the only one in *Germany* who has this Privilege, together with that of wearing the Archbishop's *Pallium*. He has besides the Precedency of all the Bishops in the Empire, holds immediately of the Pope, and acknowledges no other Metropolitan. His Subjects cannot appeal from his Jurisdiction, for he is Sovereign. Over and above all this he is Governor of the Circle of *Franconia*, jointly with the Marquis of *Bareith* a Prince of the Family of *Brandenburg*. The most considerable Places belonging to him are *Kronach* and *Fortzheim*, not very distant from *Bamberg*. There is but little Commerce in his Dominions. The Gentlemen of the Court obliged us to dine with them, and the rest of the Day we spent in preparing for our Departure.

BAM-
BERG.
Prerogatives of
the Bishop
of Bam-
berg.

Bamberg, in *Latin* *Bergium* and *Baberaberga*, is the ancient *Granicmarion* of *Ptolomy*, and a much larger City than *Wirtzburg*; but not so well built. It is most agreeably situated. The Rivers *Pegnitz* and *Rednitz* run through it, and after forming several Isles, fall together into the *Mein* about a League lower. It has no other Fortifications but a Wall; so that in Time of War the Bishop resides at *Fortzheim*, a strong Town in his Territory. There are at *Bamberg* several public Fountains, the most beautiful of which is adorned with a *Neptune*, who makes three Water-works play thro' his Trident. Though the Soil be fertile enough in Corn and Melons, which are exquisite here, yet there are but few Vineyards about the Town.

Descrip-
tion and
History of
this City.

About a Musket-shot from the Palace the Elector is building here, there is a *Benedictin* Abbacy standing upon a little Eminence called Mount *St. Michel*. One of its Abbots, who was a great Botanist, caused the Church to be painted without and within, with all Sorts of known Plants and Simples; a very odd Whim indeed: It is perhaps the only Church in *Europe* which is made an Herbal.

Abbacy
of Bene-
dictins.

It was at *Bamberg* that the Emperor *Conrad III.* died in his Return from his misfortunate Expedition to the *Holy-Land* in 1152. the fifteenth Year of his Reign. This Croisade, of which he was one of the Heads, and *Lewis VII.* King of *France* the other, was undertaken with the greatest Hopes imaginable. The famous *St. Bernard*, Abbot of *Clairvaux*, preached it up by order of Pope *Eugene III.* and promised those Princes happy Success. Yet this Enterprize, in spite of all his Promises, ended in nothing but the draining of *France* and *Germany* of Men and Money, and making these great Monarchs return to their States very ill attended. But this was what the Popes in those Days very little minded; for they ordered Croisades to be recommended from the Pulpits, for no other End but to ruin the Princes of *Europe*, and aggrandize themselves at their Expences.

The holy
Wars very
fatal to
Christen-
dom.

A Council was held at *Bamberg* in 1011. to put an End to the Differences among the *German* Bishops; and in the Time of *Henry IV.* Its Bishop *Otto* converted the *Pomeranians* to the Christian Religion.

Council of
Bamberg.

1705.
May 30.

C H A P. XXXI.

Towns between Bamberg and Nuremburg. Fortzheim, a strong Place. Its History. Payersdorff, Erlang, both belonging to the Margrave of Bareith. A Description of them. Nuremburg, an Imperial City. A Festival of the Merchants there, and of those of St. Gall. Great Drinking-Church on this Occasion. The principal of Nuremburg.

FORTZ-
HEIM.

Its Fortifi-
cations,

And Hi-
story.

Many
Wars
kindled
by the
Ambition
of the
Popes.

WE fet out from *Bamberg* at Five in the Morning, that we might get to *Nuremburg* before the Gates were shut; which is always done about Seven o'Clock; so silly and humorous are these *Republicans*. We found good Road, and having six strong Horses to our Berlin, we went at a good Rate, and arrived at *Fortzheim* about Nine o'Clock. It is the *Locoritum* of the Ancients, situated on the Confluence of the *Wisent* and the *Rednitz*; it is strongly and regularly fortified. And is on that Account, as I have already said, the Residence of the Bishop of *Bamberg* in the Time of War, and he keeps there commonly a very strong Garrison.

Yet the Duke *Bernard* of *Weymar*, General of the *Swedish* Army, after the Death of *Gustavus Adolphus*, took it at the first brunt in 1633, as also *Cronach* and *Wirtzburg*. It was at *Fortzheim* that the Prince and Bishops of *Germany* chose Emperor *Lewis IV.* Son to *Arnolphus*, and the last of the Race of *Charlemagne*, in the Year 900. to thwart the *Italians*, who had chosen the old *Berenger* King of *Italy*; and it was at *Fortzheim* also that some Princes and Bishops assembled, who at the Solicitations and through the Intrigues of the famous Monk *Hildebrand*, otherwise Pope *Gregory VII.* having deposed the great but unfortunate Emperor *Henry IV.* in 1077, chose in his Room *Rodolphus*, Duke of *Suabia*.

You know that the Pope sent this new Emperor a Crown, upon which was engraved this *Leonine Verse*.

Petra dedit Petro, Petrus Diadema Rodolfo.

This Crown was sent to him in 1079. *Henry* on his Side having convened an Assembly of the Bishops and Princes who adhered to his Interest at *Freisinguen* in *Bavaria* the Year following, there declared *Gregory* unworthy, on Account of many Crimes, of filling *St. Peter's* Chair, and chose in his Place *Gebert*, Archbishop of *Ravenne*, who took the Name of *Clement III.* After which, marching at the Head of his Army against *Rodolphus*, this last was killed in the Heat of the Battle by *Godefroid* of *Bouillon*, who at that Time carried the Imperial Cornet of *Henry*, and was afterwards King of *Jerusalem*. See how the Pope, and the Court of *Rome* in these Days

Days, as well as frequently since, have been the Causes of most Part of the Civil Wars and Combustions which have distressed *Europe*; and that thro' an unbounded Ambition of exalting themselves above all Emperors, Kings, and Sovereign Princes: An Ambition no wise befitting those who stile themselves *Servi Servorum Domini*; which made the *Mantuan Poet*, a *Carmelite* and good Catholic, say

—*Romana gravi maculata veneno*
Curia, quæ spargit Terras contagia in omnes.

And the learned *Theodorus* Abbot of *Usparg*, *Romæ regnat Simon Magnus, loco Simonis Petri, Simonia & Ambitio loco Evangelii.*

At Noon we stoped at *Payersdorff*, a little Town belonging to the Marckgrave of *Baireith*, all the Inhabitants of which are *Lutherans*. We went to see a great Castle within Cannon-shot of the Town. It is a vast Building of hewn Stone, and entire without, but within quite ruinous. The *Swedes* took it in the Time of *Gustavus Adolphus*, and while they were Masters of it, extremely harassed all the Country of *Bamberg*, till the Imperial Army dislodged them, and put the Castle into the Condition it now is. Since that Time the Marquis of *Baireith* has never thought of repairing it. At our Return, we passed thro' the Churchyard of a *Lutheran* Church, where I observed in a Niche our Saviour praying in the Garden of *Getzemanæ*, and his three Disciples asleep. The Sculptor, instead of making an Angel hold the bitter Cup to him, as most other Painters and Sculptors do, has thought fit to make God the Father himself present it to him, who, with the other Hand gives him his Benediction.

Some Time after we passed through the Town of *Erlang*, where the Marckgrave of *Baireith*, a Prince of the House of *Brandenburg*, is building a sumptuous Palace. This Prince, they say, designs to reside in it part of the Year; after his Example, the chief Persons of his Court are likewise fitting up very fine Houses for themselves; so that *Erlang* will in a little while be a very fine Town. It stands upon the River *Schwabach*, which runs into the *Rednitz*, a little below this Place. There are vast Numbers of Firs about it, and one sees here, instead of Vines, Plantations of Hops and Tobacco. A short League on this Side of *Nuremburg* we began to meet very fine Gardens in great Numbers belonging to its Inhabitants, and the Country continues to be adorned with them to the very Gates of the City, where we arrived about Seven in the Evening. This being a fine and large City it will require some Time to see its Curiosities, and I make no doubt of finding something here to amuse you as well as myself.

I fore-

1705.
 Map 31.
 NUREM-
 BURG.
 May 31.
 Nurem-
 burg, an
 imperial
 City.
 Festival of
 Merchants
 described.

Their
 Procession.

I foresee from what happened this Morning at our Inn, that we are likely to meet with several Adventures here. The Merchants of this City, who have considerable Commerce with those of *St. Gall* in *Switzerland*, are treated to Day magnificently at the Expence of the latter; and the Merchants of *St. Gall* in their own Town, who have Trade with those of *Nuremburg*, will eight Days hence be regaled at the Expence of their Correspondents here. From the Gate of our Inn to the Hall for Festivals, all the Streets are strowed with Flowers and odoriferous Herbs. A Consul of *St. Gall*, who resides here, stood at the Gate, and received and introduced the Members of this Body of Merchants as they arrived, and they were about 24 in Number, all of them dressed in Black, with Cloaks of the same Colour. A Sort of Usher in the same Equipage presented to every one a Sprig * of *Marigold*, of which he held a Basket full, to put them in Mind that Merchants are liable to an Infinity of Cares and Anxieties.

When the Assembly was fully met they went out of the Hall two and two in good Order: Two Trumpets and four Hautboys before them, in Robes of Scarlet, and each of them with a large Plate of Silver gilt on his Breast, upon which were the Arms of the City of *Nuremburg* in Relief: They marched all six a-breast, and made a very fine Symphony. They were followed by the Usher, who had the Gravity of a Senator, and carried in his Hand a large wooden Bowl full of Pepper, from the Bottom of which rises a Peg of about five or six Inches high, very broad at the Top, and covered with a Pair of old Gloves, to signify, that the chief Commerce of these Merchants consists of Spiceries and old Wares, which they send into *Switzerland*, and know how to turn into good Ducats.—Is not this a Sort of Philosopher's Stone? There was, as they told us, under these old Gloves ten Florins of Gold, the Tribute which this little Society pays every Year to the Magistrates of *Nuremburg*, in Consideration of which their Commodities are free, and pay no Taxes.

We attended them thro' several Streets to a large public Hall, called the *Waagh*; where having entered, and every one having taken his Place, the Consul of *St. Gall* harangued them in a very eloquent Manner in the *German* Tongue upon the Advantages of their Commerce, and the Immunities and Privileges of their Society. When this Speech was done the Company returned to our Inn in the same Order; and at the Gate made a Lane. The Consul begged them to do him the Honour to dine with him. This was an useless Compliment, for Dinner, as they well knew, was prepared, and ready for them. So they went without giving the Consul the Trouble of asking them twice, and after a few stiff Bows and awkward Reverences, he conducted them to the Sale, destined for the Festivals, to which we were likewise admitted as Strangers.

Great
 Drinking
 on this
 Occasion.

The first Thing that struck us there was two vast Buffets, with Bowls and Cups of enormous Sizes, enough to frighten the most courageous drinking Hero; among the rest, one upon which the Emperor and the Electors are

* *Souci* in *French*.

painted on Horseback, and which holds at least four good *English* Quarts. Having asked our Landlord what was the Use of that Machine; he told us, that at Festivals it made the Tour and every one drank a Draught out of it to the Health of the Princes painted upon it; but that besides it was to be employed this Day, to decide a Wager of fifty Ducats that was laid Yesterday by some of this Society, in Favour of one of the Trumpeters that marched at their Head in the Procession. This Fellow whose Stature and Belly are in Proportion to that monstrous Bowl, had boasted in the Presence of some of these Gentlemen, that he could empty that Bowl at one Draught. Upon this a Wager was laid, and our Landlord, who said that he had more than once seen the Trumpeter come off with Honour, entered into it for his five Ducats. Half a Dozen of such Wine-devourers would soon make the rest of the Inhabitants die of Thirst; for I must tell you this Votary of *Bacchus* has such a diuretic Faculty, that he clears his Bladder almost as soon as he fills it. And I think this Epitaph will fit him very well after his Death. I don't remember where I met with it but here it is.

1705.
May 26.
N U R E M -
B U R G.

DIIS. MANIBUS. PEDIBUSQUE.

HIC. SITUS. EST. OFFELIUS. BURATIUS. BIBULUS.

QUI. DUM. VIXIT. AUT. BIBIT. AUT. MINXIT.

Hæc mea, quicunque es, qui transit Busta, Viator!

Busta, precor, fuscis humida redde Cadis:

Sparge merum Cineri, letentur ut Ossa sepulti;

Ipsa etiam urgetur (quis putet?) Umbra siti.

Post hæc plena mero cape pocla: an lente moraris?

Epotis Cyathis quatuor, Hospes abi.

While I was thus interrogating our Landlord, his Servants presented to the Guests Goblets called in Germany *Romers* with all Sorts of Wine, that every one might name what was most to his Taste. The Votes were taken as in your Parliament, and the Majority decided. This important Article being dispatched, the Usher took out of his Pocket a long Roll of Paper, and with his Stentor's Voice called out the Names of the Guests to desire every one to take his Place at Table according to his Rank, the Consul first as was reasonable. In the mean time in came Mr. Trumpeter, and sitting down at a little Table in the Middle of the Room, that every one might have a full View of him, they served up to him a Ham of *Mayence*, and some highly seasoned Ragout, very proper to raise a Combustion in his Throat. After he had eat pretty heartily he rose from Table, made them fill this terrible Bowl with Wine of *Neker* to the Brim, grasped it fast with both his Hands, and to the Health of the Emperor and the Electors, emptied this infernal Machine at one Draught, or so fast and so artfully that no Person could discern his drawing Breath. This Bacchical Prowess not a little surpris'd all the Spectators. The Guests drank to the

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May 30.NÜREM-
BURG.

the same Health out of more moderate Cups, and ordered our Landlord to give this Wine-Heroe half a Dozen Crowns to recompense his Trouble in performing this noble Exploit. The Repast prepared for these Merchants was magnificent: But when I saw their manner of Drinking large Brimmers so fast, which we stood to see for half an Hour, I could have wagered with great Assurance, that before Night above a Fourth of the Guests would not be able to distinguish Night from Day. Accordingly about six we saw half a Dozen Coaches come to our Inn, in which several of them were carried off who appeared rather dead than alive. These are Customs of Countries with which it is fit Travellers should be made acquainted; but in order to make no other use of them than to resolve against giving way to Extravagancies which Opinion and Custom may establish.

*O! fæda Ebrietas, animi lethum! O vitiorum
Nutrix ac scelerum! Quid non mortalia cogis
Pectora? quid per te non audent? Jurgia, Lites,
Prælia dira moves, & gaudes sanguine fuso:
Per te occulta patent, animum linguamque resolvit.
Sordidior quæ res, quæ bellua vilior est quam
Ebrius? hæc Epulas, quas non multò ante voravit,
Evomit, atque mero putet. Quid vana Cytheron
Orgia, quid Thyrsos, deliræque Tympana jactas?
Non Deus est Bacchus vester, Cadmæa propago,
Nec Jove plena utero Semele concepit, at ingens
Tartarus hunc genuit puerum de matre Megæra.*

Marcel. Palingenius.

The
Church of
St. Sebal-
dus.

Tomb of
that Saint
and his
History

The only remarkable Thing we have seen this Day is the principal Church dedicated to St. *Sebaldus*, a large *Gothic* Building. 'Tis in the Quire of this Church and not in St. *Peters*, as Mr. *Misson* says in his Memoirs for the Use of Travellers, that St. *Sebaldus*, a Prince of the Royal Family of *Denmark*, lies interred. His Legend informs us, that this pious Saint spent the greater Part of his Life in devout Pilgrimages, and that he had made a Vow to build a Church at *Nuremburg* so soon as he should return. It ought likewise to have told us on what Occasion he did so, and how he came to have so particular an Attachment to this City. However that be, the holy Pilgrim performed his Vow by building that Church which bears his Name. It is added, that this happened about the Middle of the XIIth Century, and that he died soon after upon a Truss of Straw, through an Excess of Humility. His Monument is of Brass in the *Gothic* Taste. Upon a Dome supported by eight Pillars stand three others of a less Size, against which lean the Statues of the 12 Apostles. Under the Dome is a sharp-bottom'd wooden Chest, with the Arms of *Denmark* and *France* painted upon it. This Chest, they say, contains a silver Shrine in which

which are the Corpse of this Saint. The lower Part of the Monument is adorned with Bas-reliefs representing the chief Events of his Life.

1705.
May 25.

There is in the same Quire, quite even with the Pavement, the Tomb of a Prelate of this Church who died in 1444. and his Figure in Relief upon a Brass plate with a Border of the same Metal, round which is this Inscription in old Gothic Characters not easy to decypher.

NÜREM-
BERG.
Another
Tomb of a
Prelate.

Anno 1444. Decima quarta Augusti obiit venerabilis vir Albertus Ferdinandus de Eckelsbeym Plebanus hujus Ecclesie, quam rexit XLVIII. Cujus Anima requiescat in pace. Amen.

A wooden Crucifix in this Church is looked upon as a Master-piece of Workmanship. But it is not the only Thing which the Vulgar, influenced by some silly Tradition, hold in Esteem, that is not much admired by intelligent Judges. This Church was burnt in 1361, the very Day that gave Birth here to the infamous Emperor *Venceslaus*, Son to *Charles IV.*

A pretend-
ed fine
Crucifix.

C H A P. XXXII.

Nuremberg. *The Castle. A marvelous Linden-tree. A very profound Well. Eppelen a famous Sorcerer. The Sentiments of Agobard and Folangi, concerning Wizards. The Chapel in the Castle. An Impertinence of a Sculptor. A droll Story about four Pillars in this Chapel. The Emperor's Apartment. The Emperor Leopold's Death. The Church of St. Laurence. Very fine Fountains, with the Inscriptions upon them. The Magistrates of Nuremberg not very deserving of the Title of Fathers of their Country. Proofs of this Assertion. The Hospital and the Church belonging to it. The Curiosities there. The Church of St. Catherine.*

TO Day we have been to see the Castle built, some say, by *Drusus*, others, by *Nero*. It is of a very irregular Form, and stands upon a Rock which is much higher than the Town, tho' that be not, as *Messieurs Misson and Jovin of Rochfort* have said, built upon a Plain, since one is almost always mounting or descending, so unlevel is the Situation of this City. After passing through the first Gate of this Fortrefs, there is to the left an antique Chapel, which they say was formerly a Temple dedicated to *Crudo* and *Hirmensul*, Divinities worshiped by the ancient Germans. Stone Statues of these Gods are still extant. They stand against the Walls on the Out-side of this Chapel.

The Castle
of Nurem-
berg.

In the Middle of the Court there is a large Linden-tree, said by Tradition to have been planted here above six hundred Years ago. It is left Numb. V. Cc from

A Marve-
lous Lin-
den-tree.

1705. from top to bottom, yet it is alive, and affords a fine Shade in Summer.
June 2. They make a great Bustle in this Castle about the Depth of its Well
 NUREM- They say it is more than 15 or 16 hundred Feet deep, and that its Iron Chain
 BERG. weighs 30 Quintals. I did not found the Depth of this Well; but I re-
 A very member that when I threw a Glass of Water into the Well of the Citadel
 deep Well. of *Coblentz*, I counted Sixty-five before I heard the Clash, whereas upon try-
 ing the same Experiment here several times, I could hardly count Thirty-
 six; and yet the Well of *Ehrenbreiten* is not reckoned to be above 500 Feet
 in Depth. However Mr. *Patin* in his Account of some Towns in *Germany*
 asserts, that one may tell a pretty long Story during the Time a Stone dropt
 into this Well of *Nuremberg* takes to get to the Water. This sure is not a
 little Hyperbolical.

Behind the Door of the grand Hall there is the compleat Armour of a
Eppelen the famous Sorcerer who was called *Eppelen* of *St. Gal*, with a Face of Wood
 Sorcerer. to the Helmet. 'Tis averred here, that this Negromancer knew a great deal
 more of the Black-art than *Maugis* of *Aigremont*; and to bring Thun-
 der, Lightning, Rain or Hail in the finest Weather, cost him but a
 Whistle. His favourite Diversion was to mount his Horse in all his Ar-
 mour, and leap him from the Walls of this Castle to the other Side of its
 Ditches, which are very wide. As a Proof of this, they shewed us five
 Prints of his Horse's Shoes upon three Stones in the Parapet. Mr. *Misson*
 saw but one, but there are five.

This Hero for leaping, who could produce Thunder and Tempests when he
 The Opin- pleased, recalled to my Memory a little Treatise of *Agobard* Bishop of *Lions*,
 nion of *A-* who lived in the IXth Century. That good Prelate complains of the
 gobard Bi- Folly and Weakness of the People of his Days, in believing that there were
 shop of Men to whom the Devil gave the Power above-mentioned, "that they
 Lions con- " might destroy the Fruits of the Earth, or reap Profit to themselves from
 cerning " them, by selling them to the Inhabitants of a certain Country called *Ma-*
 Sorcery. " *godia*, who brought Ships through the Air to be loaded with them." This
 Opinion, as ridiculous as it is, was so prevalent, says this good Bishop, among
 the common People in his Time, that he himself had one Day the greatest
 Trouble imaginable to rescue out of their Hands three Men and one Wo-
 man, Strangers who happened to pass through *Lions*, upon whom the Mob
 there fell most outrageously, taking them to be *Magodians* that had tumbled
 from their aerial Ships. This Absurdity, and a Thousand others of the same
 Stamp, make our Author say with Indignation: *Tanta jam stultitia oppressit*
miserum Mundum, ut nunc sic absurdè res credantur à Christianis, quales nunquam
antea ad credendum poterat quisquam suadere Paganis.

And of
Theophilus
Folangi
 who ridi-
 cules it.

The Learned *Theophilus Folangi*, a Native of *Mantua*, a *Benedictin* and
 Author of the ingenious Macaronic Poem of *Baldus*, under the fictitious Name
 of *Merlin Coccaius*, makes very merry with the pretended Sorcerers who
 can occasion Storms at their Pleasure, and some half-learned Persons who
 have ranked amongst the Magicians, the famous *Peter* of *Abano*, the
 learned *Picatrix*, and the celebrated Astrologer *Tebit-Ben-Corat*, who ac-
 cording

according to *Blancanus* was the first who found out in 1270 the moving Trepidation of the eighth Sphere. See how he burlesques them in his 18th ^{1705.} *Macaronic.* ^{June 1.}

NUREM-
BERG.

*Ecce Magus Thebit, qui Tempestate, venenis,
Grandinibus, quâdam detruxit imagine Regnum.
Ecce Picatricis Nigromanti picta Tabella
Ob quam per numeros ad Amorem quisque tiratur.
En Abani Petrus, redeuntem sæpè Monetam
Ad Bursam, spendit : mox cujuscunque Ribaldi
Ecce caput, quem sive focus, seu forca necavit.
Artaus en gladius, qui sistit flumina, siccant
Gramina, tempestat fruges, tollitque Biavam.*

The Chapel of this Castle is small: There is however something particular in it. First of all, upon the principal Altar is a Piece of ancient Sculpture in Wood representing the holy Supper: *Judas* is with the other Apostles, but in a standing Posture, has a Purse in his Hand and bends a little towards our Lord, not to get his Hand first to the Dish, but to receive a consecrated Host which Christ is reaching to his Mouth. All the other Disciples have their Eyes fixed on this Action, except the beloved one, who is in the Attitude of one asleep, with his Head on the Table as if he had drank too liberally. This impertinent Idea of the Sculptor put me in Mind of another such wild Conceit of a Painter mentioned by *Florimond de Rémond*, in his Treatise concerning the *Pope's Joan*. This Writer assures us that he had seen a Picture in the Metropolitan Church of *Bordeaux*, where Christ is drawn ascending to Heaven after his Resurrection a-stride upon an Eagle, like *Jupiter* with his Thunder in his Hand.

In the second Place, the Cieling of this little Chapel is supported by four ^{Four Pil-} *Corinthian* Pillars. Let me tell you before I go farther, that *Mr. Misson* I ^{lars in this} know not by what Mistake places them in one of the Halls of the Castle, ^{Chapel.} and that as for the droll Legend concerning them, he thought an Account of it would but tire his Friend's Patience. For my part, I think the Story pleasant enough, and am not afraid of telling it to you: So much the less, that my Author the Keeper of the Apartments in this Castle, is neither a Catholic nor a Bigot in your Notion of Bigots, *i. e.* one apt to swallow Traditions of the Church, but on the Contrary one who would die for *Lutheranism*. Here it is.

A certain Devil, whose Name he had unluckily forgot, and who to all Appearance was but a Subaltern, highly enraged to see an Almoner of this Fortrefs, the cleverest Dispatcher of Masses that ever was, expedite them much sooner than any other Priest, laid a Wager with him that he should carry from *Rome* to this Castle four Pillars one after another, in less Time than he could finish a Mass. The Stake was laid, (my Author could not tell us what it was, and I am sorry for it, since no doubt it must have been

Odd Story
concern-
ing them.

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something very singular) but whether the Devil had amused himself in his Journey by tempting some Nun, or whether he was fatigued, or however it happened, the Devil who had brought three of the Pillars before the Almoner was come to the *Memento*, did not get to the Castle of *Nuremberg* with the Fourth till the Clerk was just putting out the Candles, Mass being ended; which put Satan into such a Fury, that in his Wrath he threw the Pillar to the Ground and broke it into two Pieces. The Almoner cemented it, and it may be distinguished from the rest to this Day by the Solder. In Commemoration of this extraordinary Event, the Devil's Head, *i. e.* an Image of it, is set into the Wall between two Altars facing the Door of the Chapel.

Believed
to be very
true by
the Bigot-
ed *Luthe-
rans*.

This Story is believed by the greater Part of the *Lutherans* here as an indisputable Truth: And my Author, who would be very angry to be thought a Bigot or a credulous Person, would expose himself to the Fury of a Legion of Devils to attest the Truth of it. Now what would you not say if such a Story was given out by Catholics? Yet we may chance to meet with others of the same Stamp amongst good Protestants. I have given you sufficient Opportunity of diverting yourself with the Credulity of Papists. But you see the *Lutherans* at *Francfort* and *Nuremberg* have their Traditions and Legends as well as the *Romanists*. Whatever you may think of this Matter, I hope you'll agree with me in this; That there are Bigots and credulous Believers of all sorts, and that there is no Opinion so ridiculous as not to find Fools enough to support it.

The Em-
peror's A-
partment.

From this Chapel we went into the Emperor's Apartment when he comes here, in which I took Notice of a Capital Picture representing the Homage that was paid by the Magistrates of *Nuremberg* to the Emperor *Matthias*, July 2, 1612. There, among other Things pretty remarkable, the *Margrave* of *Bareith* turns his Back to the Emperor very fiercely, instead of saluting him, and retires in a Huff, because this Prince had refused to invest him with the Dignity of *Bargrave* of *Nuremberg*, which he imagined belong to him.

Very
mean.

As for the Apartment, the Emperor is certainly very much pinched in it, as well as the Empress, who has but two little Chambers, or more properly speaking, Holes and these extremely dirty: Yet *Charles Patin* in his Journey, &c. says, it is the noblest Apartment in the Castle. And which is still worse, *Jovin de Rochfort* affirms that the Castle of *Nuremberg* is a large and magnificent one, where there is always a strong Garrison, because it is the sole Defence of the Town, and that there is a fine Avenue to it set with Rows of Elms. Take my Word for it, there is no such Thing.

The
Emperor
Leopold's
Death and
Character.

A Courier arrived at our Inn this Morning whose Postilion made such a Noise under our Windows with his Horn, that he rous'd us out of a very sound Sleep. This Courier brought the News of the Emperor's Death. May his Soul rest in Peace, for he was a hearty *Loyalist* and a violent Persecutor of *Heretics*. The *Vienna-Pasquin* has often posted up on the Gates of

of his Palace this sage Admonition, *Leopoldes, sis Cæsar & non Musicus; sis Cæsar & non Jesuita.* The Public, to say the Truth, is not a great Lofer by his Death: And the World would lose yet less if *Lewis XIV.* his Brother-in-Law, and all the other Disturbers of *Europe's* Quiet, should take it into their Heads to pay him a Visit in the *Elisian* Fields.

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We attended the *Lutheran* Service in the Church of *St. Laurence*, which is the largest in this City. It is a *Gothic* Fabrick, which has nothing singular in it, except that it has 8 Gates. Near it is a pretty remarkable Fountain. Its Basen is an Octagon, in the Middle of which stands a large brass Pillar; from its Chapiters project six Muzles of Lions, each of which spurts Water into the Air out of a twisted Pipe: On the Cornish are the six Cardinal Virtues, which squirt Water from their Breasts. On this Pillar stands a less one fluted, upon which are six Infants, every one of whom leans on an Escutheon bearing the Arms of the Empire, those of *Nuremberg* and of other Towns. They are all of them sounding Trumpets, out of which jets Water in plenty. On the Top of this second Pillar is a fine Statue of *Justice*, with her Sword in one Hand and her Balance in the other: She likewise sends Water from her Breasts, and supports herself upon a large *Ostrich*, which spouts Water most bountifully. All this is in Brass surrounded with an Iron Grate carved and gilt.

The
Church of
*St. Lau-
rence* and a
beautiful
Fountain.

Besides this there are two other Fountains, one on each Side of it, but much simpler. I shall only take Notice of the *Latin* Inscriptions upon them, because the Words *Patrum Patriæ* in one of them led me into a Train of serious Reflexions.

Other
Fountains
with In-
scriptions.

To the Right we have this

Subsiste Viator.

ac

*Ex virtutibus profluentem,
virtutes*

in aquâ resplendentes intuere.

Aqua accretionis principium

Consistentiæ virtus est.

hinc inexhaustæ

Corporis & Animæ fastis.

Tu dum tempus effluit.

Statuas has factis exprime.

Meat irremeabile Tempus.

Unriddle this Nonsense as well as you can. 'Tis the other Inscription to the Left which is much more intelligible, that suggested the Observation to me, which I am to give you after inserting it.

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June 3
NUREM-
BERG.

MDCLV.

Lustro

*Post feliciter pacatam Germaniam**Horum Fontium latices**ab imis Fundamentis**Restorati**Renovati.**Publico Emolumento**Ornamentoque**in uberiora Effluvia**Subducti**Sub Regimine**Patrum Patriæ.*

Magis-
trates of
Nurem-
berg ill
deserve the
Title of
P. P.

You know that *Pater Patriæ* was the Title which flattered *Augustus* the most of all those given him by the People of *Rome*. Indeed this Prince merited it in some Degree, after he had calmed all the Commotions in the Empire, and shut the Gates of *Janus's* Temple. But it is astonishing to me, how forty Burgeffes of *Nuremberg*, who have under the specious Name of *Patricians* erected themselves into as many little Tyrants over the poor Citizens, whom they suck as they please without Controul, dare to assume the Title of *Patres Patriæ* in the Face of so many Sufferers by their Oppression, who could, if they durst, give them the lie very flatly; but are cowardly or simple enough to hold their tongues, and bear without murmuring the intolerable Yoke of this haughty Senate with their large Ruffs and sharp-pointed Hats. So much the worse for them: *Quandoquidem hic Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

Proofs of
this Affec-
tion.

To evince the Truth of what I have said, I must tell you that those *Pa-*
tricians affect to imitate the noble *Venetians* in every thing, and even endea-
vour to refine upon their Politics. They are Sovereigns, or rather Tyrants
here: The People are Slaves. The latter must pack up their Baggage and
be gone from hence, or pay without muttering whatever Taxes and Imposts
the Senators are pleased to lay on them; and yet these Venerables are not
obliged to account for one Farthing of all the Money they levy, so that
they may without Impunity pocket whatever they please. You *Great-*
Britons would not have the good Humour to suffer such petty Kings, but
would send them to exercise their Tyranny in the Regions below. For my
own Part, as much an Enemy as I am to Tyranny and Oppression whether
in Prince or Senate, I do not wish the People of *Nuremberg* should act the
Part you *English* certainly would in such a Case: All I wish is, that they
would set reasonable Boundaries to the despotick Power of those *Pa-*
tricians.

Their Ty-
ranny.

Pride.

These haughty Lords, swoln with Pride and vain of the Title they have
assumed to themselves, together with their pointed Hats and bushy enor-
mous

mous Ruffs, that might serve for Umbrello's to two or three Women, are more arrogant and inaccessible than the Nobles of *Venice*; nay think themselves not a few Degrees higher than the Senators of old *Rome*, though the latter often beheld Kings at their Feet; whereas those of *Nuremberg* are so afraid of a certain * King in *Germany*, that they shut all the Gates of their City precisely at seven in the Evening—so much do they dread this Monarch's coming to Winter-quarters among them.

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It is very diverting to see two of these Senators in one Coach. Their Ruffs are so large in Circumference, that two of them cannot sit a-breast. We often had the Malice to salute them when we met them on purpose to have the Pleasure of seeing how their Ruffs jostled when they returned our Civility. We used to stretch ourselves a great way out of the Windows of our Coach, and make very low Bows; and when they repaid our Compliment in the same Manner, it was exceedingly droll to see how their Ruffs rubbed and rumbled one against another.

Their
strange
Habit.

From the Church of St. *Laurence* we went to that of the Hospital, where we saw the Tomb of its Founder named *Magnus*, in German *Der Gross*. 'Tis here that *Charlemagne's* Crown is kept with his Sword, Scepter, Globe and other Ornaments used at the Coronation of an Emperor. These were all brought from *Prague* by the Emperor *Sigismund*, on Account of the Troubles that were in *Bohemia* in his Time.

The Hos-
pital.

Here likewise we saw a large sharp-bottomed Chest suspended in the Air by two Iron Chains fastened to the Ceiling, in which, as we were told, are a vast many sacred Relicks; as for Instance, the Point of the Spear with which the Good St. *Longinus* one of Pilate's Soldiers pierced our Saviour's Side; a large Piece of the real Cross; an Arm of St. *Anne* Mother to the *Virgin Mary*; a Tooth of St. *John* the Baptist; and a vast many others, of which Mr. *Misson* has given a full List in his Travels. How he came to get a Sight of these precious Relicks I know not: For the King of *Prussia's* Resident assured us, it was a Favour never granted but to Sovereign Princes and their Attendants. We also paid a Visit to St. *Catherine's* Church, but it is a musty Piece of Antiquity in which there is nothing curious. However Mr. *Jouvin* of *Rockfort* tells us that at *Nuremburg* are the finest Churches in *Germany*.

Precious
Relicks.

Church of
St. Cath-
rine.

* King of *Prussia*.

1705.
June 4.
N U R E M -
B E R G.

C H A P. XXXIII.

Nuremberg. *The Arsenal; which is not shewn now, and why. The Town-house. The Apartment of the Deputies of the Circle of Franconia. Several good Pictures. The Sacrifice of Abraham comically painted. Other ridiculous Fancies of Painters. Cabinets of Rarities. A moving Figure of Gustavus Adolphus. Great Men absurdly accused of Sorcery. A Medal struck at Nuremberg in Honour of Clement XI. Reflexions upon this Singularity.*

The Ar-
senal.

TO Day we asked Permission to see the Arsenal, which is much celebrated in Germany, being reckoned one of the finest; but were flatly denied the Favour; all we could do to get a Sight of it was in vain, because the Magistracy had forbidden, ever since the Beginning of the War, the shewing of it to any Person whatsoever. Perhaps these venerable *Patricians* finding the 300 Pieces of Brass Cannon, which Mr. *Mifson* and other Travellers had seen in it, to be more than was necessary for the Defence of their City, have sagely converted them, without the Powder of Projection, into Gold. For what reason can they give for making a Mystery now of a Thing that every Body not very long ago was allowed to see? Kings and Princes do not scruple to let Foreigners see their Arsenals.

Town-
house.

As for the Town-house, that we were permitted to see, at the Expence of a little Drink-gilt, as every where else: It is a vast Edifice of hewn Stone about 100 Paces in Breadth. The Front is very fine, having a noble Portail in the Middle of it, adorned with several Statues; and the Architecture of the whole is regular and in a good Taste. There are two other very grand Gates to it, at equal Distances one from another, which are no less splendidly ornamented. 'Tis a Pity it does not stand in an opener Place, that would set it off to greater Advantage, and give it a nobler Air. The Court behind it is so narrow that it scarcely deserves to be called a Court. They led us up by very indifferent Stairs to a long Gallery, on the Cieling of which is represented in Relief a famous Tournament that was celebrated in this City about 300 Years ago.

Apart-
ment of
the Depu-
ties of
Franconia.

Hence we were conducted into a very pitiful Chamber, where the Deputies from the Circle of *Franconia* meet every Day for the Affairs of the Province. Those of the Bishop of *Bamberg* and the Marquis of *Baireith*, a Prince of the House of *Brandebourg*, preside in this Assembly; but the Deputies of the Ecclesiastical Princes have the right Hand.—so much the worse for the *Laicks*. Why have they suffered the Clergy to take the Pas of them, and to intermeddle with worldly Affairs?—Priests ought only to enjoy their Revenues in Tranquility, and pray for us.—These Deputies are
I
eighteen

eighteen in all. And they are attended by nine Secretaries who sit at another Table to write their Resolutions. Within this Chamber over the Door is a Picture containing the Portraits of three Brothers, Princes of Saxony, John George, Frederic, and John Christian, who supported Luther in his Reformation. The second of these holds in his Hand the imperial Crown which he would not accept of. The Tapestry of this Chamber contains the History of King Nebuchadnezzar in six Pieces.

From this Apartment we passed through a Multitude of Chambers, in which amongst several Pictures I remarked as the best: The Portrait of one Sebald Schirmer of Nuremberg, who though of mean Parentage came to be General of the Armies of the Emperor Rodolphus II. and made no small Noise in the World. He is in a sitting Posture, and wants no Part of Armour but a Head-piece. This Inscription in gold Letters surrounds the Picture.

*Fortià pro celebri Patria tulit arma Sebaldus
Schirmerus, Turcas, Marchiacosque premens.
Illius expressit vivos in imagine vultus
Qui nescit Graphica Penzins arte parem.
Ille sed Effigiem Patriæ donavit habendam
Cui sua nota fides sanguine, corde, manu.
Huic optat placidæ felicia tempora pacis,
Aut fortunatos in pia bella Duces,*

The Portrait of the famous Mathematician John Neudorff, by Albert Durer; those of Charlemagne, the Emperor Sigismund, the two Rodolphus's, Matthias, Ferdinand II, III, and IV. A very large Picture representing the Homage rendered by the Magistrates of Nuremberg to the Emperor Leopold I. of pitiful, contemptible Memory, with this Legend.

Homagium Leopoldo Imperatori præstitum die VII. Augusti. Anno M.DC.LVIII.

A Madonna very ancient, with this Inscription.

*Hanc Effigiem Fredericus Dux Saxonie S. R. I. Archimar. &
Electo, in Regimine hic imperatorio agens, Anno Domini
M.D.XXII. Memoriae ergo hic ponendam curavit.*

A St. Luke the Evangelist, painting the Virgin Mary, with these Words of St. Paul to the Colossians: *Salutat vos Lucas Medicus charissimus.* This Passage puts me in Mind of a certain Curate who having taken these Words for his Text, after he had given the Explication of them in French, stop'd short, not being able to recollect the Introduction to his Sermon. Upon this one of his Parishoners imagining that the Curate only waited for an Answer to the Compliment, cried out, *Well, Sir, we are obliged to the good Doctor, pray make our Compliments to him when you see him.*

Numb. V.

D d

Adam

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NUREM-
BERG.Old Re-
presenta-
tion of
Abraham's
Sacrifice.

Adam and Eve by *Albert Durer*, the *German Raphael*: This Piece is highly esteemed, and it is dated 1507. *Eve* presents the Apple with a very arch malicious Smile to *Adam*, the most complaisant of all Husbands. Deuce on his Complaisance! had it not been for it I should not have run thro' so many Chagreens and Dangers as I have done.

A Sacrifice of *Abraham* not quite so whimsical as that I gave you an Account of in my Letter from *Affschaffenburg*; but however very ridiculous. *Isaac* is laid upon a Pile of Wood, his Face downward, his Head hanging to one Side, and his Hands tied behind his Back. *Abraham* dressed like a Butcher with a white Apron, and a large Knife in his Fist, prepares for cutting his Son's Throat. The cruel Instrument is so near that one can't help trembling for poor *Isaac*; so much the more that his Father casts his Eyes up to Heaven to see if the Angel of the Lord was coming, and seems to be quite out of Patience, and on the very Point of finishing the Sacrifice. The Painter has employed no Angel to deliver *Isaac*, but left the Piece just as I have described it. You will own, no doubt, that the *Italian* had a much better Invention who just when *Abraham* is going to let fly his Musket represents the Angel pissing in the Pan, and thus spoiling the Priming.

Another Picture by *Albert Durer*, in which are Saints *Peter*, *Paul*, *John*, and *Mark*.

A *Hercules* and *Anteus*, that came from *Rome*, as we were told. A very bold Piece which is certainly of some excellent Hand, but they could not tell us his Name.

The Murder of *Abel* by a famous Painter of this City called *Preißler*. Here *Cain* does not kill his Brother with the Jaw-bone of an Ass or Horse, or with a Mattock, nor yet with a Club, as I have seen in several Pictures, but with a large Flint-stone, in the same Manner the ancient *Roman* Priests used to dispatch a Sow in order to look into her Belly, and take Presages from her Entrails.

A Portrait of *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* done in 1650. What a Virago was this Queen! Witness the Assassination, or as she called it, the Execution of the poor Marquis of *Monaldeschi* in *France*.

Other
whimsical
Fancies of
Painters.

I observed Yesterday in passing by the Palace of the Knights of the Teutonic Order an *Epiphany* painted on the Outside of the Walls of the Chapel, in which one of the three Kings has a Bonnet on his Head like that of the Doge of *Venice*, and the Moor *Balthazar* wears the Collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece. But to Day in the Town-house we have seen a History-piece, in which is painted the Story of *Esther* and *Abasuerus*, a very fine Picture in other Respects and justly esteemed, which proves that this Order was not instituted at *Bruges* in 1429. by *Philip* the Good, Duke of *Burgundy*, in Honour of one of his Mistresses who was red hair'd, but is older than the three Kings. For *Assuerus* in this Picture (who has the Face and Dress usually given to *Francis I.* King of *France*) wears this Collar; it is here most distinctly painted. As to the Queen *Esther*, she is dressed like the Ladies.

Ladies at *Nuremberg*. I can't comprehend how Painters and Sculptors, who have got a Name in the World, and whose Business requires perfect Acquaintance with History and the Customs of Countries, as well as with Mythology and Fable, could commit such egregious Blunders as are to be found in their Works. Strange Inadvertencies glare one in the Face, not only in the Pictures of Men of the lower Class, but even in those of a *Raphael*, a *Michael-Angelo*, and others of the first Magnitude among the Painters, which are no small Blemishes on their Reputations.

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BERG.

In the last of these Chambers is a large Picture which covers one Side of the Wall compleatly. The Subject of it is the Festival which the Emperor *Ferdinand III.* gave in the grand Hall of this Town-house to the Plenipotentiaries, at the Ratification of the Treaty of *Munster*; they are all painted in this Piece as big as Life. Among others is *Charles Gustavus* Duke of *Sadermania* who was King of *Sweden* after *Christina's* Abdication; the famous *Wrangel*; *Charles Lewis*, then Elector Palatine, and *Picolomini* Duke of *Amalfi*, who was the Emperor's Representative on that Occasion. This Picture was done in 1650. by *Sandraert*, a renowned Painter.

From hence we passed into the grand Hall, the Walls of which are adorned with diverse Events in the *Roman* History; but many of these Paintings are a little defaced. We were desired to observe a Pane of Glass with the Emperor's Arms upon it, in the Middle of which is a Hole made by *Wrangel*, who discharged his Pistol through the Window before he sat down to Table, saying, *Since Peace is now concluded I ought to unload my Arms.* Under this Pane is wrote in large Golden Letters.

A pleasant
Whim of
General
Wrangel.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO.

If the Magistrates of *Nuremberg* would condescend to take Advice from a private Man, I think, while they pursue their present Maxims, they ought to raze out that Sentence, and put this in its Place, not in Letters of Gold but of Blood, in order to imprint greater Respect and Dread on the People.

SALUS ET POTESTAS PATRICIORUM SUPREMA LEX ESTO.

The latter would be more consistent than the former with their despotic Administration.

The last Apartment we saw here was the Council-chamber which is very small, and not at all suitable to the Dignity and Power of the Senate. There is nothing remarkable in it, but a Picture of the last Judgment, which they say is more than 600 Years old. *St. Joseph* is painted in it near the Virgin his Spouse, in the Habit of a *Carme*. Were I General of that Religious Order I would spare no Cost to have this Picture, did they even demand twenty thousand Crowns for it they should have it; since it proves beyond all Controversy the Antiquity of the Order, which as the

Council-
chamber.

1705. *Carmes* themselves say, was instituted by the Prophet *Elias* upon Mount
June 4. *Carmel*.

NUREM-
BERG.
Large
Cellars
under the
Town-
house.

When we came out of the Town-house they would gladly have conducted us into the vast Cellars under it; but the Truth of the Matter is that we had already seen in the Fortrefs of *Wirtzburg* enough of the Jollity and Carousing that generally happens in these subterraneous Places in this Country; and had no more Curiosity or Courage for Adventures of that Sort.

June 5.
Cabinets
of Rarities

That of
Mr. *Viati*.

We had made a Party with some Friends to go to Day to the public Library here. But this Morning a Message was sent to tell us, that the Library-keeper was busy and could not attend us; so we were obliged to put off our Party to another Occasion. We should likewise have been very glad to have seen the famous Cabinet of Mr. *Viati*; but unluckily for us this learned Man died some Time ago, and his Cabinet of Curiosities is dissipated, having been sold in Parcels. Amongst an Infinity of Rarities in that Collection there was the Sword, with which was struck off the Head of renowned *Olden Barnevelt*, Advocate-General of *Holland*. This brave and venerable old Hero was sacrificed at the Age of Fourscore to the Resentment of Prince *Maurice* of *Orange*, tho' he had served his Father *William* and Country very faithfully, for not consenting to his Design of making himself absolute Master of the Commonwealth. Another Curiosity in it was the Halbert which killed the famous *Wallestein* at *Egra* in *Bohemia*, and so put an End by one Blow to the Intrigues of this ambitious Man, who aspired at the Sovereignty of that Kingdom, and other Territories belonging to the House of *Austria*. Is it not a shameful Thing that there was not one Person in the large City of *Nuremberg* who had Curiosity enough to bestow a little Money upon a Collection of Rarities, which Mr. *Viati* had spent his Life in making, and that did Honour to the City? Could this worthy Man return from the Dead, he would most certainly die a second Time of Chagrin to see his fine Cabinet so cartled. It is an eternal Disgrace to the *Patricians* of *Nuremberg*, who can have Plenty of Money with so little Trouble to themselves, that they did not buy this Cabinet, and add it to the public Library.

And of
Mr. *Hauck*

My wrath however was a little appeased, when I was told that there was another Cabinet of Curiosities in this City which we might see if we pleased. We willingly accepted of the Proposal, and so soon as we had dined we went to pass a few Hours there. The Owner of this Collection is named Mr. *Hauck*, and indeed he has gathered together several very great Rarities, as Minerals, Shells, Plants, and all Sorts of Curiosities. He has also a little Arsenal filled with a great Variety of antique and modern Arms, amongst which is an Iron Cannon about six Foot long made without the Help of Fire. In a Corner of this Room there is a Figure of *Gustavus Adolphus* dressed in a coarse Buff-coat, and sitting in a Chair of State under a Canopy. The Face of this Figure is very like that Prince; and while we were examining it,

A moving
Figure of
*Gustavus
Adolphus*.

the Statue started up on a sudden, and put on a very menacing Air which not a little surprized the Spectators, one in particular, who had most certainly fallen on the Floor had I not been by to support him. The unexpected Motion of this Figure was occasioned by an imperceivable Spring under the Boards, upon which one of the Company had put his Foot without knowing any Thing of the Matter.

1705.
June 5.
N U R E M -
B E R G.

Mr. *Hauck* likewise shewed us a Deer's Head fastened to the Walls in his Court, which as often as one touches it, but with the Tip of his Finger, makes a grievous Squawl. Should this Gentleman take it into his Head to go into your Island with this squeaking Fiend's Pate, he would be taken perhaps for a Wizard, as were in former Times *Robert* Bishop of *Lincoln*, *Roger Bacon*, and *Thomas Bungey*, who because they were the ablest Divines, Philosophers, and Mathematicians in their Times, were accused of having Commerce with the Devils, and of having forged Brass-heads by magical Operations, in order to learn from their Responses whether there was no Way of surrounding *Great Britain* with a strong Rampart that would defend it from foreign Invasions.

A squaw-
ling Deer's
Head.

Reflexions
on Persons
suspected
of Magic.

*Proh superi, quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ
Noctis habent!*

Learn from these Examples how the greatest Men have been arraigned of Magic by the ignorant Populace, who think every Thing supernatural that surpasses their Comprehension. For *Lactantius* says with great Truth. *Vulgus indoctum pompis inanibus gaudet, animisque puerilibus spectat omnia, oblectatur frivolis, nec ponderare secum unamquamque rem potest.* Let us not however leave Mr. *Hauck*.

He is Master of several very curious Secrets, as for Instance, a Way of preparing Iron in such a Manner, that by beating it with a Hammer it becomes red, and kindles a Train of Gunpowder: He makes Pistols, which discharge a hundred Times successively without Priming; and he takes but a Ducat for the Pair of them. He likewise shewed us the Way of Shooting a Bullet at a Hat about two Paces distant without piercing. And I purchased of him one of those marvellous Pieces of Art mentioned by Mr. *Misson* in his Article of *Augsburg*; I mean a hundred little Cups of Ivory turned, and perfectly well proportioned, with a Ring to each that plays and raps against the Body of the Cup, all which are contained in a Grain of Pepper. In Truth it is hardly conceivable how it could have been done; yet it is really so, and Mr. *Hauck* assured us, it is a Peasant of his Acquaintance in a Village of *Suabia* named *Perlsgarthben*, who turns them without Spectacles or magnifying Glass, and that he is the only one in *Germany* who can make this wonderful Curiosity.

Other
Curiosities

I ought not to forget to tell you of another Rarity I have seen here. It is a Silver Medal, which plainly demonstrates the Esteem and Respect in which the present Pope is held by some *Lutherans* themselves; I must give you

A Medal
struck at
*Nurem-
berg*, in
Honour
of Pope
Clem. XI.

1705.

June 5.

NUREM-
BERG.

you a short Account of this Affair, and of the Consequences of it in Italy.

A *Patrician* of Nuremberg called *Christophorus Furer*, caused a Medal to be struck in Honour of *Clement XI.* who was chosen Pope, November 23. 1700. and whose Name before his Election to the Pontificate was Cardinal *Albani.* On one Side of the Medal is this Pope's Head, with this Legend. *Albanum coluere Patres, nunc maxima rerum, Roma colit.*

This is an Imitation of a Passage in *Virgil, Æneid. lib. 7.* where he says:

*Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes
Albanæ coluere sacrum; nunc maxima rerum
Roma colit.*

In the Exergue are these Words. *Clemens XI. creatus XXIII. Novembris MDCC.*

And on the Reverse are the Pontiff's Arms, amidst a Garland or Crown of Flowers, surrounded with a Cartouch, on which are marked his four principal Virtues, Justice, Piety, Prudence, Erudition, with this Inscription. *Flores mei fructus honoris & honestatis Eccl. C. XXIV.*

And in the Exergue. *Flores circumdati.*

Is there not Reason to be surprized at such an Encomium upon a Pope done by a *Patrician* of Nuremberg? Would you not have rather ascribed it to some cunning Catholic who longed for a Cardinal's Hat? And indeed it occasioned no little triumphing at Rome in more Ways than one; among other Testimonies of Joy on this Occasion one in particular deserves Notice. A certain Antiquary named *Marc Anthony Guignes*, in a *Latin* Epistle addressed to the Grand Duke of Tuscany with Relation to this Medal, thus expresses himself. *Virtus, quæ etiam in ipsis hostibus semper diligitur, tam altas in eruditissimo Principe Joanne Francisco S. R. E. Cardinali Albano radices egerat, ut omnibus titulis jam promeritus immortalitatem, haud mirum si communi postea Suffragio & plausu, in summum electus Pontificem, Hæretici ipsi electionem adeo legitimam, planeque extraordinariam, verbis, typis & nummis etiam argenteis, publicè sint testati.*

At the End of this Epistle he adds the following Epigram, addressed to the same Prince.

*Hæretici hinc fausto sibi nummis omnia Cuss,
Publicæ, & ut Sanctum jam venerantur eum.
Ast mihi, & hinc vanus fuero nisi visus Aruspex
Hic datur eloquio multa referre brevi;
Dum movet Hæreticos Clemens, satis indicat ipse
Quod Cito ovile unum, Pastor & unum erit.*

You

You see by this Specimen that the striking of this Medal by a *Lutheran* 1705.
not a little flattered *Rome*, and gave them no small Hopes that Heretics June 6.
in general had a high Veneration for this Pope, and looked upon him as a
Saint: that they even began to think that the strayed Sheep would soon re- NUREM-
turn into the Fold of the great Shepherd. BERG.

C H A P. XXXIV.

*Nuremberg. A very fine Fountain. Foolish Customs in this City.
Pleasant little Stories. The Public Library well filled with Books.
Pictures, Manuscripts in it, and other Curiosities. Account of a
Country-Wedding. Inscriptions in Honour of the Emperor Leopold.
His exaggerated Elogiums. Other no less hyberbolical ones. An-
other magnificent Fountain. Some very particular Inscriptions and
Epitaphs.*

THIS Day we went to see in the new Square a Fountain worth ob- Remark-
serving. There are indeed three Fountains; but that in the able Foun-
Middle is the most remarkable. It is a large oval Basen upon two Steps of tain, and
hewn Stone, in the Middle of which is a Rock, on the Top whereof are its Inscryp-
tion.
four large Heads of Dolphins that squirt Water. They support a big
Shell, out of which rises a Triton, who jets into the Air a plentiful Stream
thro' his Trumpet-marine which he seems to sound. And this Water
falling back on him spreads all around a Sort of perpetual Rain. From
the Bottom of the Basen project four other Water-Spouts of a smaller Size,
which throw their Water into the Triton's Shell, thro' the hollowed flop-
ing Parts of which the Water returns into the Basen. This Fountain is
enclosed within an Iron-balister finely wrought and figured, with this In-
scription in Golden Letters, on an Oval gilt and crowned.

ANNO SALUTIS
MDCLXXXVII

QUO

LEOPOLDUS MAGNUS

PARTA DE TURCIS VICTORIA MAXIMA

JOSEPHUM FILIUM

REGEM HUNGARIÆ CORONARI F.

FONS LÆTO OMINE EXSILE COEPIT

CURANTE SENATU POPULOQUE

NORIBERGENSE

QUI AQUAM HAURIS, FONTEM

CORONA.

I have

1705.

June 6.

NUREM-

BERG.

Ridiculous

Customs

at Nurem-

berg.

I have long had a Mind to tell you a very odd Fashion here at *Nuremberg*, which shocks me more and more. One would hardly expect to find so ridiculous a Custom in any civilized Country. In Truth it seems too savage even for the *Hurons*, the *Iroquois*, or any of the most barbarous Nations in the World. When we walk through the Streets here a-foot, as we often have Occasion to do, the Women and Girls in the Shops stare at us as we pass, and laugh full in our Faces. And those we meet in the Streets serve us in the same impudent Manner. This might perhaps be pardoned in the mere Mob; for the Vulgar almost every where are very impertinent to Strangers. But what is truly surprising is, that when we pass by any of the *Patricians* Houses, Madam the *Senatress* her Daughters and Servants come to peep at us, thro' little Casements in the Middle of their Windows—If we chance to look at them, in they draw their Heads, and down come these Wickets—Is not this quite wild and savage, quite *Hottentot*?

Another strange Custom here is, that at every Gate of the City there is a Man hired on Purpose, who mounts towards the Evening to the Top of a high Tower, from whence he sounds a frightful Horn not unlike that used by Swine-herds to call their Herds together. This delightful Music they call here sounding the Retreat; I should choose to call it Spoil-mirth: For at the second Blast every one must get to Town as fast as he can, or be shut out all Night without Mercy; as we were like to have experienced oftner than once in Parties of Pleasure, which we would willingly have prolonged some Hours later. But as for the noble *Patricians*, this Alarm never disturbs them. When they have a Mind to divert themselves these Horners are obliged to delay their Sounding two or three Hours, as long in Truth as it seems good to their venerable Lordships.

Here is another more comical Custom which I learned from Persons of undoubted Veracity. They assured us, that the greater Part of the Inhabitants here wear no Shirts a-bed, and that meerly to save them. Could one believe it were possible to push *Œconomy*, or rather Sordidness to such extravagant Pitch, especially in a Country where Flax grows in such Abundance, and where almost every Woman spins, and consequently Linen must be very cheap. Be that as it will, a Citizen's Wife happening to be seized with some violent Distemper in the Middle of the Night, her Husband thinking her in Danger dispatched the Maid to bring a Pastor. The Girl in her Hurry forgot to put on her Smock, and away she run with nothing upon her but her Jacket and Under-petticoat. The Pastor got up the Moment he was called, and they set out together. The Maid had taken a Lanthorn with her to light the good Doctor; but they had not gone 100 Paces till there came a hearty Shower. The Minister wrap'd himself in his Cloak; and the Maid without reflecting that she had no Shift, trussed her Petticoat to cover her Neck and Shoulders. It was very dark, and she being very careful to give light to the good Pastor, was every now and then asking if he saw well enough. For some time he made no Discovery; but at last chancing

to

to cast his Eyes towards the Girl he perceived what *Brunel* shewed to *Mar-*
phise *. The Sight not a little surprized the grave Man for a while ; how-
ever he said nothing : But at length upon the Girl's asking again, if he
saw well, he answered pretty roughly, " Ay, but too well " — Was
not this a most edifying Spectacle for a serious Theologue who was going
to prepare a dying Woman for her long Home ! However the Rain conti-
nued, and he had all the Way to the House this Light, and this new Sort
of Compass to guide his Course.

1705.
June 9.
NÜREM-
BERG.

Now I am got in the Vein, I'll tell you another little Story of the
same Stamp, which I had likewise from very creditable Authors. The
Women newly brought to bed, out of the same Frugality, lie without
Smocks, and when they receive Visits content themselves with throwing
a sort of Nightrail about their Shoulders. All the rest is as naked
as a Hand without Gloves. — Well, one Day a Patrician Lady being in
this Equipage amidst a Circle of Visitants, her Maid coming to tell her
something, and having hooked herself without perceiving it with the Co-
verlet of the Bed, which because of the Heat was but a single Sheet with
Lace about it, as she retired from her Mistress in a Hurry dragged all
with her, and thus exposed her Ladyship naked with all her Trinkets to
the View of the whole Company. This Shew, you may be sure, diverted
the Spectators not a little, and put the Lady sadly out of Countenance.
Since this Adventure, and to prevent any like it, Women in that Con-
dition, they say, wear Shifts.

Another
Story.

Customs.

A troublesome Accident, of which I need not give you a circumstantiate
Detail, has obliged me to suspend the Continuation of my Journal, by con-
fining me to the House for about a Fortnight. Now I return to it, and
shall give you an Account of the Public Library which we have seen this
Day. The Keeper of it is a Doctor of Divinity, and he assured us it con-
sists of no less than 26 thousand Volumes. It was composed at the Begin-
ning of the Reformation, of all the Books possessed by the Convents of the
City or in the Neighbourhood. Here are the most remarkable Things
they shewed us in it.

June 8-23

The Li-
brary.

First of all a very good Portrait of the famous *Erasmus* of *Rotterdam* :
Another of *Metrophanes* Patriarch of *Alexandria* : One of the celebrated
Jew of *Ninive* named *Josephus Adjustus*, who turning Christian was made
Hebrew-Professor at *Wittemberg*. I wish they had added one of *Nicolaus de*
Lyria, another learned *Jew* who became a *Cordelier*, and died in 1349.
His Tomb and Epitaph are in the Church belonging to a Convent of that
Order at *Paris*. 'Tis of him that it was said : *Nisi Lyrasset, nemo in Biblia*
saltasset, because he had wrote a Commentary on the whole Bible.

Pictures.

A Greek Manuscript in Characters very different from the Greek ones
now used, which the Library-keeper assured us had been pronounced, by se-

Manu-
scripts.

1705.

June 23

NUREM-

BERG.

veral Antiquarians who had seen it, more than a thousand Years old: It contains the four Evangelists, some of St. Paul's Epistles, with divers Hymns and Prayers used by the Greek Church in that Age.

Eight large Folio Manuscripts, containing Latin Hymns, Prayers, and Psalms in big Gothic Letters, with beautiful Miniatures done by *Margéritte Karteuserin* a Nun of the Dominican Order at Nuremberg. The first Volume was begun in 1458: The last is dated 1470: So that upon Computation this Girl must have been but twelve Years in writing and painting these eight vast Volumes, the smallest of which is above five Inches thick: Yet the Legend says she only employed her Hours of Recreation in this Work.

A Treatise concerning Predestination printed at Spire in 1446. Here I am apt to imagine with Mr. *Misson* there must be some Error in the Date, for I never heard any Person say that there was any Book printed in Germany at that Time.

A Letter wrote by *Luther* himself under his own Hand to the Magistrates of Nuremberg.

A wooden Pocket-book, of a very ordinary Sort, which was used by *John Frederic* Elector of Saxony, Father to the Elector who was made Prisoner by the Emperor *Charles V.* The Leaves are quite filled with Scraps of Sermons he had heard *Luther* preach.

A Table of Wood of a blackish Ground, on which is painted in Columns with Gold Letters and red Lines, the Chronology of the World from *Adam* to *Jesus Christ*.

A Figure of *Moses* about a Foot in height, containing the whole *Pentateuch* written upon it in a small Character.

Two Globes of Brass gilt six Inches Diameter, with several Mathematical Instruments also gilded.

Other Cu- A Man's Head with two small Horns, each an Inch in length, in the riosities. Middle of it, just as *Satyrs* are generally represented.

A Stone weighing 10 Ounces found in the Bladder of the last but one Library-keeper, who lived more than sixty Years with that huge, terrible Stone in his Body.

The Skin of a *Lynx*: And several other Skeletons of Animals, with many other Curiosities. I can't forbear saying once more that it is an indelible Reproach upon the Patricians of Nuremberg, not to have added to this Library the Cabinet of Mr. *Viati*, which would have rendered it one of the most curious in Germany.

After Dinner we were conducted to see a Marriage in the Suburbs of this City called *Werth*. But in truth we saw nothing but a vast number of Peasants of both Sexes sit round twenty large Tables, smoaking, drinking, or champing a Kind of Cakes almost as hard as Flint. The Bride and Bridegroom had each a Crown of Flowers; and four huge Boors near Relations to the latter likewise carried Garlands. A very buxom Country-wench accosted us, asking if we would not be so good as to make a

Present to the Bride of some Confections : There was a little Shop full of them in the Hall. 'Tis the Custom, and we complied with it, and gave her a very considerable Heap which she accepted of most frankly, telling us that we might in Recompense for our Generosity have a Kiss, if we chose it, without offending the Bridegroom. The Bride not being very tempting, we seemed not to understand the Invitation, and retired.

Having heard them boast very much of another Fountain here as the most magnificent in Germany, we went to see it at the Statuary's where it still is. I took Notice, as we were going thither over the new Bridge, of two Inscriptions fronting one another in golden Letters upon two large Cartouches of hewn Stone inclosed each by an Iron Grate. I shall only transcribe the Second.

S u B
Augustiss. Auspiciis
Leopoldi Magni.
Imp. Cæs. pii. felicis. invicti.
 &
Josephi
Roman. Regis Augusti.
Quos Janos Seculares
Ævo ut veteri ita novo
Optimè prospecturos
Veneratur & optat
Pietas Norica.

An In-
 scrption
 in Honour
 of the Em-
 peror Leo-
 pold.

In good Earnest, is it not Mockery to lavish such pompous Titles as *Magnus, Invictus, Felix*, upon such a one as *Leopold*? As for those of *Pious, Musician* and *Jesuit* too if they will, I consent to it very willingly; let him enjoy them : But as for the rest I must beg leave to tell the Senate of *Nuremberg* that the Name of Grand and Unconquerable extremely ill suit a Prince, who was twice obliged to abandon the Capital of his Dominions out of Fear of being besieged and taken : And if the Allies had lost the Battle of *Hochstet*, which might have happened, this *Grand* and *Invincible*, would he not have been irrecoverably ruined, and surprized napping like a Simpleton ?

But here is something yet odder. Passing by a Bookseller's Shop, I bought a large Sheet, the Title of which in huge Capitals struck me at a Distance. Here it is. *Schema Parentalis Pompæ funebris Leopoldi Augusti, &c. quam Senatus Populusque Coloniensis in Ecclesiâ Cathedrali celebravit, &c.* Not only doth this Elogium out-do that of the Senate of *Nuremberg*, by giving this Prince the Titles of *Gloriosissimus*, and *Invictissimus*, of *Pius, Felix, Justus, Sapiens, Clemens, Pater Patriæ, grandis Sphæræ incomparabilis Atlas*, and a great many others to which he had no better Title than I; but they have the Assurance to add : *Nil in Leopoldo nisi amabile, Nil nisi admirabile. Occidisti Orbis anima, Imperii Sol & Letitia Leopoldæ.* In another Passage, the

1705. Panegyric is pushed to Prophanation. *An in terris innocentior Leopoldo?*
June 23. Candore parem Angelo salutasses. Imò ipsa credi poterat Innocentia. Sed ò por-
 NUREM- *tentosa infelicitas! Ita & mori posse Angelos, Leopoldus Cæsar in terris pri-*
 BERG. *mus, non potest non esse in Cælis secundus, qui vixit sicut in Cælis primus.* What
 say you to that? You who regard the Emperor Leopold, as a no less cruel
 Persecutor and Tyrant over the Consciences of his Protestant Subjects in
 Hungary, in Bohemia and other Places, than Lewis XIV. is in France?

If the rigid Roman Catholics are truly persuaded that the Virgin Mary is
 the Queen of Heaven; what Resentment have they not Reason to appre-
 hend from her Majesty, for having thus degraded her, and put in her Place
 such a pitiful, meanspirited Baboon? Are they not afraid lest she should
 say to them in her just Indignation, like the Pagan Queen of Heaven in
 ancient Times,

*Ast ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina, Jovisque
 Et Soror & Conjux, pravâ cum Gente tot annos.
 Bella gero: * & quisquam numen Junonis adoret
 Præterea, aut supplexaris imponat honorem?*

Virg. Æn. lib. 1.

When I call Leopold little Baboon, I speak the Truth, and what I have
 seen with my own Eyes. For Æsop excepted, never did Nature produce
 two more ugly dwarfish Creatures than this Prince and the late King of
 Spain Charles II. his Brother-in-Law: Have I not therefore good Reason
 to be astonished at the Folly of those who strain their Invention to con-
 trive the most extravagant Hyberboles to make up a ridiculous Eloge for
 so ridiculous a Creature, to say no worse of him, now especially that he can
 neither do them good nor ill? Let his absurd Flatterers tell me

*Si depuis que ce Corps sous le marbre repose,
 Il goûte le plaisir de son Apotheose?
 Non: le plus grand Heros a-t-il perdu le jour,
 C'est en vain qu'on le loue, à l'Eloge il est sourd:
 Les termes si fleuris des Oraisons funebres,
 Ne se font point entendre au séjour des Ténèbres.*

Starron was in the right when he said, "that he would rather be the
 "most miserable Cripple that walks on Crutches, than an Alexander, Pom-
 "pey, or Cæsar in Ashes". I am entirely of his Sentiment, and would
 rather be what I am than the greatest Heroe that only exists in the Mouth
 of Fame.

* Heretics who do not acknowledge her Imperial Dignity.

*Je fais peu de cas de la Gloire
Qui nous suit dans la Tombe noire :
Le moindre Crieur d'Almanacs
Qui sait le beau secret de vivre,
Vaut mieux que cent Heros de cuivre
Faits de la main de Phidias.*

1705.
June 23.
NUREM-
BERG.

But to return to our Fountain. It is confined in a Kind of very high Barn. In the Middle of a vast Basin of Marble will be placed a large Rock, in which are to be seen two Caverns opposite one to the other. From these Grottos spring with great Fury two Sea-horses of Brasses, with Riders who manage them with large Sea-reeds for Whips. Above these Grottos are two little Infants of the same Metal, each of which sounds a Marine Trumpet; and upon the Rock sit two *Naiades* with Oars in their Hands in big Basins, and four Dragons mounted by little Children; the whole is of Brass, all the Figures are as big as Life, and the Attitudes admirable. Out of the Middle of this Rock, rises a Pedestal adorned with Festoons composed of Coral and various Shells, with Cartouches and Scutcheons for Inscriptions and the Arms of the Republic, and with all these Ornaments are intermixed some *Dolphin's* Heads. But the finest Figure in the whole Composition, to my Taste, is a *Neptune* standing upon the Pedestal with his Trident in his Hand.

Descrip-
tion of the
Fountain.

This charming Statue is near ten Foot high and weighs 22 hundred Weight, not 33 as Mr. *Charles Patin* has affirmed: for I had my Information from the Statuary himself who made it. He likewise told us that it is twenty Years since they begun to work at the Figures and Ornaments of this Fountain, and that it will throw out two hundred Hogsheads of Water in an Hour. 'Tis this same Fountain which Mr *Misson* assures us, has Figures in Brass and other Ornaments, to seventy thousand Crowns in Value: But the same Statuary told us, that upon Computation the Expence of them amounted to no more than thirty, or thirty-five Thousand. *Jourvin* of *Rockfort* speaks of four instead of two Sea-horses belonging to this Fountain, and mounts the four last Emperors upon them.

Errors of
several
Travellers
concern-
ing it.

Returning to our Inn we passed along a Bridge of Stone, which is looked upon here as a Marvel. It has but one Arch like the *Rialto* at *Venice*; but it is far from being either so high or so long, fifty ordinary Paces being its utmost Extent over the small River *Pegnitz*. At one Extremity there is a large Flesh-Market built of hewn-stone, on whose Gate the Butchers have placed a very odd Device. 'Tis a vast Ox of Stone lying on his Belly, with gilded Horns and Hoofs. Underneath is this Couplet in Letters of Gold.

A Bridge
of one
Arch.

*Omnia habent ortus, suaque incrementa; sed ecce
Quem cernis, nunquam Bos fuit hic, vitulus.*

M.DC.XCV.

These

1705.

June 24.

NUREM-
BERG.Comical
Epitaph of
a Spanish
General.

These Verses, which the *Prussian* Resident here assured me were composed by one of the Members of the honourable Corporation of Butchers, have some Affinity to the two first Lines of an Epitaph made by a *Hollander* for the Marquis of *Cetone*, *Cbiappin Vitelli*, an Atheist, if ever there was one, but an excellent Soldier. He was a Native of *Florence*, and one of the Generals of *Philip II.* King of *Spain* against the States of the *United Provinces*, a fat corpulent Man; who died of a Fall from his Chariot which tumbled down from the Top to the Bottom of one of the Dykes at *Antwerp*, the very same Day that Accident happened, blaspheming the Name of God most terribly. Here is the Epitaph.

*O Deus omnipotens ! crassi miserere Vitelli,
Quem mors præripiens non finit esse Bovem.
Corpus in Italia est, tenet intestina Brabantus,
At Animam nemo ; cur ? Quia non habuit.*

C H A P. XXXV.

Nuremberg. The Author meets the Prince of Bareith : His Character and the History of his Lady. A Church belonging to the Calvinists without the Walls of the City. Nuremberg described ; its History. Gun-powder invented by a Monk of that City. Pegnitz and Rednitz two Rivers passing here. Few Catholics at Nuremberg. Its Magistrates. The learned Men it has produced.

The Au-
thor visits
the Prince
of Bareith

BEING informed that the Prince Hereditary of *Bareith* was in the same Inn with us, and to set out instantly for the Army of Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, I sent to beg leave to pay our Respects to him. He received us with great Civility, and discoursed of your Island as a Country that had afforded him a good deal of Pleasure when he was there some time ago. He added, that if Peace should soon happen he intended another Visit to *England*, and promised himself no small Satisfaction from his Voyage. This Prince is very tall and rather to an excess. He married some Years ago one of the finest Princesses in *Germany*, a Lady of the House of *Sax-Weissenfelds*; but her Beauty has little contributed to his Happiness. He loves her to Distraction, and she hates him mortally; *Rara avis in terris*. It is indeed a Rarity to see a Husband such a passionate and constant Adorer of a Wife who has an Aversion to him. He had patiently born several Insults from her; but one that happened in Relation to a certain *Baron Kach*, whom we saw Yesterday in Company, so provoked the Prince, that he has since confined her in a Castle called *Brandenburghaus*.

This

This Story not being generally known, I think it will not be amiss to communicate it to you, as I had it from the *Prussian* Resident here.

1705.
June 24.

This *Swedish* Baron had made a shining Figure at the Court of *Bareith* for some Time, and no-body could imagine how he was supported in his Expences. He had Access at all Times to the young Princess and was highly in Favour with her (yet I could not find any thing extraordinary either in his Person or his Wit, during the Hours we were with him) All this Familiarity gave no Umbrage to the young Prince, till certain Courtiers, jealous of the Interest and Power of this Stranger at their Court, put him upon observing some Intimacies which were indeed insupportable. The Prince's Attention being at last awakned, he one Day surpris'd the Princess, in her Apartment, where he found her at her Toilet toying very gayly with the Baron. The Prince seem'd to take no Notice of any thing, but constrained himself to say with an Air of Satisfaction, addressing himself to the Baron: "That Dinner was ready, and so soon as the Princess was dress'd he would be so good as to hand her into the Dining-room". He retir'd immediately: The Baron made a Faint to go out with him, but he desired him to continue with the Princess. The Baron obeyed; and when the Princess was dress'd he gave her his Hand into the Hall where they were to dine, and set down to Table with them at her Command.

N U R E M -
B E R G.

The His-
tory of the
Princess of
Bareith.

During Dinner they had the Imprudence, not only to tread on one another's Toes under the Table, and to throw little Bullets of Crum at one another, but to divert themselves with rallying poor Cuckolds pretty smartly, such tame ones, in particular, as suffer'd Familiarities with their Wives in their own Presence. This Insolence so enraged the Prince that he got up from Table, snatch'd a Cane to break the Baron's Head; but he took to his Heels and escap'd the Prince's Fury, so that the whole of his Rage fell upon the Princess, who received terrible Marks of his justly provok'd Resentment.

But admire and condole with me the unaccountable Imbecillity of the *Animal* call'd *Man*! This Prince's Transport of Passion had no sooner cool'd a little, then he run to the Princess's Apartment, threw himself at her Feet and begged her Pardon in the humblest and most submissive Terms. She on the other hand inexorably protested again and again, that she abhorred him, and gave him the most opprobrious incensing Language. In a Word, she treated him so contemptuously, that Rage and Despair forc'd him to shut her up in the Castle above-mentioned, where she has had Time to ruminate upon all her Gallantries, and to repent of having abus'd with such Insolence the most loving of Husbands. 'Tis even said, that the Prince is still enamour'd of her to Madness, notwithstanding all the bad Usage he has had from her; insomuch that he in Despair sought Death at the Battle of *Hochstet* and on other Occasions.

Chose

1705.
June 24.

NUREM-
BERG.

*Chose étrange d'aimer ! Et que pour ces Traïtresses
Les hommes soyent sujets à de telles foiblesses !
Tout le monde connoit leur Imperfection,
Ce n'est qu'Extravagance, Et qu'Indiscretion ;
Leur Esprit est méchant, Et leur Ame fragile ;
Il n'est rien de plus foible, Et de plus imbecille,
Rien de plus infidèle ; Et malgré tout cela,
Dans ce monde on fait tout pour ces Animaux là.*

MOLIERE Ecole des Femmes.

However that may be, we remarked a Gloom and Melancholy in the Eyes of this Prince, in Spite of all his Efforts to conceal it from those who have the Honour to converse with him. After a Quarter of an Hour's very agreeable Conversation with him we took leave, and a Moment after he set out Post to join the Army.

The Cal-
vinists
have no
Church in
this City.

The Place which the *Calvinists* of *Nuremberg* meet for Worship, is two or three Musket-shot without the Gates of the City, and cost them very dear. The Hall where the Minister preaches is long and extremely well lighted : It holds about five hundred Persons. I believe there was about that Number here to Day, without reckoning the *Prussian* Resident's Family and some other Persons of Distinction, of whom there were not a few. It was with much ado these good People obtained Permission to assemble for divine Service in a Place so near the Town.

Severity of
the Luthe-
ran Ma-
gistrates
against
them.

Not long ago the Rigidity of the *Lutheran* Senate obliged them to go above a League from Town, into the Territory of the Marquis of *Obnspach* to perform their Devotions. But when the King of *Prussia*, whom they fear here more than they love, had wrote in Favour of the *Calvinists*, they durst not refuse the Liberty he demanded for them, of meeting in some Church or other Place for Worship near the Gates of the City. There still remains however this Mark of their Hatred of the *Calvinists*, that they force them to marry and baptize in the *Lutheran* Churches. I cannot in Truth conceive whence it is, that the *Lutherans* can't forbear shewing such an Aversion, so much Animosity against the *Calvinists* by their Actions as well as by their Discourse, since they differ from one another in Matters of so very small Moment, and which are allowed not to be essential.

The Cal-
vinists far
more mo-
derate to-
wards the
Lutherans.

The famous *Calixtus*, Professor of Divinity in the University of *Helmstadt*, and many others of their most learned Doctors, have employed their best Endeavours to reconcile and unite these two Parties : But those rational and moderate Divines have never been able to allay the inveterate Hatred which the rigid Bigots of their Communion bear against the *Calvinists*. Yet the Latter have no such Antipathy against the Former, but on the contrary look upon them as their Brethren, and as reformed and disentangled from the Abuses and Superstitions of the *Romish* Church, as well as themselves.

Before I leave *Nuremberg*, I must needs impart to you all I have been able to learn concerning it. It is an Imperial City, situated upon the little River *Pegnitz*, in the Midst of a very beautiful Country; in the very Centre of the World. *Mundi caput*, say *Bertius*.

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June 26.
NUREM-
BERG.
History of
Nuremberg

— *Mundi caput esse nequivi,
Cor dedit esse Deus : Medio sic limite Terræ
Confideo, & paribus spatiis mihi diffita Phæbi
Lampas adest, primo cùm rosida nascitur ortu,
Et maris occiduis cùm languida mergitur undis.*

I should be glad to know, whither he had measured the World and taken its Centre? It was rendered a free City by the Emperor *Frederic Barbarossa*: And History takes notice of it as something particular, that *Venceslaus* Son and Successor to the Emperor *Charles IV.* (to whom his Debaucheries and his Deformity procured the Nick-names of the *Sardanapalus* and *Thersites* of Germany) sold the Inhabitants of this City not a few very noble Privileges, for four Cart-loads of *Rhenish* Wine. Anciently it went under the Name of *Mons Noricorum*, being situated in a Country then called *Noricum*; but it has considerably enlarged its Territories since that Time: For there are now eight large Towns and near five hundred Boroughs and Villages in it, together with a noble University in the City of *Altdorf*, which was founded by the Senate of *Nuremberg* in 1579.

This large and beautiful City is encompassed with a triple Wall and Ditch, Its several but the Fortifications are very inconsiderable. However, the renowned Count *Tilly* General of the Emperor *Ferdinand* the Second's Armies, who in Conjunction with the Count *Papenheim* lost the famous Battle of *Leipsich* 1631. against *Gustavus Adolphus* and the Elector of *Saxony*, having some time after gathered together an Army of fifty thousand Men, besieged *Nuremberg* in vain. *Albert Wallestein* Duke of *Fritland*, who from an ordinary Gentleman rose to such a Degree of Power by the Favour of the same Emperor, that the latter was obliged to get him assassinated through Fear lest he should assist the *Swedes* to dethrone him, had no better Success than the Count *Tilly*, for the Year following the King of *Sweden* forced him to raise the Siege of this City most ingloriously, after he had put the greatest Part of his Army to the Sword. We were shewn the Camps of these two Generals, and the Place where the Battle was fought.

*Hic Bavarum manus; hic frustra Tentoria fixit
Walstenius : duro sedes hic frustra Galasso.
Hic disponi acies, fremere hic Tormenta solebant
Horrendum : hic vacuas jures errare figuras
Quales Tartareo cantu nocturna citæis
Narratur pavidæ tenebris excire Sepulchri :*

Vox

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*Vox perit in gemitus: Oculis fugientibus, orbes
Visus larva tenet; nec jam sua sedibus istis
Membra putes habitare Animam. Proh munera Martis
Austriaci! Proh Walsteniae ludibria curæ!* Adolphid.

Bigness
and Inge-
nuity of its
Inhabi-
tants.

This City is twice as large as *Frankfort*, and the Commerce carried on renders it very rich and populous. The Industry and Ingenuity of the Inhabitants have rendered the Manufactures of *Nuremberg* famous all over the World. *Kekermannus* says, that when *Maximilian* made his Entry into this City, one of the Inhabitants had made an *Eagle* of Wood so dextrously, that it flew a Quarter of a League out of the Town to meet this Prince, and flew back along with him all the way to the Place where he was to lodge.

Is watered
by the Ri-
ver Peg-
nitz.

The little River *Pegnitz* crosses part of the City and sets several Paper-mills a going, with others for Tanners, Braziers, Coblers, Furbishers. &c.

Gun-pow-
der and
Fire-arms
said to be
invented
here.

They pretend here, that Gun-powder and Fire-arms were invented by a Monk of this City named *Berthold Schwartz*, who lived in the XIVth Century and applied himself much to Chymistry. The Story they tell is, that this Chymist one Day mixing in a Mortar Flower of Sulphur, with other Ingredients to make up some Medecine, discovered by Chance what he was not seeking for; that is to say, that execrable Invention of Gun-powder. The Discovery, it is added, was fatal to its Author: For the Monk being curious to know the Force of his Powder, was so silly as to fill a Leather-bag with it, and to set his Feet upon the Bag and then put Fire to it by a Train, the Consequence of which Experiment was, that he was forthwith blown up and his Brains were dashed out against the Cieling of his little Cell.

Epigram
on this In-
vention.

Pincierus a German Physician made the following Epigram upon this Diabolical Invention.

*Dum parat humano generi Chymista Medelam,
Sulphura Mulciberis vi, sale mista coquens;
Mulciber ostendit Mortalibus acre venenum,
Quo nullum Leto corpora plura dedit.
Que latuere alios, Munsterus nomina ponit,
Bertholdumque vocat, nomine reque Nigrum.*

That you may understand the Wit of this Epigram; its proper to tell you that in the German Language, *Schwartz* signifies *Black*; so that this Monk's Name was *Berthold the Black*.

The
Streets and
Houses of
Nuremberg

The Streets of this Town are large, open, well-paved, and next to those of *Hanau* the neatest in Germany we have yet seen, but they are not very straight; and not a few of them lie up and down Hill. As to the Houses, they are, generally, pretty commodious, and built of hewn Stone. The Learned *Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini*, known afterwards under the Title of Pope *Pius II.* speaking of the Houses at *Nuremberg*, says: *Cuperent Scotorum*

Reges tam egregie quam mediocres Cives Norinbergenses habitare. But with Submission to his learned Holiness, these Words border a little upon the Hyperbole so familiar to the *Italians*. The Palace of the *Scotish* Kings at *Edinburgh* was not quite so mean as he has represented it. 1705.
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NUR-
BERG.

One Particularity in these Houses I took Notice of is, that the outer Gate, however large, is opened in a very easy Manner, by Means of an Iron spring on the first Floor. The Moment any one knocks, Master or Servant, or whoever it be, who happens to be nearest this Spring, gives it a Touch, and immediately the Gate flies open. This Invention is very convenient for the Servants, whom it saves a good deal of Trouble in going up and down Stairs. Another Singularity I remarked is, that not only the Porches and Walls of the Houses here without, but even the Vestibles and many of the Apartments within, are adorned with Heads of Stags with their Horns. The Cielings for the most Part are of *Polish* Ash which makes a very glittering Shew, and the Joiner's Work is excellent. I have often been tempted to inform myself how they came to have such a Liking to Horns, that one sees so great Plenty of them in every House within and without: But as there is something very offensive in that Term, the Idea it suggests being none of the pleasantest to dwell upon, I forbore asking the Question. A Singu-
larity in
these
Houses.

Several public Fountains, most of which are beautified with fine brass Statues, not a little embellish this City; so that we may reckon it amongst the finest in *Germany*. Near its Walls, on the Bank of the River *Pegnitz*, there is a large Square called, *The Field of Mars*, where the Youth exercise themselves on certain Occasions in wrestling and such like Recreations. Fountains
and large
Square.

About a League from the Town this River meets with the *Rednitz*, and after their Union they run by *Erlang*, *Paierdorff*, *Fortzheim*, and *Bamberg* where they discharge themselves into the *Mein*, being increased in this Course by the *Piber*, *Zien*, *Aurach* and several other Rivulets, who here go by the pompous Name of Rivers. Rivers
Pegnitz
and Red-
nitz and
their
Course.

There are but few Catholics here, and they are obliged to perform their divine Service in a *Lutheran* Church, after the *Lutherans* have finished theirs. The *Jews* who have their Abode in a Borough about half a League from the Town, are not allowed to enter into the City without paying a *Florin* for every Hour they stay, as at *Cologne*, and that for the very same pretended Crime; namely, for having formed a Design of poisoning the Wells and Fountains at *Nuremberg*. The Ca-
tholics are
not nume-
rous here,
and the
Jews ill
used.

The Elector of *Bavaria*, the Margraves of *Baireith* and *Ohnsbach* have each of them Pretensions upon *Nuremberg*. The two latter, who are younger Branches of the Electoral Family of *Brandenburg* with Appenages granted to them, actually assume the Quality of *Burgraves* of this City, and maintain that it has thrown off its ancient Subjection. This occasions frequent Contests between these Princes and the Senate of *Nuremberg*: The Former bearing with much Reluctancy a Loss so detrimental to their Families. The Pre-
tensions of
several
Princes
upon Nu-
remberg.

1705.
June 26.
N U R E M -
B E R G .
Its Magi-
strates.

This Senate consists of two Burgomasters, thirteen Echevins, and as many Counsellors. The first are changed every four Weeks. Such a Consulship is like that of *C. Vatinius* which was so short, that *Cicero* says somewhere very merrily of him: *C. Vatinio Consule Magnum ostentum accidit; nam nec bruma, nec ver, nec aestas Romæ fuit.* One of the two Burgomasters is chosen out of the Echevins, the other from among the Counsellors. Besides these there are eight other Senators called *Ate Genanten*, who may be promoted to the other Classes when any one in them dies. All these are Patricians: But there are eight other Counsellors elected out of the Corporations of Trades and Crafts, who are consequently *Plebeians*. They are called *Ja-Herrn*, i. e. they acquiesce blindfold in the Decisions of the Patricians, and therefore may be said to have no Vote at all. They are on this Account always considered as *Plebeians*, and never ascend into the other Classes. *Joseph Scaliger* has said of this City: *Habet Thesaurum majorem quam Saxo: Multa exigunt à suis Civibus Patricii. Singulis annis quisque dat quintam partem bonorum.*

This City has had the Honour to give Birth to several illustrious Personages, both in the Sciences and the Arts: Among others to *Bilibaldus Berkheimerus* a celebrated Historian; *Joachim* and *Philip Camerarius* Father and Son, the former of whom founded the College of Physicians here, and the latter was an able Lawyer and Senator, or Patrician of this City, and the Author of a Book intituled *Meditationes Historicæ*, in 3 Volumes in Quarto. *Conradus Ritterbusius* Professor of Law; *Andreas Althamerus* a learned Divine, who over and above many other Theological Works published Annotations on the Epistle of St. *James*, in which he has used that Apostle very freely, even to such a Degree as to use these and the like Phrases: *Mentitus est Jacobus in caput suum*; and all this out of Zeal against the Merit of good Works (as if any thing else could have Merit, if Merit mean Value or Worth): To him we likewise are obliged for very curious Remarks upon *Tacitus*, *De Situ, Moribus, & Populis Germaniæ*.

Add to these *Basil* and *Michael Besslerus*, Uncle and Nephew, both considerable Botanists, who left behind them a very curious Collection of Rarities, the more remarkable of which have been engraved in 40 Plates in Folio, published under the Title of *Museum Besslerianum*. *Basil* has also favoured the Public with a Botanical Treatise containing a Description of the Bishop of *Aichstet*'s Gardens, under the Title of *Hortus Aystadtensis*. His Epitaph made by himself, which is yet to be seen in the Church-yard of St. *John*'s here, appeared to me so simple and modest that I could not choose but copy it. Here it is.

Credo

through GERMANY.

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Credo Resurrectionem Carnis.

Basilius Besler Noricus.

Artis Pharmaceuticæ Chymicæ Amator Singularis.

Rei Herbariæ Studiosus. 1629.

Una Custodia Pietas.

1705.
June 29.
NUREM-
BERG.
Epitaph of
the Learn-
ed Beslerus

It is worth taking Notice that this learned Man, the most knowing Botanist in his Time, contents himself with the very modest Title of *Rei Herbariæ Studiosus*. Under the Print of him, in the Beginning of his *Hortus Aystadensis*, are the following Lines, written by the Learned *Georgius Remus* Patrician of *Augsburg*.

His Panegyric.

*Beslerum glyptes Basileion imagine pulchrâ
Quisquis es, ô Hospes! reddidit ecce tibi;
Nempe viri vultus dedit heic atque ora tueri:
Cernere vis mentis dona sagacis? age,
Herbarum magnum hoc & Plantarum Amphitheatrum
Inspice quis dotes Areatinus habet
Divitiasque Hortus. Paradeison dixeris ipsum,
Condidit immortale hoc Basileius opus.*

Albert Durer a famed Painter, very justly denominated the *German Apelles*, was likewise of *Nuremberg*. He was born in 1470. and his Father, who was a Goldsmith, intending his Son for the same Business, had taken Care early to teach him Drawing and Engraving: But his own strong Disposition to Painting induced him to study Geometry, Perspective and Architecture. And so soon as he begun to paint or engrave, such Advances had he made in these Sciences and Arts, that his first Productions were regarded as Master-pieces.

Albert Durer a famous Painter born here.

The Pictures of this great Man which are most esteemed, are An Adoration of the *Magi*. drawn in 1506: *Adam* and *Eve* done the Year following, the very same Picture which we had the Pleasure of admiring in the Town-house here upon which they with good Reason put so high a Value. One named *Gaspar Ursinus*, at the Sight of our first Parents represented in this beautiful Piece, poured out this extemporary Couplet, so much charmed was he with it, as are all who see it.

His chief Pictures.

*Angelus hos cernens, miratus dixit: Ab Horto
Non ita formosos vos Ego depuleram.*

Albert's Ability in his Profession together with his universal Learning, acquired him the Esteem of the Emperor *Maximilian I*, who to give him Proofs of it, made him Noble and honoured him with rich Presents. He has not only left Pictures and Prints behind him of great Value, but also

Treatises

1705. *June 30.* Treatises on Perspective and Architecture, together with four Books upon the Proportions and Symetry of the Members of the human Body much esteemed. This uncommon Genius died at *Nuremberg*, his native Country, in 1528. aged 58.

Errors of *Rocheport* concerning *Nuremberg*. This is all I have to say of *Nuremberg*, which we are to leave to Morrow Morning, and which *Jourvin* of *Rocheport* affirms, in his Travels thro' *Germany*, to be one of the strongest Towns in *Europe*. He adds, that it holds of the Emperor, and acknowledges him a Sovereign, that it professes the pretended Reformed Religion as a Part of *Franconia*. What a Heap of Absurdities!

C H A P. XXXVI.

The Road to Augsburg. Schwabach, Wiltzburg, Weissenburg. The History of the latter; it is an Imperial City. Monheim, Ysing. Keyfersheim a large Abbey. Shillenberg. What happened there in the last War. Donawert. Revolutions that happened in this City. Blenheim the famous Battle there, exactly described. The Pyramid designed to be erected upon that Spot; its Inscription. Pi-brach, a fine Borough. A Crucifix there, very famous for the Miracles wrought by it.

Road to
Augsburg.

WE set out very early from *Nuremberg*. About a Cannon-shot from the Town we entered into a vast Forest of *Furs*, above two Leagues in extent. Some little Time after we passed by *Kornburg* leaving *Schwabach* to the Right, which is but a small Town partly inhabited by a Colony of *French* Refugees. Then we crossed the little River of *Schwarzbach*, which runs into the *Rednitz* about a hundred Paces farther. A few Hours after we dined at *Rott*, a large Borough in the Marquisate of *Obnspach*: But the Roads being excessively bad we got no farther that Day than a little Town called *Oellingen*.

Wiltzburg.

Weissenburg, anciently Sebusum.

Next Morning by Eight o'Clock we came near to the Fortrefs of *Wiltzburg*, belonging to the Margrave of *Obnspach*. It is situated on an Eminence, and not a little resembles that of *Wirtzburg*. Its Walls, we are told, are so broad that a Waggon may turn and wind upon them. Not long after we passed thro' the Imperial City of *Weissenburg*, the Inhabitants of which profess the Confession of *Augsburg*. The principal Church in it, dedicated to St. *Andrew*, is a very fine Building of hewn Stone, with a high Steeple. Near the Town-house is a very well adorned Fountain. In the Middle of a Stone-bason stands a Pillar of Marble which jets Water thro' four Pipes that pass thro' four Muzzles of Lions, all made of Brass, and gilt over; and on the Top of this Column is the Figure of a Man in compleat Armour, with a Standard in his Hand, bearing the Arms of the City; the whole is enclosed by a Balister of Iron gilt.

Some

Some German Historians assert, that the Emperor *Conrad III.* having shut up *Guelf Duke of Bavaria*, his mortal Enemy in this Town, and reduced him to the last Extremity, allowed the Woman only to go out of it, with all they could carry on their Backs, declaring that he would destroy whatever they left. These loving dutiful Creatures, instead of loading themselves with their Gold and Silver, or their Jewels and precious Furniture, after the Example of the pious *Aeneas*, took some their Fathers, some their Husbands, others their Children, others their Brothers on their Backs, protesting that these were the most precious Goods to them. This surprising Sight so touched the Emperor, so disarmed his Wrath, that he rushed with Tears in his Eyes to embrace his Enemy, pardoned their Rebellion, and praised extremely the Bravery and Generosity of these Women, granting them noble Privileges which they still enjoy. Some Historians say, that this noble Action was done at the Siege of *Weinsburg* in the Dutchy of *Wurtemberg*: Among others *Nauclerus* says so. However that be, the Event happened in 1140.

1705.
June 30.
Remarkable History of the Women of this Town

This same City (*Weissenburg*) did not escape so easily in 1632. Duke *Bernard of Weymar* being voluntarily admitted by the Magistrates, took Possession of the Town in the King of *Sweden's* Name, and left at their Desire a *Swedish* Garrison in it. Some time after *Cratz* and *Cronberg*, Lieutenant-Generals under the Duke of *Bavaria*, understanding that the King and the Duke *Weymar* were sufficiently employed elsewhere, laid Siege to *Weissenburg* with six thousand Men, and canonaded it Night and Day incessantly. The Garrison despairing of Succours capitulated upon very honourable Terms; but the *Bavarians* had no sooner set their Feet into it then they killed in cold Blood the greatest Part of the Citizens, and forced the rest to join them. The City was ransacked, the Women were ravished, the Magistrates and *Lutheran* Ministers seized, and carried off Prisoners like Malefactors. In a Word, every Sort of Violence was perpetrated at *Weissenburg*. The Duke of *Weymar* being informed of the perfidious Behaviour of the *Bavarians*, took Revenge on the Town of *Aichstet* by laying it in Ashes after having pillaged it. By the by I must take notice that the River *Rednitz* takes its Rise between *Weissenburg* and *Oellingen*.

Long after cruelly used by the *Bavarians*.

Continuing our Journey we crossed the Lines where one of the Generals of the Troops of *Franconia* named *Janus* (whom we had Occasion to see at the *Prussian* Resident's House) with 3000 Men stopped *Marshall de Marsin* in his March, tho' he commanded 10000: This happened a little before the Battle of *Hogstett*. Several of the *Redoubts* subsist to this Moment.

Bravery of a German General.

A little while after we arrived at *Tricbling*, a little Town situated on the River *Altmubl*, anciently called *Alcmonia*, and the last Town in *Franconia* on that Side. This River flows from its Source a little above *Guntzenhausen* to *Solenhofen*, *Tricbling*, *Papenheim*, *Dolnstein*, *Aichstet*, *Arnsperg*, *Kupferberg*, *Kunting*, *Teging*, *Rietenburg*, *Prun*, *Elssing*, and discharges itself into the *Danube*, a little below *Kelbaim*.

Tricbling.
Altmubl, a River, and its Course.

1705.

June 30.

Franconia
one of the
ten Circles
Papenbeim
and *Mon-*
heim.

As to *Franconia* you know it is one of the ten Circles of the Empire, and one of the largest and finest Provinces in *Germany*; formerly it was called *Francia-Orientalis*, now the Inhabitants give it the Name of *Franckenland*; and it was anciently inhabited by those *Franks* who went into *Gaul*, and gave their Name to *France*.

Having left a little to our left *Papenbeim* (the Lord of which Town was that great General of the Emperor *Ferdinand II.* who was killed at the celebrated Battle of *Lutzen* where *Gustavus Adolphus* fell) and crossed a vast Forest, we came to *Monheim* to Dinner; it is but a small Town, enclosed with a single Wall.

French
Prisoners
very ill
used in
this last
Town.

There we found a Number of *French* Officers who were taken Prisoners at *Shillenberg* and *Hogstett*. A Dozen of the most considerable among them hearing we were *English* came to wait on us, and made grievous Complaints of the bad Usage they daily met with from the Inhabitants. They told us, that this inhuman People would hardly furnish them with the Necessaries of Life, tho' two Bankers at *Nuremberg* had been ordered by the King of *France* to pay their Expences. These poor Gentlemen moved our Compassion, they being almost in Rags, starving, and daily insulted in the most outrageous Manner. In short the Hardships they suffered determined us to go to one of the Magistrates, and make proper Remonstrances, which had this Effect: That he promised in their Presence to take care they should be better used hereafter.

Yzing,
a little
Town, and
Keyfers-
heim, a
large
Abbacy.

After we had left *Monheim* we passed through a very fine Country, and a little Town called *Yzing*, we came at last by very bad Roads to a large Abbey of *Bernardins*; the Abbot of which is a Prince of the Empire. This Abbacy is called *Keyfersheim*, in *Latin Monasterium Cæsariense*. It is surrounded by high Walls, flanked with several large square Towers, and and looks rather like a handsome Borough than a Monastery. On its great Gate are the Arms of the Emperor, with these *Latin* Verses underneath.

Huc ades ò ingens Germanæ gloria Gentis!
Occidui custos sit decus Imperii.
Commendat Cæsar Patriam Patriæque Penates,
Et servare jubet Res, Sacra, Jura, Domos.

S. Bernard
a great
Enemy to
Abelard.

Higher is a Statue of good *St. Bernard* holding in his Arms a gilded Cross, with several of the Instruments used in our Saviour's Crucifixion. Well had it been for poor *Abelard* if this Abbot of *Clairvaux* had always been employed in pious Meditations on that Subject. He had not in that Case been so violently persecuted by him, with his unfortunate *Heloise*: But the best Saints have been Men like the rest of Mankind, and subject to the same Weaknesses and Passions.

The Apartments of the Monks in this Convent are very fine: That of the Abbot is truly magnificent. He is indeed one of the Abbot-princes who have a Seat in the Diet of the Empire, and furnishes for his Share 100

Dragoons and 200 Foot for the Emperor's Service. The Church belonging to this Abbacy is large, well enlightened, and very high. In it are many gilt and sculptured Altars, with very noble Pictures: The finest of which are that of the principal Altar, and those of the twelve Apostles, in beautiful gilt Squares; the Organ and Pulpit are uncommonly splendid. In short every Thing here has a rich and magnificent Aspect.

The great St. Bernard, the zealous St. Benoit, and the famous Patriarch Orders of the Jesuits, as much Saints, as devout and religious as they were, i. e. as absolutely as they had renounced all worldly Things, have however surpassed all the other Saint-Founders of Religious Orders in the Art, and Secret of leaving to their Disciples and Successors immense Riches: Witness this Abbey, which is not above a League from Donawert, where we arrived about Six o'Clock.

Tho' we were miserably shook and bruised by the joltings of our Vehicle, yet the first Thing we did on our Arrival was to visit the famous Skillen-^{berg}, which is about a Quarter of a League distant from the Town. We took a View of all the Intrenchments that were made here, and a German Officer in Company with us who had been at this Action, as well as that of Haghstett, shewed us all the Places where the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince Lewis of Baden attacked the French and Bavarians. He assured us, that they had never been able to force this important Post had they not come upon them before their Intrenchments were finished, they not being carried up to half the Height the French intended to raise them, when the Allies began the Attack. We found still remaining some dismal Traces of this Action, which was very vigorous, and in which a great Number of brave Men on both Sides perished, a vast Quantity of Skulls and Bones in the Ditches; and amidst a Heap of old Rags we observed a Fragment of an English Grenadier's Cap, upon which the Queen's Motto *Semper Eadem* was still legible.

The Prospect from Skillen-^{berg} is very agreeable; from hence one discovers the Towns of Donawert, Haghstett, Niewburg, and Ingolstadt standing by the Danube, together with several Hamlets and Villages, and a delicious Extent of Country.

At our Return to our Inn in Donawert, one was sent by the Commander to ask our Names and *Trintgilt* according to Custom. We took a Turn thro' the Town, which is small and ill-built, and has nothing considerable; but it is a Passage of some Importance upon the Danube. While they were getting Supper ready, our Landlord's Brother, an Ecclesiastic, entertained us with some Conversation about the Manner in which this Town, formerly an Imperial City, lost its Privileges.

Donawert is situated at the Mouth of a little River now called *Wernitz*, *Wernitz*, anciently *Bernicus*, which has its Source near a Town of the same Name in Franconia, and runs into the Danube, after having received the *Eger* into it.—This Town was in former Times under the Dominion of the Dukes of Bavaria; but having been enfranchised in the Time of Duke

1705.
June 30.
DONA-
WERT.

Great
Difference
between
the Town
and an
Abbot.

Fatal
Conse-
quences of
this Quar-
rel to the
Town.

Lewis the Bearded, was made an Imperial City by the Emperor *Sigismund* in 1420. Afterwards the Magistracy and the greater Part of the Inhabitants having embraced the Protestant Religion, the former had in 1607. a Contest with the Abbot of *St. Croix*, a rich Abbacy, which had preserved itself here by Agreement.

The Occasion of this Quarrel was an Attempt of the Abbot to revive an ancient Custom of making Processions thro' the Town, which the Magistracy opposed, allowing him however to make what Processions he pleased within his own Abbacy. The Abbot despising their Prohibition made a Procession on the Feast of *St. Mark* in great Pomp. He ordered the Banner of his Abbey to be brought forth: It was followed by several Boys of the Quire, and half a dozen Chanters, who sung as they marched. Next came the Monks and other Ecclesiastics, and the Abbot himself led up the Rear, carrying the holy Sacrament under a Canopy, and attended by an Infinity of *Roman* Catholics. In this Order they traversed almost the whole Town without any Disturbance, and going out by the *Danube* Port, went to *Aeselsheim* a Village, where they performed their Service. The Inhabitants of *Donawert* not having seen such a Spectacle since the Reformation, and provoked by the Arrogance of the Abbot, ran to their Arms, and made themselves Masters of the Gate, resolutely determined to hinder their Return into the Town. When the Abbot had ended the Service he returned in the same State, and as it were in Triumph, ordering the Gate to be opened; but being denied Entrance he threatened the Citizens with his usual Haughtiness. The Populace rose, preparing to tear his Banner to pieces: Upon which the Catholics put themselves into a Posture of Defence, and Blows were plentifully dealt on both Sides. In this Scuffle the Abbot and his Monks got off, and returned to their Monastery by another Port.

This proud Priest prompted by a Spirit of Blood and Vengeance, laid his Complaints before the Imperial-chamber, and setting the Affair in a quite different Light, accused the Inhabitants of *Donawert* of High Treason; so violently was the Charge pushed, that without canvassing the Affair to the Bottom, the Emperor sent the 7th of *August* that same Year, Letters of Imperial-ban to the Duke of *Bavaria Maximilian*, to be executed against the City. The Magistracy, afraid of being put to the Ban of the Empire, promised the Abbot that he should henceforth not only be allowed to make whatever Processions he pleased, but likewise to perform any other Functions of the *Romish* Church; adding, that the Damages occasioned by the Populace should be repaired, and that they would deliver up into the Duke of *Bavaria's* Hands the Ringleaders of the Riot, to be punished as he should judge proper. But all these submissive Offers made no Impression upon the Abbots revengeful Soul: He obstinately pursued the *Romish* Maxim.

Pour

*Pour soutenir nos droits, que le ciel autorise,
Abissons tout plutôt, c'est l'esprit de l'Eglise;
C'est par là qu'un Prélat signalant sa vigueur,
Ne borne point sa gloire à chanter dans un Chœur.*

1705.
June 30.
DONA-
WERT.

The Duke of *Bavaria* on his Side having long had a great Desire to appropriate *Donawert* to himself, on which he had some Claims, sent Commissioners with an imperial Herald, who proclaimed with Sound of Trumpet the Sentence of Ban against this City, notwithstanding all the Protestations, Remonstrances, and Supplications of the Magistrates: Then investing it with an Army of 12000 Men he forced it to capitulate; but this Capitulation was not observed, for no sooner had his Troops got footing here then its Citizens were disarmed, the Jesuits put in Possession of the chief Protestant Church, and the City subjected to the Duke of *Bavaria*. In Memory of this Event, that Prince ordered an anniversary Procession to be observed upon the Feast of St. *Thomas* by the Abbot and Monks of St. *Croix*: *Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum!*

Donawert being in the Circle of *Suabia*, the Princes and Protestant Cities of that Circle sent Deputies to *Ulm* to consider of means for succouring *Donawert*; but when they heard it had surrendered, they resolved to make their Complaints at the next Diet of *Ratisbon*. The Affairs of the Protestants having received afterwards a fatal Stroke by the Ruin of the Elector Palatine, *Donawert* remained subject to *Bavaria*, till *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*, having retaken it in 1632. it was reinstated into its Privileges by the Treaty of *Munster*, to the great Advantage of the Protestant Princes and States.

This Usage complained of in vain.

The Town at last restored to its ancient Privileges

We left *Donawert* early in the Morning to continue our Journey towards *Blenheim*, where we arrived about Ten o'Clock. We ordered Dinner to be got ready in one of the five or six Houses which are built upon the Ruins of that Borough, and taking for our Guide a Peasant who knew the whole Field of Battle, we walked over it from End to End. The Man first of all pointed out to us the Disposition of the *French* Army: They were obliged to extend their Front from *Blenheim* to the Foot of little Hills, which border a vast Plain two Leagues from the *Danube*, to prevent their left Wings being attacked in the Flank by Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, who commanded the Right of the Allies: This Disposition proved the Ruin of the Army. The Duke of *Marlborough* being informed by his Scouts that they had thin'd the Depth of their Centre in order to extend their Line to these Hills, ordered the Rivulet, which runs thro' the Plain, with a Part of the Marsh to be filled up, and then attacked the Centre of the Enemy, and put it to rout, taking Prisoner the Marshal *Tallard*, with several other General Officers, and thus cut off their Communication with their left Wing, commanded by the Duke of *Bavaria* and the Marshal

Field of Battle of *Blenheim* and *Hogbenet*.

Marfin,

1705. *Marfin*, as well as with the 26 Batalions and four Regiments of Dragoons,
 July 2. posted in *Blenheim*.

BLEN-
 HEIM.
 Hyperbo-
 lical Ac-
 counts of
 the Ga-
 zetteers
 concern-
 ing that
 Battle.

'Tis true the Ground on which the *French* were drawn up is somewhat higher than the rest of the Plain; and that it is even in some Measure naturally fortified by the Brook and the Marsh, especially after a Fall of Rain; yet I can't help observing on this Occasion how Distance magnifies Objects. Our Gazette and weekly Courant-writers, have almost made a Miracle of the passing this Rivulet. But having this Day, the Second of July 1705. passed and repassed it without wetting my Feet in twenty different Places, and found this terrible Marsh quite dry; have I not reason to conclude that this Battle being fought the 13th of August last Year, after a very dry Summer, the Passage of this Brook, which hath been represented as so difficult, must have been incomparably less so to the Soldiers, who had besides thrown vast Quantities of Fascines into it. I think I may say with Relation to the Exaggerations of News-compilers, and Distributors in general.

*On avoit mis des gens au guet,
 Qui voyant sur les Eaux de loin certain objet,
 (C'étoient Bâtons flottans) oserent pourtant dire
 Que c'étoit un puissant Navire.
 Qu'il est des gens à qui ceci conviendrait bien!
 De loin c'est quelque chose, & de près ce n'est rien.*

Several
 curious
 Particu-
 lars con-
 cerning
 that fa-
 mous
 Battle.

We stopt a little to consider the Ruins of a large Mill that was at the Head of the left Wing of the *French*. An Officer along with us, who was present at the Attack of this Mill, told us, that Marshal *Marfin* having placed in it five or six hundred Grenadiers, with a Lieutenant-Colonel, and some other Officers, they defended themselves so vigorously, and made so terrible a Fire that they made a great Slaughter, and then retired in good Order, after having themselves put Fire to the Mill. Upon this Prince *Eugene* having attacked some Bushes and thick Hedges, by which the Head of the same Wing was still covered, the *Germans* were driven back three Times very smartly, and the Enemy so opportunely employed five or six Pieces of Cannon, loaded with Pieces of old Iron, and hid among the Bushes that they killed above 3000 Men, including those that were slain at the Attack of the Mill. This so discouraged the *German* Infantry that had they not received the News of the Defeat of the Enemy's Centre, and of the Marshal *Tallard's* being taken, they had certainly turned their Backs in spite of all the Efforts of Prince *Eugene* and the other General Officers to rally them.

This Major added, that if the *French* Troops which were stationed at *Blenheim* had marched in Line of Battle along the *Danube*, without giving time to the whole Army of the Allies to unite and invest them: This Army was so fatigued by Battle, Dust, and Heat that they were not in a Condi-
 tion

tion to oppose the Retreat of so considerable a Body of fresh Troops that had not yet been engaged. This German Officer being a Man of Probity as well as of military Skill, and having been an Eye-witness to all he said, I give more Credit to his Information than to all the Gazetteers in the World. *Pluris est oralatus Testis unus, quam auriti decem: qui audiunt audita dicunt, qui vident plane sciunt: Ergo testificata loquor.*

1705.

July 2.

BLEN-
HEIM.

Having spent almost three Hours in surveying this Field of a Battle which gave so decisive a Stroke for the Interest and Liberty of Europe at the Expence of twenty thousand Lives, we came back to the Ruins of Blenheim, a Borough standing before this Battle upon the Brink of the Danube. Tho' the Corn was now very high in this Plain, we could still see many direful Vestiges of the bloody Tragedy that was acted here. Fragments of Bodies half buried, Legs, Arms, Skulls, whole Carcasses of Men and Horses, intermixed with But-ends of Muskets, Pieces of Swords, and old Rags, which the Peasants had not thought worth while to carry off after the Retreat of the Armies, presented a most dismal, frightful Scene to the Eye and Imagination.

Frightful
Sight of
the Plain
of Blen-
heim.

So direful a Sight led me into Reflexions upon the unaccountable Folly of Men, who filled with brutal Fury, to which they give the pompous Title of *Bravery*, cruelly exterminate one another without any personal Provocation or Resentment; purely, say they, for Glory, and to make a Figure in the Gazettes: Mad Victims to the inhuman Ambition of Princes!

Reflexions
upon the
sad Effects
of War
and false
Glory.

*Etrange Aveuglement de la plupart des Hommes !
Pourquoi, malheureux que nous sommes,
Avancer la fin de nos jours ?
D'où se forme en nos Cœurs cette brutale envie
D'aller en furieux abréger une vie
Dont le plus long espace a des termes si courts ?
Vain Fantôme d'honneur ! c'est pour toi que l'Epée
Sans cesse au Massacre occupée,
Fait qu'on voit en tous lieux tant de BRAVES périr !
C'est pour toi qu'au mépris des plus mortelles Armes,
Ces Insensés vont aux Alarmes,
Et semblent n'avoir peur que de ne point mourir !*

Imitation
of Juve-
nal upon
what is
called
Bravery.

Thus I have attempted to imitate our Friend *Juvenal*. This excellent Poet whom *Jahus Scaliger* calls *Candidus, ac Satyricorum facile Princeps*; and whose Verses he says are *Longè meliores quam Horatiani, Sententiæ acriores, Phrasis apertior*, had no doubt the same Sentiments with Regard to the Madness of the greater Part of the human Race in preferring Vain-glory, and a little Fame to Life, and all that is good or agreeable in it, when he says with such Energy in his tenth Satyr.

1705.

July 2.

BLEN-
HEIM.A fine
Passage of
that Poet,
to the
same Ef-
fect.

*Bellorum Exuviae, truncis affixa Trophæis
Lorica, & fractâ de casside buccula pendens,
Et curtum temone jugum, victæque Triremis
Aplustre, & summo tristis Captivus in Arcu,
Humanis majora bonis creduntur: ad hæc se
Romanus, Graiusque, ac Barbarus Induperator *
Erexit: causas discriminis atque laboris
Indè habuit. Tantiò major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis.*——

The said
Plain very
desart.

To proceed, the little Town *Blenheim*, and all the surrounding Country for five or six Leagues in Circuit are so ruined that one would think the Armies were but just gone. In Reality, was it not for the little Corn in the Plain, one would take it for a vast Desart filled with the miserable Remains of destroyed Villages, Towns, and Castles; the horrible Fruits of War.

A Canon of *Wirtzburg* (one of those who attended us into the subterraneous Works of the Citadel and the new Palace of that City; and the same who communicated to me the two antique Epitaphs mentioned in the Article of *Bamberg*) shewed me at that Time the Inscription intended for the Pyramid, that is to be erected in the Middle of this vast Plain, to perpetuate the Memory of the famous Battle fought last Year, which saved *Europe* from Slavery to *Lewis XIV.* This Inscription was chosen out of a hundred, composed by the most learned Men of this Country for that Purpose. As this Canon is an Antiquary, and a Man of Letters, it is not improbable that he may be the Author, considering how frankly he offered me a Copy of it; I am apt to think he is. But however that may be, I could not send it to you on a more proper Occasion than from the very Field of Battle. And here it is faithfully transcribed.

A fine In-
scription
on the
Battle of
Hogsflett.

MONUMENTUM

*Æternæ Memoræ Sacrum.**Anno M.DCC.IV. Die XIII. Augusti.**In hac Regione**Ingenti clade fusus est Exercitus Gallo-Bavarus.**Sub Ductu**Emanuelis Electoris, Comitumque de Tallard & Marsin.**Quorum primus prælio captus cum XL. Præfectis belli Primariis.**CLXXX. minoris Ordinis, & XII. Mill. Gregariis.**Præter deletos in Campo XII. Mill. & in Flumen præcipitados.**Exercitui victori cum immortalis Gloria imperavit**Hinc pro Leopoldo Cæsare Eugenius à Sabaudia Princeps,*** Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Hannibal.**Hinc*

*Hinc Joannes Dux de Marlborroug Anglus.
Qui sub Auspiciis Annæ Reginae strenuum militem
A Tamesi ad Danubium duxerat.
Ut Germaniæ periclitanti succurreret.
Quod, junctis cum Ludovico Marchione Badensi copiis.
Expugnato ad Donawertham Monte, Valle, & Aggere munitissimo,
Summa cum Fortitudine incepit.
Et post Conflictum inter Bleindheim & Hoechstett,
Pari constantia & felicitate confecit.
Erat adversa Acies & numero, & Loci situ Superior.
Neque alius patebat ad victoriam, quam per Paludes aditus.
Sciant fœderati Duces inviam virtuti nullam esse viam.
Discant Proceres
Conjuratorem cum Patriæ Hostibus, raro esse impunitam.
Et agnoscat tandem Ludovicus XIV.
Neminem ante obitum debere aut felicem
Aut Magnum prædicari.*

1705,
July 2.
BLEN-
HEIM.

At two in the Afternoon we set out from *Blenheim*, and some time after we crossed the *Danube* upon a Wooden-bridge a little below the small Town of *Hogstett*. Though this River, which is one of the most famous in *Europe*, be not here in its full Pride, it is however extremely rapid, and therefore it is no wonder if all were drowned who attempted to save themselves by crossing it, as Mr. *de Clerambaut*, Lieutenant-General, and a vast many others.

The *Danube* very rapid, near to *Blenheim*.

We found very bad Roads on the other Side of the *Danube*. After passing through *Fultenbach*, which belongs to the House of *Austria*, we crossed the Rivulet *Lutzen*, and soon after that called *Launga* at *Welden*, a large Borough in the Dominion of the Duke of *Wirtemberg*. At last we arrived very late at *Biberach*, where, to make amends for the Fatigues of the Day, we found no Beds, and scarcely any Thing to refresh ourselves. Yet it is a pretty little Town, standing upon the River *Schmarter*, which has its Source near *Schurabeck* in *Suabia*, and flows into the *Danube*, opposite to *Donawert*. *Bibrach* with twenty other Boroughs and a great Number of Villages about it belongs to the Counts Fuggers of *Augsburg*.

Departure from that Place.

Biberach.

Here we paid a Visit to a Crucifix, which is famous for its marvellous Virtues. The Curate of the Church where it resides, who had just dispatched a *Requiemus* for the Soul of St. *Leopold* lately demised, gave us the full History of this miraculous Crucifix. Above 900 Years ago, said he, the Pope then sitting, ordered it to be brought from *Flanders* to *Rome* on Account of the Miracles it was said to have performed. But when it came to *Biberach*, as it was passing by the Church where it now stands, the Horses halted before the Gate, and would not go one Inch further, tho' twenty Men cut and lashed them with Whips as heartily as they were able, to make them advance. And what effectually demonstrated the firm Resolution

The History of a miraculous Crucifix.

1705.
July 3.
BIBRACH

solution of this holy Crucifix to take up its Abode in this Church was its jumping out of the Cart, when the Carmen were flogging the Horses most cruelly, and placing itself, by its own proper Motion, upon the chief Altar. Was not this a visible Proof that this blessed Crucifix chose rather to fix its dwelling among the honest sociable *Germans*, whose only Vice is that of liking to tope a little too much, than among the extremely vicious and traiterous *Italians*, who make no Scruple to betray their Neighbours with a Kiss? Have you any Objection to make against this Miracle, attested by an honest Legend of 900 Years standing?

Another
wonder-
ful Story
concern-
ing the
same.

And yet here is another equally impugnable Evidence of the marvellous Power of this Crucifix. When *Gustavus Adolphus* made War in *Germany*, the *Swedes* possessed themselves of *Bibrach*, which was then fortified. Now some of these Heretics willing to put the boasted Virtue of this Crucifix to a fair Trial (by the by it is of very hard Stone, and a most gigantic Stature) had the Impudence to remove it from before the Altar, and carry it into the Middle of the Street; but it soon shewed them what it could do. As they were preparing to lay it flat upon the dirty Ground it slid like an Eel out of their Hands, sprung up into the Air like a Lark, and perching upon the Roof of the Church darted itself thro' it, without breaking the least Particle of the said Roof, and gently glided into its ancient Place on the Altar, to the great Astonishment of many *Lutherans* who were Witnesses to all this Legerdemain they little expected to see. The Legend adds, that this Crucifix laid the ill Usage it had suffered from the *Swedes* so deeply to heart, that next Morning it had a bushy Capuchin-Beard, which it still wears. Nor is this all, for there was likewise seen two long Beams of Gold issuing out from its Ears, and many Rays about its Head. A plain and incontestable Mark that Chagrin had put its Blood and Humours into a strange Fermentation! *Tantæne Animis Cælestibus iræ?* Here surely is what we may pronounce an authentic Miracle, of quite another Nature from that miraculous Cure of the green-sick Nun, cured by the precious Ointment which St. *Dominic* drew from under his Frock to anoint her with, of which we have an ample circumstantiated Detail in the Golden Legend, as I have mentioned in another Place.

The Church in which this miraculous Crucifix has its Residence is all over adorned with holy Emblems: And the Crucifix is surrounded with an Infinity of Vows, consecrated to it by Patients, who by its Virtue have been delivered from Diseases and Ails of all Sorts.

From *Piberach* we came to *Teserdingen*, thence to *Batzzenhoven* and *Oberhausen*, and at last we arrived very fatigued at *Augsburg*.

1705.
July 4.
AUGS-
BURG.

Augsburg an Imperial Town. Its magnificent Town-house exactly described. A beautiful Steeple. The Fountain of Augustus very splendid.

HAVING taken a Day's Rest, we went to see the Town-house which passes here for one of the most magnificent in *Europe*; but in my Opinion that of *Amsterdam* exceeds it in many Respects. It is a vast square Building, not of hewn Stone as Mr. *Misson* says in his Travels, but of Brick laid over with Plaster, which gives it the Colour of Stone; nothing but the Door and Window-cases, Coins, the Pediment, the Baluster is of Stone, all the rest, as I have said, is of Brick plastered over. At the Top of the Front and immediately below the Pediment, a large Eagle with two Heads spreads its Wings and holds in its Talons a Scepter and a Globe that are gilded as well as its Crown. We were told that this Eagle is of Brass, and weighs 22 Hundred weight, and cost 15000 German Florins; every Florin is about 30 Pence *English*.

The
Town-
house out-
wardly.

Jouvin of *Rachfort* says in his Journey through *Germany*, that the Front of this Town-house, the most sumptuous in *Germany*, is embellished with a Variety of fine Sculptures, yet there is certainly not one bit of Sculpture upon it: For the Eagle above-described under the Pediment is moulded. The great Portail is of very beautiful reddish Marble, and crowned with a large Balcony of the same Colour supported by two stately Pillars of white Marble. Under the Balcony is this Inscription in golden Characters upon a Table of black Marble.

PUBLICO CONSILIO.

PUBLICÆ SALUTI. A. M.DC.XX.

This Inscription is not bad; but it does not say enough. These Words of *Cicero* in his Pleading for *Milo*, would better suit the Place in my Opinion. *Curia est Templum Sanctitatis, Amplitudinis, Mentis, Consilii publici, Caput Urbis, Ara Sociorum, Sedes ab universo Populo uni Ordini concessa.* Over the Gate are two large Griffins of Brass serving for Supporters to the Arms of the City, which are all of an excellent Workmanship, and cost, as they say here, above two thousand Florins. This Portail is twenty Feet in Height to twelve in Breadth.

The Vault of the Hall into which we enter first, called *Atrium inferius*, is supported by eight Columns of red Marble. Six Pieces of brass Cannon are placed here, perhaps to strike Terror into the Populace in case of any Tumult. Over the Doors of the Chambers are Busts of the twelve Roman Emperors, together with those of *Marcus Aurelius* and *Pertinax*. Above the Entry of the double Stair-case which is to the Right, is a sort of Buckler on which is *Hadrian's* Bust with this Inscription.

The
inside of
this House.

Numb. V.

H h

IMP.

1705.
July 4.
 AUGS-
 BURG.

IMP. CAESAR. HADRIANVS. AVG.
 GETICVS. DACICVS. PARTHICVS.
 PONTIF. MAX. TRIBUN. POTEST. XXI.
 CONSUL III. PATER. PATRIAE.

Above the other double Stair-case to the Left is to be seen another Buckler, with the Bust of *Septimius Severus* and the following Inscription.

IMP. CAES. L. SEPTIMIUS. SEVERVS. AVG.
 ARABIC. ADIABEN. PARTH. BRITAN.
 PONTIF. MAX. TRIB. POTEST. CONSUL III.
 PATER. PATRIAE.

The first
 Hall.

At the End of the Hall is a large Lattice of Brass, through which appears a Painting in Fresco upon the Wall of the public Prisons, representing *Solomon* in his Glory with the Queen of *Sheba*: This Picture is fifty Feet in length to twenty in height, and done by a German Master named *Kager*, who in Recompense was honoured with the Office of Counsellor; and was afterwards a Burgomaster of this City. The Hall is 110 Feet long, 58 broad, and 26 high.

Second
 Hall.

The second Hall (or *Atrium Superius*) to which lead two double Stair-cases, is beyond Comparison finer than the former. The Cieling is of a beautiful Joyner's Work, and of *Polish* Ash, divided into Compartments. It is supported by eight red-marble Pillars, the Bases and Chapters of which are of Brass. Among the Pictures here I took chiefly Notice of one which bears this Title on it: *Respublica Atheniensis*. There the Painter has represented nine *Archontes*, *Polemarchi* and *Thesmothetæ* or Legislators with two Figures, one of Peace, another of the God of War. Under the former are these Words of *Drances* in the 11 Book of the *Aeneid*: *Te poscimus omnes*, and these others *Nil melius*: Under the Second, *Ultimum Remedium*, and *Nil pejus*.

Several
 Pictures.

I stopt a little to consider another Picture which appeared to me to be a very good one, and which is highly esteemed here. In it are *Hiero* King of *Syracuse* and the famous *Archimedes*, with many other Artists of different Professions, all in the Greek Habit. But what is most singular, the Painter has placed amongst these Artizans the Architect of this Town-house in a black Cloak and pointed Hat, according to the Fashionable Dress at *Augsburg*. The Architect's Name was *Elias Holl*. He begun this Building the 25th of *August* 1615, and finished it in 1620.

A very
 remarkable one,
 and the
 Author's
 Opinion
 about it.

There is another Picture in this Hall representing, as it is pretended here, *Concord* and *Discord*, painted in a very particular Manner. For my part, I rather take the Figures to represent *Abundance* and *Poverty*: And I refer the Matter to your Judgment. On one Side in the Picture stands a Woman richly dressed with a Crown of Ears of Corn, Vine-leaves and Grapes, with Gold

Gold and Jewels intermingled : Around her are several Persons sumptuously apparelled, each of whom holds something to denote Plenty and Riches, as Gold, Silver, rich Stuffs, Corn, Wine, Fruits, Spiceries, Confections, &c. And at the Lady's Feet is a Heap of Gold and Silver, with these Words, *Nervus Reipublicæ*, and these, *Alentes alo*. On the other Side of the Picture is a very lean poorly-dressed Woman encompassed with naked and starving Creatures, who have nothing to present to her but a Glass of Water or of Beer, a few Nuts, and such like mean Gifts. At her Feet is an empty Coffer with this Inscription : *Vana est sine viribus ira*; and this other, *Quod datis accipitis*. In my Opinion, these are not the Symbols of *Concord* and *Discord*, as they seem to think here. These three Pieces are all by the same Hand, a Painter of this Country named *N. Freyberger*.

From this Hall we went into four Chambers where the Council is held, the Court of Justice, and the Assembly of the *Ædiles* or Overseers of the public Buildings, and the Court of Treasury for the Revenues. At the Coronation of the King of the *Romans Ferdinand IV.* in 1653, the Elector *Palatin* lodged in the first, and the Envoys of *Bavaria, Brandenburg, and Saxony* in the other three. The best Pictures in the first, are the History of *Sampson*, that of *Jezebel* Wife of King *Abab*; a *Solon*, a *Minos*, a *Lycurgus*, a *Numa Pompilius*, a *Moses*, *Jesus Christ*, all Legislators painted by *Lucas Cronach* a Painter in high Esteem here. The more remarkable Pictures in the second are, a last Judgment, and the History of *Ananias* and his Wife *Saphira* by *John Konig* another celebrated Painter. The principal Pictures in the third Apartment are a Portrait of the Emperor *Maximilian I.* done from the Life, by the great *Albert Durer* the German *Apelles*, and one of *Charles V.* by *N. Amberger*. In the Treasury is a Capital Picture containing the Arms of all the Treasurers who have possessed that Employment since the last-mentioned Emperor to this present Time, with this Inscription.

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Other
four
Chambers
and Pic-
tures.

*Dei Largitoris Opt. Max. Favore & Providentiâ.
Divi Caroli V. Cæs. Aug. Auspicio & Clementiâ.
Ab Anno P. C. N. M.D.XLVIII. summo Reip. emolumento.
Ærarii publici curam habuere solertem in hoc ordine.*

The third Hall is without Dispute what best deserves Attention in this Town-house. It is called here the *Cænaculum aureum*, and with good Reason; its Magnificence being incomparable in every respect: Sculpture, Gilding and delicate Painting abounding here to Profuseness. Innumerable beautiful Objects strike ones Sight, and force the Spectator into Admiration. This Hall is enlightened by fifty two Windows, some of which are of a prodigious Height. It is 110 Feet in length to 58 in breadth, and 52 in height. Its Pavement is of red white and blew Marble, has a beautiful Effect; and on each Side of this Hall there is a splendid Portail. Upon one is this Inscription in Letters of Gold.

The third
Hall very
magnifi-
cent.

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*Fieri curavit.**Anno post Christum natum*

1620.

Upon the opposite one this,

*Ferdinando II. Imperatore Augusto.**Prætorium hoc perfectum est, &c.*

Many fine
Pictures
and Sta-
tues in it.

The Walls are as it were tapestried with several Grotesque and Arabesque Paintings exquisitely well done. Over these are, in large Niches, sixteen charming Statues representing eight Pagan and as many Christian Emperors. The Pagan Figures are *Alexander, Julius Caesar, Augustus, Vespasian, Trajan, Antoninus Pius, Severus* and *Aurelian*: The latter are *Constantin the Great, Theodosius the Elder, Charlemagne, Ottho the Great, Henry II, Frederic Barberossa, Maximilian I, and Charles V.* To each Statue there is a Device; but it would be tiresome to give you a Detail of them. Besides these great Men, there are twelve gallant Women, *Semiramis* Queen of *Assyria*, *Niobe* with her Children slain by *Apollo* and *Diana*, *Artemisia* Queen of *Caria*, *Tomyris* Queen of the *Messagetes*, *Lucretia* Wife to *Collatinus*, the Daughter of *Pericles* whose History is related by *Stobæus*, *Jael* who killed *Sisera* the General of the *Canaanites*, *Susanna*, *Esther*, *Judith*, *Salomone* Mother to the *Maccabees*, and *Sarah Raguel's* Daughter, of whom *Asmodeus* that Spirit of Malignity and Jealousy was enamoured to Distraction.

The Ciel-
ing parti-
cularly
splendid.

But what struck me most in this magnificent Hall was the Cieling which is not supported by any Pillar. Represent to your Imagination, Sir, an Infinity of Compartments, all the Squares and Pannels of which are embellished with fine gilded Sculptures, and filled with three large Pictures, eight of a middle Size, and a vast Number of small ones, with many other Ornaments which render the Cieling the richest and finest imaginable. The large Picture in the Middle represents a splendid triumphal Chariot, on which is mounted *Wisdom*, with her *Latin* Name *Sapientia*, surrounded with Sages and learned Men of all Professions and Denominations, as Divines, Philosophers, Politicians, Lawyers, and six Women of majestic Mien representing Justice, Peace, Clemency, Victory and Plenty. Several Angels flutter about the Car, and hold out this Proverb of *Solomon*, *Per me Reges regnant.* [Take Notice that the *Per me* is to be carried on through all the rest] Upon one Side of this large Picture is represented Architecture surrounded with Persons eminent in that or some other Art; and among the rest the famous Painter *Kager* already mentioned, who was first Counsellor and then Burgomaster of this City; and here the Device is: *Civitates conduntur*, where *Per me*, as I have hinted, must be supplied. On the other Side are the God *Mars* and *Bellona* holding a Council of War,

and encompassed with Arms of all Sorts. The Device or Motto is, *Hofes Arcetur.*

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One of the three lesser Pictures exhibits the Goddess *Pallas* attended by the seven Liberal Arts, with these Words, *Juventus sapit*: The second, *Religion* holding a Cross and a Chalice with this Inscription, *Cælum aperitur*; i. e. *Per me.* The third sets to view *Labour*, under the Figure of a laborious Woman with a Hammer in her Hand, and a Variety of other Instruments and Utensils about her: The Legend is *Nemo otiosus.* The fourth is a well-made Woman full of Health and Vigour near a Tree: This is *Industry*, and the Device is *Cives propagantur.* The fifth Figure is *Health*, under the Image of a Woman environed with Drugs and Simples: The Motto is *Procul parca.* The sixth represents *Plenty*, by a Cook with all the Necessaries of Life around him, and this Inscription, *Omnia & ubique.* The seventh is a majestic Woman with a Scepter and a Lilly in her Hand, and a Star over her Head: It is *Justice*, and she seems to speak this Motto, *Bonus ridet, malus plorat.* The eighth is an Emblem of *Honesty*: It is a Woman with Merchandise of all Sorts about her measuring a Piece of Gold-stuff; and the Inscription is *Bonâ fide.* Besides these Pictures, there is a vast Quantity of small ones in the manner of Cartouches or Scutcheons, containing Devices or Emblems which have all of them some Relation to Republican Government. An Account of them would tire you and me too. However, I would have you believe that this is indeed the richest Cieling in any Town-house in *Europe*; I don't even except that of *Amsterdam*, tho' it be very magnificent.

We went next into four Chambers called, the Apartments of the Electors, because at the Coronation of *Ferdinand IV.* King of the *Romans*, in 1653. these Chambers were occupied by four of the Electors, viz. the Electors of *Mayence*, *Trèves*, *Cologne* and the King of *Bobemia*. At present the Magistrates give Audience here to the Envoys of the Emperor, the Electors and other Sovereign Princes: Each of them is 40 Foot square, to 19 in height. Tho' they be adorned with Pictures in plenty, I shall only take Notice of the more remarkable ones, that I may not surfeit you with too-long a List. The most esteemed Pictures in the first, are the Roman *Virginia* stabb'd by her Father *Virginius*, to save her from the Brutality of the Decemvir *Appius Claudius*, upon which is this Inscription, *Virtusne major an scelus?* You know that *Lucius Icilius* Tribune of the People to whom she was betrothed, knew so well how to paint out to them the Tyranny of the *Decemviri*, that this sort of Magistracy was abolished, and the Consulate restored.

Four other
Apart-
ments
called
those of
the Elec-
tors.

There are two other Pictures in this Apartment which are also worthy of Attention. The Subjects of them are the Continenence of *Alexander the Great*, and that of *Scipio Africanus* upon a much like Occasion. Indeed the Sight of these Pieces led me into a Train of Reflexions, which appear to me of such Importance, that I have resolved to communicate them to you. I even flatter myself that you will not be displeased at my having attempted to set a Fact in a proper Light, which hath not as yet been cleared up.

Two re-
markable
Pictures.

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The Digression is somewhat long; and therefore not to break in upon the Thread of my Journal, I shall make a separate Article of it.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

Critical Observations upon the so much celebrated Continence of Alexander the Great, and that of Scipio Africanus on an almost similar Occasion.

IN the preceding Article I had the Honour to tell you, Sir, that in one of the Apartments, in the magnificent Town-house of *Augsburg*, called the Apartment of the Electors, there are two fine Pictures, among many others, that suggested several Observations to me, which I hope may merit your Approbation.

A Picture
of Alexander
in Darius's
Tent.

One of these Pieces represents *Alexander* and *Ephestion* in the Tent of *Darius*, with the Family of that unfortunate Monarch at their Feet, with this Inscription, *Hoc est vincere*. Now on this Occasion I cannot forbear remarking to you, that I could never think this Action of *Alexander* so worthy of Admiration as it is generally looked upon to be; not being able to comprehend how it shewed either that Continence, or that greatness of Soul which it is said to have manifested: What is the Case! Let us consider it. Because this Conqueror, after having destroyed the Empire of the *Persians*, and caused the dismal Death of *Darius*, and by Consequence all the Misery of his Mother, Consort and Daughters: Because, forsooth, he did not compleat their Misery by the most inhuman Use of the Power his unjust Conquests had put into his Hands; because he did not push his Victory to the utmost Excess of Barbarity and Wickedness by offering Violence, the most horrible of all Injuries, to the greatest Princesses then in the whole World: Because, in a Word, he did not seize them, like a *Satyr* inflamed by the Fury of Lust, the Moment he entered into the Tent; must the most marvelous Continence be ascribed to him on this Account?

In truth they would certainly impose on our Reason, who endeavour to put this Action upon us as an Instance of extraordinary Self-command in such a Conjunction. There was no need of being an *Alexander* to have been able to have conquered one's self on this Occasion. The meanest Soldier, nay the vilest Russian in his Army would have done as much in the same Circumstances; that is, instead of offering such an Insolence to these unfortunate Princesses, have done all in his Power to alleviate their Calamity. I venture to affirm it once more, that there is nothing heroic, nothing worthy of Admiration, or even of much Attention in *Alexander's* Conduct. Sure I am, such Behaviour in any private Man would not have been taken Notice of as any thing extraordinary: So true is it, that the Bulk of Mankind, suffering themselves to be dazzled by the Splendour of a Throne,

Throne, are inclinable to think every thing done or said by Princes grand, especially when that high Title is enhanced by the additional one of Conqueror.

This is not all: Those who have made such swoln Panegyrics upon this Contenance of *Alexander*, as they call it, have not considered, that *Alexander's* Passion did not then lean towards Women; Wine and Feasting were at that Time his chief Delight. Yet this one Reflexion greatly diminishes the Triumph he is said to have then gained over himself, were the History really such as they would represent it. But which is more, even in this Respect, he did not long continue temperate. For hardly had he subdued all *Persia* when he threw himself into the greatest Irregularities of that Kind: Witness his *Bagoas*; witness his *Thais*, for the Love of whom he laid in Ashes the noblest City in the East.

After all, is it not Mockery to extol the Chastity of Princes, which is and will, in all Probability, be to the End of the World a Chimera? Envisioned as they are with Thousands of tempting Objects, every one of which vies for the Preference, if they are chaste, it is presumed, I should rather say it is demonstrable from many Instances and Proofs, that it is owing to their Constitution and not to their Reason, their Virtue, their Greatness of Mind and Self-command, and much less to their Religion and Conscience. And to speak out the Truth frankly and paint things as they really are, this is the Case not with Princes only.

Another Reflexion of no less Importance that occurs to me on this Subject is, that the greater Part of Mankind, of Historians as well as others, through I know not what favourable Prepossession which regard to a chaste Temperament, have conspired almost in all Ages to give it a Rank and Name far above all the other Virtues; though, in my Opinion, it does not so much as merit the Name of a Virtue. This is so true, that in every Age of the World when any great Man, more especially, has given a single Instance ever so little remarkable of his Continence, it hath never failed of being most highly celebrated. On this Account hath every such Person been extolled to the Skies as a Wonder of Virtue, though he had been notoriously guilty of many monstrous Vices, and a Slave to several Passions of much more fatal Consequences to the World than Incontinence. For the Sake of that one small Branch of Virtue, how many Vices have been concealed, passed over in Silence, or studiously and artfully palliated? We have a glaring Example of this in *Alexander*: in favour of the Reserve he shewed in the Case now before us, how prodigal have Declaimers been in applauding him? Do they not speak of him, as if they did not know, or had forgot, what a vile Slave he was to a Thousand brutal destructive Passions? But how shameful is such Partiality!

In fact, a Monarch who plunged himself into the lowest Debaucheries; one so abandoned to the Love of Wine, that every Day almost he drowned his Reason in it; and who when he was inflamed by drinking, was capable of cutting the Throats of his best Friends with his own Hands: A Monarch

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This Prince was not then very sensible to the Charms of Love.

Princes and private Persons seldom or never are chaste.

There is generally too great a Prepossession in Favour of what is called Chastity.

Alexander is unworthy of Praise.

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narch who could even in cold Blood assassinate, or expose to the cruellest Torments his ablest Generals, even those to whom he chiefly owed his Victories : A Monarch, in fine, who without any plausible Pretext to cover his Ambition, ran about thro' the World like a Mad-man spreading Death and Terror all around him ; filling the Earth with human Blood ; exterminating hundreds of Nations, or reducing them to the most insufferable Slavery and Misery : Does such a Monarch merit the least Applause, tho' he should once in his Life have given some small Mark of Moderation ; or rather because he did not go to the utmost Excess of Brutality, in a Case that must have moved Compassion in the most callous, hardened Heart ? Is it not indeed an Insult upon the Common-sense of Readers, to set forth such a Monarch to them as a Pattern of Generosity, Temperance and Self-restraint ; especially since it may be proved, and I think we have proved it, that his celebrated Continnence has no Foundation in Truth or Fact.

The Picture of Scipio representing his Continnence.

The other Picture I have to take Notice to you, is the best of the two. It represents *Scipio Africanus* in New *Carthage*, now called *Carthagena*, in *Spain*, restoring a young Princess of that Country to her Bridegroom, whose Name was *Lucius Aculeius* Prince of the *Celtiberians* ; both of them being amongst the Hostages given by the *Spaniards* to the *Carthaginians*. In the Picture *Scipio* addresses these Words to the Prince, *Jure belli mea ; Tua mea gratia*. And at the Foot of it the Inscription asks, *An virtus altius ire potest ?* A very hyberbolical Exaggeration truly, even supposing the Fact to be true.

Not more worthy of Praise than *Alexanders*

Many Circumstances concurred to render these two Persons sacred and inviolable. They were both of the most exalted Rank. They were as good as married. They were Hostages. In fine, the Bride's Father, who was likewise a Prince, and by consequence of a Quality and Age that demanded Veneration—He too was at *Scipio's* Feet imploring his Clemency, and recommending his Daughter to his Pity with Tears in his Eyes, and a very considerable Ransom in his Hand — Let me therefore appeal to the Heart and Conscience of any Man, who has the smallest Remains of Mercy within him, if one must not have been the most consummate Villain to have been capable of trampling under his Feet all these Considerations ; and refusing to restore this young Princess to her pining Lover ; not to speak of tearing her from him whom she had chosen for her Husband, and abusing her by the pretended Right of Conquest ? I can't persuade myself that there was in *Scipio's* Army a *Roman*, nay or *Barbarian*, who could have been guilty of so shocking, so detestable a Crime. What Ground then is there for admiring so highly this General, supposing he had really given this Princess unviolated into the Arms of her Betrothed ?

Polybius and *Plutarch* do not make such a Heroe of him as *Livy*.

But what will you say, if I shall be able to prove that *Scipio* really was guilty of such a base and cruel Action ? And I am able immediately to name Authors of unquestionable Veracity and Credit who give the Lie to *Livy* in this Matter, and to *Eutropius* and *Valerius Maximus*, who copying him

from *Livy* have so greatly applauded this pretended Continence. These Gentlemen seem on this and many other Occasions strongly disposed to pass their *Roman* Heroes for Men above all human Frailties.

First of all *Polybius* and *Plutarch*, *Greeks* by Nation, and of Consequence less liable to Partiality, and therefore more to be credited than the *Roman* Historians, do not set out *Scipio* as altogether so great a Hero on this Conjecture. They plainly own that he did not give up this young Princess without doing great Violence to himself: The first makes him say aloud, *That had he been a private Person they could not have made him a more agreeable Present; but that being General of the Romans, he found himself obliged to renounce the Pleasure of possessing such a charming Creature.* Words which plainly shew how easily he could have surmounted all the Considerations above-mentioned; and consequently that he was not actuated in delivering her to her Bridegroom by a Principle of Equity or Humanity, but solely by regard to his Credit and Reputation. Whence it follows, that neither Continence, Generosity, nor Greatness of Soul, had the least Share in this so much extolled Modesty and Self-command.

But we have an Authority which is beyond all Exception to prove this Story to be false. 'Tis the Testimony of *Valerius Antias*, a *Roman* Historian of high Reputation, for his Fidelity more especially, and from whom *Titus Livius* took many of the Materials which make up his Decads. He had composed Annals of the *Roman* Republic which unhappily are lost. It was undoubtedly a very considerable Work, in which the *Roman* Affairs were fully related, since *Aulus Gellius* cites the 75th Book of them. And that this History was in high Esteem is indisputable, seeing the greater of the best Authors have spoke of it with much Applause. Now this Author was not only Cotemporary with *Scipio*, but he had served under him in that same War against the *Carthaginians*, in which this Action is said to have happened, in Quality of Tribune of a Legion: He was therefore an Eye-witness to all that passed on the Occasion now under Consideration. But he positively assures us, that *Scipio* could not refrain from tasting so delicious a Morsel, and that he did not surrender the Princess to her Father (who came, as hath been observed, with a very rich Ransom to redeem her) but kept her with him, and enjoyed her as long as he thought fit. Here are the Author's Words. *Puella quædam pulcherrima, quam Carthagine, amplâ Civitate in Hispaniâ, expugnatâ ceperat Pub. Africanus superior; non reddita Patri, sed retenta ab eo, atque in deliciis amoribusque usurpata est.* Can any Thing be more positive or clear than this Assertion? It demonstratively proves that all the other Historians, who wrote long after, by whom this Fact is mentioned, were deceived: Or rather that being excessively jealous of the *Roman* Name, and particularly fond of *Scipio's* Glory, they have voluntarily falsified the Truth in this Case.

What can *Scipio's* modern Admirers and Panegyrists say to this Testimony; they who will needs have him to have given a glorious Instance of his Chastity on this Occasion? They have plainly no Resource but this

Numb. VI.

I i

A weak Subterfuge of *Scipio's* one. Admirers.

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The Story of *Scipio's* Continence refuted.

This Story confuted by *Valerius Antias.*

1057. one. "That as Jealousy is very common among Persons of the same Pro-
 July 4, 5. fession, it may not be impossible that this *Antias* may have been insti-
 "gated by some such Motive to detract from *Scipio* in this Part of his
 AUGS. "Conduct." But it is their Business to invalidate this Testimony, and
 BURG. to prove that there is some Foundation for their Surmise or Suspicion.
 We have nothing to do with pure Conjectures.

Scipio was But when they are beat out of this Intrenchment, they will perhaps al-
 100: Con- ledge, in Defence of their Favourite, that at this Time he was very
 tinent, young, and that the Temptation was hardly resistible, and therefore it is
 neither no great Wonder if his Virtue failed him a little on this Occasion: And
 in his Youth, after all it was but one Trip; the Effect of Surprize, and very probably
 nor his repented off; for his Temperance and Self-command in Respect of Plea-
 more ad- sures were well known, and very generally confessed. Now I deny even
 vanced this last Assertion; and that upon the Credit of as good Vouchers as I
 Years. have produced in the former Case.

Proved by *Nævius* a Roman Poet, famous for his Satires, Comedies, and Trage-
Nævius, a dies, had quite a different Opinion of the Conqueror of *Carthage's* Conti-
 Roman nency. And he too was his Cotemporary, and had carried Arms under
 Poet. him in *Spain*. 'Tis not unlikely that he may have hinted at this Adven-
 ture with the *Spanish* Beauty in some of his Pieces: But we can say no-
 thing with Certainty as to that, his Works being lost, and nothing of
 them remaining but a few Fragments. This however is incontest-
 able, that long after *Scipio's* Victories, and consequently at a Time of his
 Life, when he was in all Likelihood better able to subdue his Passions;
 this famous Poet wrote bloody Verses against him, of which four are still
 preserved, that make no great Compliment to this Hero's Gift of
 Continence. Here they are

*Etiam qui res magnas gessit gloriosè;
 Cujus facta viva nunc vigent;
 Qui apud Gentes solus præstat.
 Eum suus Pater cum pallio uno ab Amica abduxit.*

Remark
 upon this
 Testimo-
 ny.

What a charming, edifying Spectacle must it have been, to see a
 renowned General, with whose Name and glorious Atchievements the
 whole World resounded, caught in an infamous Place, dragged from
 the Arms of a Courtezan by Force, and led home in a very pitiful Plight
 by his own Father! Yet this is the Picture *Nævius* sets before us in these
 four Verses: And most certainly he durst not have adventured to af-
 firm this Fact of a Person of such Dignity and Importance, had it not
 been Public, and beyond all Dispute. Let Declaimers after this assert the
 Continence of *Scipio*, and make a Miracle of it. From this Instance we
 may learn how justly *Vopiscus* says in his *Aurelian*, "That there is scarcely
 "one Historian who has not said some Things of the Falseness of which
 "he may be evinced by good Evidence." So true is it, may we not add,
 that

that Traditions the most universally received are often without any Foundation.

I foresee all these little Discoveries we have made from History will give Uneasiness to several Sorts of Folks. First of all the Painters and Engravers will no doubt be highly offended; for to them this Story has afforded a most excellent Subject, for displaying all the Elegance and Force of their Taste and Genius. After all their Efforts to represent this heroic Action, and the Magnanimity of the *Roman* General, with suitable Dignity, and in all its Lustre, they will in all Appearance be vexed to the Heart to find that their Master-piece, with Respect to the Subject, has no Manner of Foundation in History.

Religious and well-meaning Persons also, who not doubting of the Truth of this Event, and having conceived a very high Idea of such a Conquest over carnal Concupiscence, may have wondered how a Heathen could attain to such a sublime Height of Virtue; nay have blessed a thousand Times the Almighty for it, and have even been disposed to allow a very glorious Place to *Scipio* in Paradise: They too will unquestionably be very much out of Humour, in seeing themselves deprived of this Kind of Idol, whom they have so much admired, and in a Manner worshipped.

But what we have greatest Ground to fear is the Displeasure of some Divines, who have laid great Strefs upon this Example, in contending for their System of *restraining Grace*. They possessed with Admiration of such Continence as the sublimest Virtue, have pointed it out as an Example of Self-conquest, to which no Person in a State of Irregeneration could arrive, and have hence inferred the Truth of their favourite Opinion, that God often grants to *Pagans*, I know not what, *with-holding* or *restraining Spirit*, tho' he never bestows upon them a sanctifying and saving one. The Employment of this Spirit (according to their System) is to excite certain illustrious Persons in unilluminated Times and Countries (for with the Vulgar or mere Populace they do not pretend that it deigns to intermiddle) to certain heroic Acts which otherwise they could not perform; or at least to check the Impetuosity of their Passions, which were it not for this Curb would break out like a Torrent, and produce much greater Extravagancies and Mischiefs than they do. But behold this *restraining Grace* reduced to a mere Revery and Fable, at least in the Case of *Scipio's* Chastity, on which the Patrons of that Notion have built with so much Assurance.

In fine, the Declaimers will in all Probability loudly complain that we have robbed them of an Example which they have found to be of mighty Force, in animating their Hearers to Abstinence from Pleasure, to Chastity, Temperance, and the resisting the strongest Temptations; in fine, to move the Emulation of Christians, or at least to put them to Shame and Confusion for suffering mere *Pagans* to cast them at such a Distance. But there is no Help for this great Misfortune. Facts are stubborn, and will not yield to any System or Hypothesis; or even to the Powers of Painting, Poetry, or Rhetoric. And the History we have now been considering is, whether I

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Other Reflexions of
a gay
Nature on
this Sub-
ject.

1705. will or will not, a mere Fable that never had any other Existence but in
 July 4, 5. the Imagination of Sculptors, Painters, Orators, and originally in flattering,
 AUGS- lying Roman Authors.
 BURG.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Augsburg. *The two other Electoral Chambers in the Town-house, and their Pictures. A fine Steeple. The Fountain of Augustus very magnificent. A House of English Ladies. A pleasant Story of a certain Director of Consciences. The principal Church. The Origin and History of the Counts Fuggers of Augsburg. The marvellous Secret Gate : Its Mechanism. The Water-Towers.*

Third
 Electoral
 Chamber
 and Pi-
 ctures.

LET us return to the Town-house. The most considerable Pictures of the second Electoral Chamber are, the History of King Zedekias and his Subjects, subdued and made Captives by *Nebuchadnezzar* King of *Babylon*, with these Words : *Dei sortes ratæ* ; of King *Belshazzar*, and the Hand writing on the Wall, *MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN* ; of King *Abasuerus*, *Hester*, *Mordecai*, and *Haman*, with this Motto : *Consilium malum, Consultori pessimum*. All the Paintings of these two Apartments are done by *Kager*, Painter, Counsellor, and Burgo-master of *Augsburg*.

Fourth
 Chamber
 Paintings.

The chiefly remarkable Pieces of the fourth Apartment are also three large Pictures, the first representing *Democracy*, with this Legend : *Res mala multorum Imperium* ; the second *Aristocracy*, and these Words : *Nec unus, nec omnes* ; the last *Monarchy*, wherein is to be seen the Emperor *Ferdinand II.* and this Motto : *Rex unicus esto*. All the Paintings of this fourth Room are drawn by the celebrated *Johannes Konig*.

Emperor
 Leopold's
 Saying
 about this
 fine Build-
 ing.

These are the most curious Things I have taken Notice of in the Town-house of *Augsburg*, which may undoubtedly be reckoned among the most beautiful in all *Europe*, and of which one may boldly say, as well as of that of *Amsterdam* : *Non satis est vidisse semel*. However, it is recorded, that when the late Emperor *Leopold* had viewed this stately Building, he could not forbear saying to the Magistrates who shewed it him, and asked his Opinion ; " That those of *Ulm* had far better understood how to make use of " Public Money, since they had employed it in fortifying their Town ; " adding very wisely, that " the greatest Ornaments of a City did not con- " tribute in the least to secure it against an Invader, or to preserve its Li- " berties, which good stout Walls and strong Bastions could only do." To conclude, this noble House was built in the Year 1620. and is therefore very modern, and not ancient, as *Jouvin de Rochefort* imagined it was.

A fine
 Steeple.

Near the Town-house in a Square called in the German Language *Per-
 jack Platz*, is the fine Fountain of *Augustus*, and a magnificent Steeple,
 adorned

adorned with a chiming Clock and Sun-dials, together with a Globe marking the Night and the Day. There is a large Pine-apple set into the Wall of this Steeple upon the Top of a Pillar, which Pine-apple makes the Arms of this City. Amidst the Foliage and carved Works on the Chapter is a small Figure of a Woman, said by the Learned here to be the Goddess *Cybele*, who was held in high Veneration by the ancient *Vindelici*.

The Fountain of *Augustus* is the most splendid in the City. It is a large Bason of Marble, three Steps from the Ground, surrounded by a Balister of Iron of admirable Workmanship, and adorned with a good Deal of carving. At the four Corners upon the Edge of this Bason are placed four Brass-Statues big as Life, two of Women and two of Men. They say they represent the four Seasons, because one of the Women holds Ears of Corn in her Hand, and the other a Cornucopia filled with Fruits; but it is more probable that they are Emblems of the four little Rivers which run by this Town, the *Lech*, the *Wertach*, the *Sinkel*, and the *Source*. In the Middle of the Bason rises a square Pedestal, at the Foot of which are four large Sphinxes squirting Water from their Breasts: A little above them are four Infants, holding in their Arms four Dolphins, out of whose Mouths the Water flows in Plenty; and over these Infants are Festoons and Pine-apples, all of Brass: From the Bottom of the Bason rise several Pipes, which throw up Water in the Air, that falls back into the Bason, and runs off under Ground, one cannot perceive thro' what Channel. Upon the Pedestal is a Brass-Statue of *Augustus* big as Life, crowned with Laurel, and armed after the *Roman* Fashion. There is an Inscription on each of the four Faces of this Pedestal. Here are two of them.

IMP. CÆS. DIVI. FILIO.
AUGUSTO. PARENTI.
COLONIA. AUGUSTA.
VINDEL.

POSISTA. ANNO.
A. CHR. NATO.
MD. XCIII.
IMP. CÆS. RVDOLPHO.
P. F. AUG.

The other two only contain the Names of the *Duumvirs*, the *Ediles*, and of some others Magistrates, with the Date of their Magistracy.

From the Square we went to see a House of Nuns, called here *the House of English Ladies*. I don't know how it comes to go by this Name, since there are but two Ladies of that Nation in it. One of them, who is very old, told us she was of the Family of the *Hastings*, of which

1705. the late Lord *Huntington*, who died a Month after he returned from his
July 5. 6. Travels, was chief. The other is a very handsome young Woman. She
 AUGS- said that she was Daughter to one Count *Mansfeld*, Envoy from the Em-
 BURG. peror to King *James II.* but born at *London*, and of an *English* Mother.
 We walked above two Hours with these Ladies in a very agreeable Gar-
 den. The old Lady told us, that they took young Gentlewomen into
 their House as Pensioners, who continued with them till a proper Match
 should offer, or became Nuns, if they rather chose to consecrate them-
 selves to God. We asked the young one which of these two she would
 prefer if the Choice depended on her Decision: She answered with a very
 pleasant Smile, that the former would be much more agreeable to her, and
 that she had hitherto felt no Call to a perpetual Celibacy. It was Dame
 Nature that spoke by the Mouth of this young Lady.

A Story of a Director of Consciences. Our Guide told us when we were by ourselves, that a Scandal had hap-
 pened not long ago in this House. One of the Consecrated having un-
 luckily fallen into certain Meditations, which had turned her Heart a little
 too much towards the World and the Flesh; her Director, a Man of
 Humour, and of a religious Order that hath often given Occasion to dis-
 course of its Exploits, knew very well how to profit by the Opportunity.
 He persuaded the poor Innocent that she might lawfully, and with a safe
 Conscience, by Virtue of the Direction of Intention, unconsecrate herself,
 and change her Name from that of Sister into that of Mother. This
 Commerce lasted for some time to both their Satisfaction; but unhap-
 pily the Abbess took Umbrage at the Father's frequent Visits of Direction,
 and put Spies upon them, who surprized them in the very Fact. It was
 a terrible Mortification to the serious Nuns that such a dreadful Crime
 should have been committed among them. But had they taken good
 Advice they would not have divulged this Secret, and so exposed them-
 selves to the Railery of the *Lutherans*, and other Heretics here.

A pleasant Answer of a Jesuit upon this Occasion. The Answer, that escaped the Superior of the Criminal on this Occa-
 sion before all the Members of his Society, was so natural, (a Thing that
 seldom happens among *Jesuits*) and withal so pleasant, that one of the As-
 sistants to the Reprimand, in spite of these Gentlemen's Politics and their
 Secrecy with regard to all that passes among them, could not help telling it
 to one of his intimate Friends, a merry Wag, who did not fail to divert
 several others with it, and so it became public. Here it is.

*Un Carrabin d'Ignace, adroit & téméraire,
 Convaincu d'abuser d'une jeune Nonnain;
 Son Prefet, homme franc, & de plus, fort humain,
 L'interrogeant sur cette Affaire,
 Dit, Malheureux Pêcheur, apprenez-nous comment
 Vous trouvez le moien de baiser cette Fille!
 Ce n'est, mon Reverend, qu'au travers de la Grille,
 Répondit l'autre promptement.*

Ab,

*Ab, c'est imposture très claire,
S'écria le Préfet, c'est un fait controuvé !
Car je l'ai cent fois éprouvé,
Et jamais je ne l'ai pu faire.*

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We went next into the *Pfarr-Kirk*, which, after the Cathedral, is the principal Church, where we saw nothing worth Notice but an Epitaph which shews, that he for whom it was made had well studied *Horace's* Maxims of good Living. It is upon a large Table of black Marble.

Perpetuae Securit.

Hieronimo Fugger Hulderici Senioris Filio.

*Generis splendore, Corporis elegantia, Animique Dotibus insigni.
Gloria verò Equestri, ceterisque virtutibus ornatissimo, cujus lar-
gas inter opes, absque curis anxisque Negotiis, jucundos inter
Amicos, in otio hilariter ac benignè vitam traducere studium sum-
mum fuit. Monumentum hoc Patruelis & Patruelis Filii ex Testa-
mento Heredes, gratitudinis ergò Agnato optimo E. B. M. F. C.
obiit XXVI. Novemb. An. Sal. M.D.XXXVIII.*

And re-
markable
Epitaph.

It puts me in mind to tell you what our Conductor said to us concern- ing this Family of the *Fuggers* in *Augsburg*. It is descended from a Wea- ver who left great Wealth to his Children. Trade being then in a very flourishing State at *Augsburg*, they took it into their Heads to engage in Com- merce. All the Commodities of the *Levant* were at that time brought to *Venice*, and from thence to this City, which spread them all over *Germany*. And the *Fuggers* were so successful, that they left vast Riches to their De- scendants. There is a Tradition, that one of this Family having lent a very considerable Sum to the Emperor *Charles V.* during the War he had to support against the Majority of the Princes of *Germany*; instead of asking Payment of this Sum (which some Historians mount up to a Million of *German Florins*) when the Emperor returned through *Augsburg*, entertained him and the chief Persons in his Train for two Days in the most splendid sumptuous Manner; and at the Close of this magnificent Entertainment burnt, in a Fire of Cinnamon made on purpose, the signed Bond which the Emperor had given him for that Sum. The Emperor was extremely sur- prized at this Generosity in a Merchant, and to make a Return to it be- coming a Prince, he made him a Count of the Empire, and gave Lands and Fiefs in Perpetuity to him and his Descendants. This Family has made great Acquisitions since, and is reckoned one of the richest private Families in *Germany*; so that it is become a Proverb to say, *Rich as a Fugger.*

The Ori-
gine of the
Counts
Fuggers.

The

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Their

great

Wealth &

House.

The Counts *Fuggers* are now richer than ever, there being few Provinces in the higher *Germany* where they have not large Estates. Nay where they have not Towns and Boroughs in plenty belonging to them. Their Ordinary Residence is at *Augsburg*, their native Soil, and they live together in remarkable Amity. Their House, which is in the same Square where the Town-house stands, has nothing that looks like their Opulence. It is a very ordinary Edifice that was formerly painted without: But these Paintings are so effaced that there are now no Traces of them to be seen; yet *Charles Patin* that learned Antiquary, who had seen very many magnificent Buildings in *France* and elsewhere, says in his short Account of *Germany*; "that nothing can be more sumptuous than the Palace of the *Fuggers* at *Augsburg*, or more finished than the Paintings which embellish its Out-side."

Reflexion

on the

Genero-

fity of one

of them to

Charles V.

I am not ignorant that some Authors have ascribed the Generosity to the Emperor *Charles V.* before-mentioned to a Merchant at *Antwerp*, whose Name was *John Daens*: And it is not impossible but the Liberality of the one may have by a foolish Emulation produced that of the other: I say a foolish Emulation; because it was undoubtedly a great Folly in a Merchant to make a gratuitous Present of a Million to a Prince, who over and above the vast Revenues so many Territories in *Europe* as he possessed must have brought him in, had the Disposal of the greatest Part of all the Riches of the *New World*. However it be, our Banker here assured us, that the Family of the *Fuggers* can shew convincing Proofs of this extraordinary Generosity of one of their Ancestors to that Prince in their Archives and Registers.

July 7.

The Ein-

las or Se-

cret Port.

This Day was wholly taken up in seeing two of the greatest Curiosities of *Augsburg*. One is called in German *Der Einlas*, or the Inlet. The other are the Water-Towers that serve a great part of the Town with Water. The first is esteemed by all that have seen it, a most curious Piece of Mechanism. The Misfortune is, that it is impossible to describe it well, as the Contrivances that give it Motion are for the most part concealed in the Mason-work; there is therefore no seeing how they are made, nor how they are moved: For which Reason the accurate Mr. *Misson*, with all his *Virtuoso Apparatus*, is satisfied with telling his Friend that he has taken a Draught of it which sometime or other he will shew him; but that a Description would be too long and difficult. Was not that a good way of coming off? I don't know whether he kept his Word; but this I am sure of, that in 23 Years, during which he has made several Editions of his Work with great Augmentations, he has not thought fit to gratify the Public either with the Design or Description. For my part, though I don't set up for an Engineer, Architect, or Mechanist, &c. as he does, I will notwithstanding endeavour to give you a short Description of this secret Passage; that is, of as much of it as I was able to observe.

'Tis

*Tis a very ordinary Building joyning to the Rampart. To go out of the Town through it, you pass first through a Door not greater than that of a middling House, over which is the Figure of a Pine-apple, the Arms of *Augsburg*, with the Date 1514. the Year when this *Einlas* was made. When you are through this Door you must pass three great high Gates covered over with Lintels, Jambs, &c. with thick Plates and Bars of Iron, so that all the Axes in the World would make no Impression. As soon as you come to the first Gate, it opens of itself, you pass through, the Gate flaps to, close on your Heels, and all this by a Mechanism unseen; going forwards the second Gate, opens and shuts in the same Manner, and so does the third likewise. All this while you do not see a living Soul, nor how 'tis done, the chief Contrivance being, as I have already mentioned, concealed in the Wall. I have observed in going swiftly through (for these Gates do not suffer one to stop long) that each Gate has a Bar of Iron with a Spring in sight; this rises very easily and I believe lets loose, by means of a Counter-poize, the secret Springs which keep the Gate shut, and give it Liberty to open of itself, as soon as that you have passed is shut, with Violence and a great Noise. Thus you are constantly shut up between two Gates while you are passing, and detained a few Moments without being able to go forwards or backwards: Between the two last you are detained a longer time, during which the Guard of the secret Gate appear in a little Gallery and examine who you are, where you go, and make you pay a small Toll established for this Passage; then you are conducted to a little Draw-bridge, which is raised and let down by means of a great Iron Wheel which is turn'd by a Winch, and which turns a smaller Wheel like the great Wheel of a Jack.

Having passed this Draw-bridge we were stopt by a Barrier of iron Callice-work, which opens immediately after from the Top of the third Gate, by means of an Iron Chain which passes through the Wall, and runs on a Pulley of the same Metal: And all this is still done without any visible Mover, or the Help of any living Creature. From this Barrier we pass along a wooden and covered Bridge across the Breadth of the Town-ditch, at the End of which, is the last Port which leads up to the Glacis; and thus one gets insensibly out of the City. This last Gate is also covered with Iron-bars and Plates; (like the three near the Rampart, which, as we were told, weigh above seven hundred Pounds each.) It opens by Means of a wooden Bar three Inches thick, and as long as the whole Bridge, which moves upon several Pullies of Iron placed at equal Distances from one another: And this wooden Bar opens and shuts the last Gate that leads to the Glacis, by drawing and pushing back an Iron Rod of an Inch in thickness, and three Foot in length.

This is all I have been able to observe in Relation to this secret Port, which is looked upon in *Germany* as a very singular Curiosity in Mechanics. The Magistrates of *Nuremberg* sent some Years ago Deputies to those of *Augsburg*, to desire Leave to take a Draught or Model of this Port, that they might get one made like it. Their Request was granted: But all

Vain Attempts to make one like it.

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the Engineers, Architects and other Artists that were come along with them, after taking full Time to examine all the different Parts of it and their Dependencies, gave this Answer: "That without pulling down the Walls and all the Masonry, it was not in the Power of *Beelzebub* himself to find out how this *Einlas* was contrived, or to make one like it in a thousand Years". But the Magistrates of *Augsburg*, as one may well imagine, were not disposed to gratify the Patricians of *Nuremberg* in that respect; so that their Deputies were able to give no better Account of this secret Port than I have now laid before you. What surprises me is, that the Springs mured in the Walls are not worn out, or at least have not been disordered during all the Time they have been used: For you must know that there is no Way of getting out or into Town in the Night but through this Gate, and the Passage only costs a Penny *French* for each Person, so that the Engines are in a perpetual Motion.

The Wa-
ter Towers

The Towers which furnish Water to this City are also curious. They are near the Gate called the *Red-port*, upon a Branch of the *Leck* which runs through this City. Mills which go Day and Night, by means of this Torrent work a great many Pumps, which raise Water in large Leaden Pipes to the highest Story of these Towers. In the Middle of a Chamber on each of them, which is very neat and handsomely cieling'd, is a Reservoir of a Hexagonal Figure, into which the Water is carried by a large Pipe, the Extremity of which is made like a *Dolphin*, and through an Urn or Vase held by a Statue sitting in the Middle of the Reservoir. One of these Towers sends Water to all the public Fountains by smaller Pipes, and the three others supply with Water a thousand Houses in the City, each of which pays about eight Crowns yearly, and receives a hundred and twenty pretty large Measures of Water every Hour. Mr. *Misson* counts five Towers and says they distribute Water through the whole Town. But there are but four Towers and they only furnish Water to the Number of Houses just mentioned and to the public Fountains.

This little Branch of the *Leck*, by whose Means these Water-works are moved, is so rapid, that a Wild-boar endeavouring to cross it a little without the Town in 1563, was wheeled by the Torrent into one of these Towers, where it was killed. There is a Picture of it upon the Wall; and another of a Deer which was likewise whirled down by the same River and taken in 1592.

CHAP.

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BURG.

Augsburg. Several Processions among the Catholics of this City. A Convent of Carmes. The Canonesses of St. Stephen. A Roman Inscription. Great Fondness of the Romans for public Shews.

THOUGH one half of the Inhabitants of this City be Lutherans, Many more Processions are perhaps seen here than at *Cologn the Holy*, where Processions of the R. Catholics of this Town. there are very few Protestants. We saw one this Morning, under the Banner of the Reverend Fathers *Jesuits*, in which was carried, among other Statues, one of the Holy *Virgin* holding the Infant *Jesus* by the Hand. Both of them wore the Pilgrim's Cap adorned with Shells, the Gourd-bottle hanging at their Side and the Staff in their Hand like Pilgrims of *St. James*; their Face was very much Sun-burnt, as Pilgrims well may be: But what appeared to me more singular was, that *Jesus* in his Pilgrimage had an Abbot's Wig well buckled and powdered. This Procession, at which the Magistrates and all the rich Catholic Merchants assisted, may justly be called Magnificent. All their Houses were adorned without with Tapestries, Pictures, Festoons, Garlands; and there were Oratories at proper Distances for the Holy Sacrament to rest on, which was carried by the Bishop in his Pontificals under a rich Canopy. Before him marched the Chapter and a charming Symphony, with exquisite Perfumes exhaling from several Perfuming-pots and Censers. This Procession consisted of Males and Females; for beside the Canons of the Cathedral, there were likewise the Canonesses of *St. Stephen's*; all handsome young Ladies of Quality very finely dressed, and in short very well qualified for disturbing the Devotion of the Assistants: Accordingly I took Notice that many of them were more attentive to the Charms of these pretty Women than to their Beads.

After Dinner we saw another very famous one, called the Procession of the Pilgrims. It was returning from a Pilgrimage of two Leagues from Town. Some Spectators who had the Curiosity to count the Number, said there were above 1500 Men, and that this little Army of Pilgrims was followed by above 1260 young Women. Another Procession of Men & Women.

All these She-Pilgrims marched two and two, as well as the Men, singing *Latin* Hymns, which they, poor Creatures, understood not one Tittle of: But what then! They had fulfilled their Vows, and seemed all very well satisfied with their Pilgrimage. They had each a little black Staff in their Hand very neatly turned, and most of them pointed Hats.

Our Conductor had so boasted this Morning of the Beer of the *Carmes*, July 9 that the Fancy struck us to go to taste it. He had taken care to inform The Con-vent and Beer of the the Superior of the Convent in the Morning, that he intended that After-noon *Carmes*.

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noon to bring some *Englisch* of Distinction to see him, who were very good Judges of Malt-liquor, and had a Mind to try his. The good Father had promised us welcome, and so away we went, carrying a Provision of *Rbenish* in Bottles to exchange for his Beer. We were most generously received; Prior, Sub-prior, and all the chief Members of the Community waited for us in their Cloisters. They conducted us into a pleasant Garden, in the Middle of which is a Cabinet with four Doors opening upon four Avenues of Elms. This Closet is very high, and inwardly adorned with Pictures of the Miracles done by a certain Saint of their Order.

History of
a famous
Monk of
that Or-
der.

This holy Man was a *Spaniard* by Birth, a Country-man of the great St. *Therese*, and his Nick-name was Father *Dominic* of *Jesus-Maria*. The History of him is, and the Pictures here confirm it, That the Duke *Maximilian* of *Bavaria*, Grand-father of the present Duke, having declared in Favour of the Emperor *Ferdinand II.* against *Frederic V.* Elector *Palatin* and King of *Bobemia* his near Relation; Pope *Paul V.* sent this Father *Dominic* to give him a Sword he had blessed, and to exhort him to exterminate to the utmost of his Power the Heretics of *Germany*. The good Father did not stop here: He dragged him, so to speak, from the Arms of his Spouse, whom he loved tenderly, and made him march to *Bobemia* and join with an Army of 25 thousand Men that of the Emperor commanded by the Duke of *Buquoy*, and obliged these two Generals to fight the Battle at *Prague*, which gave the decisive Stroke with respect to the Kingdom of *Bobemia*. The Legend adds, that this holy Man contributed more than any other to the Victory of the Catholics, by exciting them to Vengeance on Account of an Image of the holy *Virgin* whose Eyes the Heretics had put out, which he shewed to them all in Blood: And in fine, that after all these noble Exploits, he attended the Duke back to *Munich*, and replaced him in the Arms of his Spouse, from whom he had forced him away.

Entertain-
ment in
this Con-
vent.

When we had set down in this little Box, a Collation was brought, consisting of good Rye-bread, Pepper, Salt and Cummin, Walnuts of last Year's Growth, and good old Cheese, very proper Things for inflaming the Palate. And accordingly we swallowed their Beer very plentifully, which was excellent, very pleasant to the Taste, clear as *Canary Wine*, and not at all heady, as most Sorts of strong Beer are. The Fathers who had dined on Salt-fish pledged us with full Brimmers of the *Rbenish* we had carried with us: They guzzled away with great Glee to digest their Fish.

The
Library,
Church,
&c.

When our Collation was ended they shewed us their Convent, which is very well for Mendicant-Friars. Their Library is small, but well-chosen and kept very neat. The Church is handsome, and particularly dedicated to the Holy Sacrament, as the Inscription above the Church-door informed us, which is in large black Characters, *SSmæ Eucharistiæ Dedicat.* The Organs are tolerably good. Tho' I understand *German* well enough not to need an Interpreter, yet I was obliged to chop *Latin* now and then with these Fathers, who most civilly waited on us to our Coach.

Passing

Passing through the Court they made us observe on the Wall a Sun-Dial, of which they boast very much, because it was made by one of their Order. It is a *Madonna*, whose Head is circled with Rays, Stars, and all the Signs of the *Zodiac*. The Scepter she holds in her Hand marks the Hours; under her Feet is a Globe, and over her Head this Distich.

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A remarkable
Sun-Dial.

*Fac bene sideribus, Phœboque Dei para cincta,
Ut tua postremum dirigat umbra Diem.*

And upon the Globe are these Words:

Omnibus hic Deus est, omnia inane nihil.

The Canoneſſes of St. *Stephen*, who not a little ſpoilt the Devotion of ſome of the Aſſiſtants the Day of the grand Proceſſion, ſent us Word by our Banker, who is their Acquaintance, that they ſhould be glad to ſee us. The Compliment appeared to us a little extraordinary: But as this Gentleman aſſured us they were Ladies without Ceremony, we went to pay our Reſpects to them. They are young Ladies of Birth who are placed here till ſome Match offers. And this, I own, is a very commendable Inſtitution in all Catholic and a few *Lutheran* States of *Germany*, to have founded Colleges of Canons and Canoneſſes to be as a Reſource for noble Families encumbered with many Children.

July 10.
the Canoneſſes
of St. *Stephen*.

Theſe Ladies, who ſpeak *French* very well, entertained us in an obliging Manner. They ſhewed us all their Apartments, which are tolerably good: The Chambers where they lie two and two, are very neat; but the Beds were not in a very ſightly Condition. The Church is handſome enough: The Gardens but indifferent. The Diſorder the Beds were in put me in mind of the *Leſbian Sappho* and her amiable Companions.

Paſſing through the Court I happened to ſpy an antique Marble en-chaſed into a Wall, with this *Roman* Inſcription; which, as I know you are a Lover of Antiquities, I put down, for your Sake, in my Pocket-book.

An ancient
Inſcription.

C. MANAGNIO. IVSTO.
TR. LEG. III. ITALIC.
MANAGNIA. FABIANA.
FILIA. ET. HERES.
FACIENDVM. CVRAVIT.
INSTANTE. MANAGNIO.
NICITATE. LIBERTO.
EX. HS. N. XVI.

While I was copying this Inſcription, an Eccleſiaſtic, who takes the Title of Director of the Conſciences of the Abbeſs and Canoneſſes, ac- coſted me; and taking me for an Antiquary, he told me with a very ſerious

A droll
Maggot
of an Ec-
cleſiaſtic.

1705.

July 10.

AUGS-
BURG.A Curious
ancient
Pavement
discovered
at Augs-
burg.The Fury
of the an-
cient Ro-
mans with
Regard to
public
Shews.

serious Air: It was a pity I was not at *Augsburg* a hundred Years ago, that I might have had the Pleasure of seeing a Curious Fragment of Antiquity. At these Words I was astonished, and stared the venerable Director full in the Face; who by this Speech appeared to me fitter to be at the Head of a Mad-house, than a Director of Consciences: And I was just going to ask him, whether he was asleep or awake, when he added; That about a hundred Years ago, digging in the Garden of this Abbey, there was found a Pavement of a Hall quite entire, on which were painted in different Compartments, Chariot-races, Gladiatorial-combats, with the Names of these miserable Victims to the public Diversion; but that having been left uncovered during Winter, the Rain and Snow had quite defaced all the Figures, and entirely spoilt this beautiful Piece of Antiquity, which the Learned of *Augsburg*, when it was discovered, took to be a Pavement of some ancient public Bath.

Don't you admire the fine Discovery this holy Director informed me of? And don't you think I have Reason to lament that I am not a hundred Years older, that I might have seen this extraordinary Piece? The Reverend Father has, in all likelihood, been so absolutely attached to his Breviary, and to the Sounding and Sifting of the Consciences of Devotees, that he has never had time to look into History, otherwise he would not have been ignorant of the Passion of the *Romans* for public Spectacles, and above all for the Combats of Gladiators; even to such a Degree, that they painted them in their Houses and Baths, and upon their Floors, as appears from this Passage in the 7th *Satire* of *Horace*, where his Servant *Davus* says to him.

——— *Fulvi Rutubæque*

*Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone, velut si
Re verâ pugnent, feriantque, vitentque moventes
Arma viri, &c.*

Some Par-
ticulars
concern-
ing them.

You know that when they gave these Diversions of Combats to the People, great Care was taken to match the Fighters as equally as possible; that is to say, to chuse such to engage with one another as were nearest in Age, Agility, Strength and Skill, that the Diversion might last the longer. This we may learn plainly from a few Lines in the 4th *Satire* of *Lucilius*, in which he complains, that they had opposed to the best Gladiator of his Time, a lumpish, unhandy, awkward Fellow, who knew nothing of his Trade.

*Æterninu' fuit Flaccorum munere quidam
Samnis, spurcus homo, vita illa dignu' locoque,
Cum Placideiano componitur, optimu' multo
Post homines natos, Gladiator qui fuit unus.*

So

So that it is no Wonder if at *Augsburg*, which was a famous *Roman* Colony, they were likewise in the Use of painting the Combats of Gladiators in their Houses and Baths, and consequently the Father Director had no occasion to put so high a Value on his Fragment of Antiquity dug up a hundred Years ago, and since destroyed.

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C H A P. XLI.

Augsburg. College and public Library. The Curiosities in it. Private Libraries. A wonderful Horse. Reflexions upon the System of those who resolve all the Actions of Beasts into Clock-work. A remarkable Story of Monkeys at the Cape of Good-Hope. Their Love to Men and Women. Animals are not mere Machines. Observations on the Pride and Ignorance of Mankind. Man is in many Respects inferior to several Brutes. The marvellous Instinct of Rats. An ancient Inscription in Honour of a Mule.

TO Day we have seen the public Library, and the *Lutheran* College, which is a vast square Building, the Work of the same Architect who built the Town-house, with a fine Clock on the Top of the Front. In this College there are seven different Classes, a Hall for the public Disputations and Harangues, and a Theatre for Dramatic Representations. The Magistracy maintain a Rector, 13 Regents, and a Library-keeper, who are all very handsomely paid. The Library is in a large well-lighted Gallery by the College. The Library-keeper, who is a Doctor of Divinity and a *Lutheran* Minister, assured us that it contains above 7000 Volumes: He is a Man of Merit; speaks *English* well, and reads and understands the best Books in that Language. I shall give you some Account of what he shewed us as most curious in this Library.

Lutheran
College &
public
Library.

A *St. Chrysostom* in 8 Volumes *Folio*, published *Etonæ in Collegio Regali*, 1612. In the Beginning of the first Tome is wrote: *Ex dono Henrici Savilii. Nobilis Angli. Duumviris August. Marco Velfero & Jo. Jacobo Rembold.* The first of these two Magistrates was a very learned Man, who wrote the History of his own Country in *Latin*; a Work full of excellent Literature.

Its Rari-
ties, espe-
cially Ma-
nuscripts.

A *Greek* Manuscript in *Folio*, containing the Homilies of *St. Chrysostom* all in Capitals: They say it is 800 Years old: I took Notice of some Leaves that were scraped, as if it had passed thro' the Hands of the *Benedictins* of the Congregation of *St. Maur*, whom the learned Father *Simon* calls *Parchment-Scrapers*.

A *Chinese* Manuscript, with fine flourish'd Borders on the Top of the Pages, representing the Figure of the *Chinese* Men and Women.

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A Portuguese Book in Japanese Characters, upon Chinese Paper, intitled, *Guia do Peccador*, printed in the Japan College of Jesuits 1599.

Two Alcorans of Mahomet in Arabic, upon Chinese Paper; one of which is extremely beautiful.

A Book bound without a Back, which opens at four Sides, and contains four different Treatises, gilded all over.

A German Bible in Folio, without any foreign Word intermix'd, and the first that was printed at Augsburg in 1499.

Cicero's Offices upon very fine Vellum, a small Folio, in very fine Gothic, printed by John Fust of Mayence, with these Words at the End of it. *Præsens Marci Tullii Clarissimum opus, Johannes Fust Moguntinus Civis, non atramento Plumali, Canna neque ærea. Sed arte quædam perpulchra. Manu Petri de Gernshem pueri mei feliciter effeci, finitum Anno M.CCCC.LXVI. quarta die mensis Februarii.* Quite at the End of the Book is the Ode of Horace to Manlius, which begins thus: *Diffugere Nives*, &c. On the first Leaf are the Arms illuminated of a Patrician of Augsburg, who made a Present of this Book to the public Library, with this Inscription, wrote with his own Hand in Capitals.

*Artis Chalcographæ primordia, Bibliothecæ
Weissius hæc David dat Monumenta sui,
Anno Domini MDLXX. Calendis Augusti.*

The five Books of Moses in Hebrew upon Leaves of Parchment, sewed together, which stretch out as long as the Gallery when they are unrolled.

The Discharge of a Janisary: It is a Piece of Paper a Foot long; on the Middle, which is of a bluish Colour, are Arabic Characters of a black Colour intermix'd with Gold Flourishes.

Twenty two Portraits of the chief Fathers of the Church, which were brought from Greece, as we were told. They appear to be very ancient, and by good Hands; for 'tis plain they are not all by the same.

A Pedestal of Silver gilt, upon which is placed an Altar of Silver a Foot thick, supporting a celestial Globe of Silver gilt, about eighteen Inches Diameter. Within the Pedestal is a Clock, with a double Bell; and nothing can be finer than the graving on the Globe. 'Tis very odd that Charles Patin does not mention this public Library, tho' he takes notice of a private one not equal to it.

Private
Library.

The Library-keeper, a very learned Man, not only in Theology, but in Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy, was so kind as to wait on us to the most remarkable private Library in Augsburg; it belong'd to Theophilus and Gabriel Spitzelius Father and Son, who were both very able Divines. The latter died but lately, and left no Son; so that this Library, furnished with excellent Books, such as the best Editions of the Greek and Latin Fathers, the Councils, and other valuable Pieces, is now to be sold. Mr.

Charles

Charles Patin has not said a Word of this Library neither, tho' that and the public one be by far the best here.

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The same Library-keeper who is equally obliging and very curious, told us of a Horse that had been about eight Days here, and occasioned more Discourse wherever he went, than even the famous *Bucephalus* did. He would needs regale us with a Sight of this Horse, which, without the Reputation that *Alexander's* had, performs an Infinity of Actions which the other never did, notwithstanding all the Sagacity Historians have ascribed to him. This little Animal is without doubt the greatest Rarity of its Kind in the World, not only on Account of the Agility and Address with which he jumps through several pretty narrow Hoops, placed at considerable Distances from one another; but of the Sagacity, the Judgment, and Prudence he shews in many Actions. He dances all Sorts of Dances, grave and gay, Minuet, Courant, Saraband, Boree, &c. He marches sometimes on three Legs, sometimes on two, counterfeits Lameness, Death, and plays an Infinity of other Pranks.

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BURG.
A won-
derful
Horse.

But because all this may perhaps be reconciled with the Clock-work of *Descartes*, I will mention to you some Things he does, which plainly shew Discernment, and a Kind of Reason. Shew him ever so many Watches, at whatever Hour you please to set them, he never fails to mark, by stamping with his Foot what a Clock it is on each Watch. Take a Pack of unused Cards, and shew them in any Order you please to this Animal, and he never fails to tell how many Points are in the Card you shew him, by thumping as often with his Foot as there are Points in it. When his Master bids him go and pay his Compliments to the purest Virgin, or the chastest Man in the Company, he never fails to pick out the youngest and handsomest Girl, and the gravest and most reputable Man; present to him two Glasses, one of red, the other of white Wine, and he will take the red or the white which ever you name to him, and drink it up without spilling a Drop. Nay fill Glasses with Rhenish, Necker, or Tyrol Wines, and though they be almost undistinguishable by the Colour, he will single out the particular Wine you bid him to take. He eats every Thing except Meat and Fish, with the greatest Neatness, and makes his Compliment after eating to his Benefactor, by a Bow to him, or by kissing his Hand.

But which is yet more surprising than all this (and his Master affirms it in the most solemn Manner to be strictly true) when his first Owner died the poor Beast shewed such Grief that he shed Tears, would not eat for three Days, and had almost died of Hunger because he no longer saw him, who used to be about him every Day. What more is necessary to entitle this Animal to be called a Prodigy?

After this, Sir, will you persist in affirming, with certain Philosophers of your Acquaintance, that all this Sagacity is mere Clock-work, and nothing more? I grant that when I read the Reasonings of those Philosophers who maintain that Beasts are but Machines, I am so outwitted by them

Philoso-
phical
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xions up-
on the
Sagacity
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that I cannot refute their Opinion; but no sooner do certain Experiments or Facts present themselves to my Observation, than I renounce their System, and *Automaton* is to me a barbarous, unintelligible Term. Subtilize about it as much as you please.—I give fair play to your Physics and Metaphysics.—Reconcile, if you can, *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Descartes*, *Gassendi*, *La Chambre*, *Robault*, and other learned Authors, who would pass their Visions in Relation to Brutes upon us for true Philosophy.—Give me a neat, consistent System with Regard to their Instincts—Shew me a palpable Difference between Instinct and human Reason—Prove to me that the Brutes have no Soul, that they do not think—In one Word define them as you will—I give you full Liberty; but I must believe what I see. And this Account I have given you of the little Horse is in all Circumstances as true, as it is that we must die. Now these Actions and many other such which this Animal performs, what are they? Operations of Mechanism and certain Springs, of Instinct, of Reason, or of Prudence?

Descartes's Opinion concerning Brutes confuted.

Descartes and his Followers tell us, Beasts do not think; that they are nothing more than Clocks or Watches, without Consciousness or Sensation: And thus does the same wonderful Philosopher syllogize, *I think; therefore I am*. But I am sure that could this Horse, or several other Animals, which have shewn on many Occasions more Sense, more Gratitude, more Wit and Sagacity than a great Number of Men would have done—Could they understand this sublime Syllogism, could they recover the Tongues they had in *Æsop's* Days, they would answer this Philosopher in his own Stile, and turn his own Weapon upon him thus. *We think, and therefore we are*; for if Beasts are nothing but Machinery, without Reason, without Judgment, nay, and without some Language too, by which they can make known their Thoughts and Feelings one to another, how could they possibly have contrived and executed several Thefts, and a thousand other Schemes, which in all Appearance were very cunningly laid, and wisely carried on?

Surprising Instances of the cunning of Monkeys at the Cape of Good Hope.

Among many Examples of this Sort, which I have heard attested by Men of the greatest Candour and Probity, I will only tell you one, which I had concerning some Monkeys at the *Cape of Good Hope*, from a Friend of mine, Nephew to the late Governour of a Fortrefs, which the *Dutch* have in that most Southern Part of *Africa*, who was seven Years there in the Quality of Major of the Place. This Gentleman assured me at *Amsterdam*, where he now lives, that a Garden of about fifteen Acres, which the *East-India* Company has made there, is filled with Fruits of all Kinds, that grow in any Part of the known World, for the Refreshment and Use of Vessels going and returning from the *East-Indies*, and surrounded by a very high Wall. Among other Fruits he told me, that the Melons there are exquisitely delicious. Now, continued he, at the Season when these Melons are in perfect Maturity, the Monkeys come in the Night-time to this Garden in Troops; some of them get over the Wall, and the rest stay on the other Side: The former range themselves in a

Line

Line at convenient Distances all the Way from the Bed of the best Melons to the Foot of the Garden-wall; and being thus posted, they convey the best Melons they can pick out from Hand to Hand, till they come to the Sentinels placed on the Top of the Wall, who throw them down to those left on the other Side, who, when they have got as many as they can conveniently carry off, make a particular Noise, which is repeated by these Sentinels, as a Signal to their Companions in the Garden to return. This Gentleman protested to me that this is Fact; that his Uncle and he had often had the Pleasure of seeing it in Moon-light, from a Balcony that looked into the Garden; and that they had often made those Arch-thieves take to their Heels, and leap the Walls in a great Hurry, by discharging a Pistol in the Air.

This is not all I have to tell you, from the same Gentleman's Information, of Monkeys. He added, that amongst various Sorts of Monkeys about this Cape, and in the adjacent Countries, there are some of a very robust large Species, who are passionately fond of Women. This is very credible. We have seen many such in *Europe*. But the Females, or She-apes of the same Species, are no less amorous of Men. Every Body knows that the *Caffres*, or as the *Dutch* call them the *Hottentots*, are the ugliest, nastiest, laziest Creatures on Earth, without any Notion of a Deity, and by Consequence without any Principles or Scruples of Conscience. The Men or Women of this brutal Nation, who like delicate Bitts, court the Embraces of these Monkeys, and when a Man or a Woman has once cast an amorous Glance towards one of them, they are sure to be liberally provided with the best Fruits in that Part of the World. Their Lovers bring them the finest, being excellent Judges of the Taste of Fruits, and capable of distinguishing what most pleases the Palates of their Paramours, so soon as they have seen them eat what they like best.

All this I can believe too; but what I own I have some Difficulty in crediting is, that (which he affirmed likewise) these Apes have the Wit to make Assignations, which they keep precisely at the Times and Places appointed: These meetings are always in a private out-of-the-way part of some Forest, as if they themselves had some Sense of Shame, and were conscious of the Wickedness of the Commerce. He or she who desires to find a Gallant among these Monkeys has nothing to do but to go into the Woods which they frequent, and shew their Sex. For immediately these Animals present themselves a Dozen at a Time perhaps, and leave the free Choice of a Lover or Mistress to the Men or Women who come for that Purpose; and the Choice being made, the rest never disturb the one pitched upon, in the free Enjoyments of his Rights. So loving and faithful are these Monkeys, Male and Female, that a Gallant among them will risk his Life in Defence of the *Hottentot* who chose him, and has had Intrigues with him, if her Husband should catch them in the Fact, and resent it. A Husband and five other *Caffres* were so sadly mauled and wounded on an Occasion of this Kind, that they were forced to quit the Field of

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Battle:

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Another
curious
Story of
Monkeys
who are
passionate-
ly amo-
rous of
Men and
Women.

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Battle: There came such a Troop of Monkeys upon hearing the Cries of one of their Companions, that the Men took to their Heels: The Monkeys pursued these Fellows with Stones and Sticks till they had drove them out of the Wood; and then they led the Woman away with them in Triumph, and hid her so securely that she could never again be found or heard off: The Monkey dying of the Bruises he had received in this Scuffle with his Mistress's Husband, his Comrades, to revenge themselves the best they could of his Death, pillaged the Night following several Gardens near the Forest, so that there was nothing left in them of any Kind, Herb-Root, or Fruit.

Animals
are not
Machines.

Here is what I have learned from a Person of Distinction, Honour, and Probity, who could have no Interest in coining such a Fable. Now if all this be true, as I can easily believe, after what I saw the little Horse perform Yesterday, will you not yield to me that a Monkey is a Machine, which has a good Deal of Wit and Reason? For if this pretended Machine had not a large Share of both, how could the Monkeys have robbed the Melon-bed so sily, with so much Stratagem? Who taught them to know when the Melons were at their best? Who taught them that Language by which they made Signals to one another, when it was convenient to make their Retreat? Whence could they have learned their Love to Men and Women, and the Art of understanding their Desires, and of carrying on Intrigues with them with such Subtlety? What inspires them with such Constancy, and with such a Spirit of Revenge in Behalf of their Lovers, and of one another! I again repeat it, if such an Animal be no more than a Machine, you must agree with me that it is a very judicious and witty one. Were I of the Humour of certain Gentlemen, who like to make a Dissertation of forty Pages upon the merest Trifle, I could on this Subject expatiate at great Length rather in Favour of *Pliny*, as great a Liar as he was, than of *Descartes*, who pretends that Man alone is dignified with Reason, and that all other Animals are but *Automata*, i. e. Machines.

I remember that happening one Day to dine at Mr. M—, a Vice-Admiral of *England*, who for a Man of his Profession knows a great Deal; he proved to us by two Actions done in his Sight by his Coachman's Dog, that this Dog had more Reason than a certain Person, who was just gone out of the Room. He added very merrily, that he knew several Persons who had no more of the Man but the outward Figure, and into whose Bodies Nature had only put Souls, as a Sausage-maker does Salt into that of a Hog, just enough to keep it from stinking. In Reality how ignorant at the best is Man! His Senses are struck or impressed, he knows not how, or by what Cause.

*Quam varia exercent hominum miracula mentes,
Quorum constitui non ratio ulla potest!*

Man

Man will needs comprehend, explain, account for every Thing; his blind Self-love makes him refer all to himself as the chief End; he imagines he can penetrate into the most hidden Secrets of Nature; yet in Truth he strictly speaking knows nothing at all, or what he knows is but a mere Trifle; all he sees is only the Outside of Things. And I could forgive his not believing what he does not see, if he could give any reasonable Account of any Thing he does see.

I would gladly, for Example, find a Naturalist, who could give me a solid and satisfactory Reason why these Quadrupeds, Horses, Oxen, Asses, Cats, Dogs, Hares, Rabbits, Rats, Mice, &c. see almost as well in the Night as in the Day: And why there are other Animals who only see in the Day, and not at all in the Night? This is the Case with all Birds, a few only excepted, such as Bats, Owls, Scritch-owls, &c. all this is by a Quality peculiarly given by the Author of Nature to each Species, without any exterior Aid. On the other Hand why is Man, who thinks himself the most reasonable and perfect of Creatures, so made, that he can never see of himself without some additional Help, as the Sun, the Moon, Stars, or a Torch to give him Light? Does not this prove his Vanity, and the very inconsiderable Pre-eminence Nature has given him above the other Animals, whatever he may imagine to the contrary? She hath indeed been much more liberal to other Creatures he calls his Inferiors. Find me out an able Naturalist who can unridle and give me a satisfying Solution to these Questions, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo*: Such a one would give infinite Pleasure, as he would extricate me out of many and many Uncertainties. But I fear this skilful Philosopher is as difficult to be found as the Philosopher's Stone, and that it is Dame-Nature herself alone that can render a true Account of these Things, and a thousand more, which are all above our Apprehension. This is my Sentiment, and it was the Opinion of the Author of this Sonnet, which because it is to the present Purpose, and one of the best I have seen, I will here transcribe to you.

*Nature, enseigne nous par quel bizarre effort
Notre Ame quelquefois hors de nous est ravie :
Dis nous comme à nos Corps elle même asservie
S'agite, s'assoupit, se réveille, & s'endort.*

*Les plus vils Animaux, plus heureux dans leur sort,
Vivent tranquillement sans crainte & sans envie,
Exempts de mille maux qui troublent notre vie,
Et de mille terreurs que nous donne la Mort.*

*Assemblage confus d'Esprit & de matiere,
L'Homme vit avec trop, ou trop peu de lumiere
Pour distinguer ses biens, ou connoître ses maux.*

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The Pride
and Igno-
rance of
Man.

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*Change l'état obscur où toi-même nous ranges ;
Nature, abaisse nous aux sens des Animaux,
Ou bien élève nous à la clarté des Anges.*

Man's
Pride very
unreason-
able.

But I will moralize no more. 'Tis enough that I lose myself in such Speculations, without drawing others into the same Abyss after me. The grand Source of all human Perplexity and Vanity is, that Man does not Study himself sufficiently, or with due Attention, and that seduced by his blind Self-love, he rashly assumes a Pre-eminence to himself above all other Beings. Proud of his pretended Reason, and his so much boasted of Understanding, he will needs submit to it alone, and erect it into the sole and sovereign Judge of all Things, and not allow the Animals, he calls contemptuously Brutes, to appeal to the Tribunal of their common Creator. Yet this vain Mortal, named Man, does not know himself, nor can he give a reasonable Explication of the simplest Operations of Nature performed in himself, or in other Beings before his Eyes. Will Man never perceive the Absurdity of his Arrogance? Will he still continue to puff himself up with vain Conceit, and to set up for a God, tho' every Thing upbraids his Understanding, and shews its Scantiness and narrow Limits? His own Structure, his five Senses, the Fever, and an Infinity of other Accidents; the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, the Fire that belches out of some Mountains, the Snow which hath covered others ever since the Deluge, and a Thousand other Phenomena, into the Causes of which he is unable to penetrate. *Virgil* might well say in the second Book of his *Georgics*,

*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus. Strepitumque Acherontis avari!*

But this happy Judge of the Origin and Causes of Things, and Contemner of Death, has never yet existed, and will always be no more than an imaginary Entity. I again aver that Man is very unhappy in not knowing himself, and yet more unhappy in never seeking after this Knowledge.

Man in
several
Respects
inferior to
many
other
Animals.

We returned thanks to our Library-keeper for having entertained us with so great a Curiosity, and begged him to do us the Pleasure to spend the rest of the Day and Evening with us, which he most obligingly consented to do. The little Horse, and what I have just now told you of the Monkeys at the *Cape of Good Hope*, afforded us Conversation before and during Supper. The Doctor enlarged on this Subject in such a Manner as shewed equally his Reading and his Wit. He set forth with such Eloquence the Advantages of Beasts, in Respect of their natural Instincts and Knowledge, above Mankind, who know nothing of themselves: He pointed out in such lively Colours the Happiness of Brutes, in not being tormented

mented by the agonizing Fears of Death, which so terribly torment Men: He so clearly defined the pretended human Reason, which only serves to render us more criminal, in Consequence of the Ascendant we allow our Appetites and Passions to get over it: He described so forcibly the Abuses we make of our Reason (which does us no other Service, said he, but to render ourselves more miserable, and to aggravate the Unhappiness of all depending on us) and compared it so fully with the Instincts infused by Nature into Animals, to be their Guides, from which they never deviate: In one Word, he so pleaded the Cause of Beasts; so exalted the Brutes above Man, with Regard to the present Life, and so humbled and vilified Mankind, and their so greatly boasted of Reason with Respect to Eternity, that he almost made a Gentleman, who was in our Company, and me say with the famous *Des Barreaux*.

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*Je me dégrade de RAISON,
Je veux devenir un Oyson,
Je renonce à toute Science
En bûvant toujours du meilleur:
Celui qui croit en Connoissance,
Ne fait qu'accroître son malheur.*

Thus, Sir, you see how the wonderful Address of this little Horse which we saw to Day, and the Actions we often see Dogs, Monkeys, Foxes, Elephants, and other Animals perform, led us into very profound Discussions.

One Story more I can't forbear mentioning upon this Occasion, as being still more wonderful than the former. I had it from Baron *Newland*, a Nobleman of *Guelderland*, and Captain of a Man of War in the *States General's* Service, a Gentleman on whose Veracity you may entirely rely. Here it is.

A surpris-
ing In-
stance of
the In-
stinct of
Rats.

This Officer being sent to *Spain* in Time of War to convoy some Merchantmen, the Surgeon of his Ship finding it was to no Purpose he every Morning counted the Eggs which were kept for his Patients, and carefully locked up in the Hold; and that many of them were daily missing, he at last suspected his Servants of having a false Key, and stealing them. Accordingly he struck one of them, who had given him a sawcy Answer on this Occasion. The Lad not used to such Caresses, resolved to find out the Thief, and actually brought it about. Having told the Discovery to his Master, he would not believe him, and was a going to strike him again. The poor Fellow, almost distracted, applied to the Captain, namely the Baron himself, who proved as incredulous as the Surgeon. However his Obstinacy in affirming what he had seen at last prevailed upon this Gentleman.

Accordingly he ordered the Closet, where the Eggs were deposited, to be bored through in several Places with a large Gimlet, and he with several

others

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others went down about Midnight, and posted themselves each at his peep Hole. A few Minutes after they saw three large Rats coming to a Barrel wherein the Eggs lay, and which was half empty, and had the Satisfaction of seeing their whole Contrivance in conveying them away.

One of the Rats went down into the Barrel, a second got up and posted himself upon the Edge, and the third stay'd without at the Foot of it. It was impossible for the Spectators (tho' there was a Lamp burning in the Closet) to see what the Rat in the Barrel was adoin'g, but he that stood upon the Edge seem'd to stoop into it, and draw up something to him, raising himself up gradually; the other that was without got upon the Hoops, and raising his Head as high as he could, received into his Mouth something from that of the other upon the Edge: Upon which this last plunged once more, and drew again something which he also gave over to the Rat on the Hoops, and this proved to be the Tail of the Rat in the Barrel, whom they were drawing out of his Confinement. His whole Body appeared at last with his Head downwards, and holding an Egg in his four Paws. Then his Companions having put him in equilibrio, and upon his Back on the Edge of the Barrel, still holding fast the Egg, the one took him by the Tail, and the other by one of his Ears, and thus gently from Hoop to Hoop brought him down to the Ground. This done, and he being still upon his Back, and having his Prey between his Paws, they dragg'd him along by his Tail towards a private Place where the Spectators lost Sight of them. But they soon after came back, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour play'd over the same Trick at least three Times, and thus carried off as many Eggs.

Refle-
xions up-
on this
Story.

Now pray tell me once more, good Sir, whether all this was the Operation of Machinery and Instinct, or of Reason and Judgment? If Beasts be Engines, without Thought, Consciousness, Reason, or even have no Way of communicating their Designs and Schemes to one another, how could these Rats have concerted this Manner of stealing the Eggs, and of carrying them off safe without breaking them. How many Villains are every Day hanged, whose Robberies are not half so cunningly contrived and executed? Treat the Story before us as a Fable if you please, as a Tale to lull Children asleep: Tell me in the *Italian* Proverb, *Se non è vero non è mal trovato*, that will give me very little Pain. I will content myself with replying as *Sofia* does to his Master *Amphitruon* in the Comedy of *Molière* so entitled.

*C'est un fait à n'y rien connoître,
Un Fait ridicule, importun,
Un Fait choquant le Sens commun,
Qui pourtant ne laisse pas d'être.*

It

It is enough for me that I had it from a Gentleman of Honour and Probity; in fine, from an understanding, curious Man, incapable of imposing upon me, and who was an Eye-witness to it. *Fides ex auditu, certitudo ex visu*, says the Gospel.

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However, the first Letter you do me the Honour to write to me after you receive this, pray tell me your Sentiments about this Matter. I am perhaps the farthest from Possitiveness of any Person living, very easily abused of Errors and Prejudices, being very sensible how easily I may be deceived. With Regard to profane History I carry, perhaps, Scepticism as far as any Body; but allow me pray to think our little Horse something more than mere Machinery, and much more to deserve an Epitaph after his Death than the Roman Mule, for which there is this Inscription, upon a mounting Stone, in the Road from Rome to Tibur, now called *Tivoli*.

DIS. PEDIBVS. SACRVM.
CHIVCHIAE. DORSIFERAE. ET. CLVNIFERAE.
AC. PESSVETAE. ET. MANSVETAE.
CVIVIS. VT. INSVLTVRAE. DESVLTURAE. COMMODETVR.
PVB. CRASSVS.
MVLAE. SVAE. CRASSAE. BENEFERENTI.
SVPPEDANEVM. HOC. CVM. RISV. POSVIT.
VIXIT. ANN. III. MENS. X. DIE. V. NOCT. $\frac{1}{6}$.

An Inscription
in Honour
of a Mule.

I have not given you a full Account of all the surprising Feats this wonderful Creature does perform: But most of them are beyond Imagination. By the Way I told his Master that I did not advise him to shew his Horse at *Madrid* or *Lisbon*. For most certainly he would soon have the Lictors of the holy Inquisition at his Heels, and both Master and Horse would be burnt for Sorcerers.

CH A P. XLII.

Augsburg. The Cathedral. Pictures in it. Strange Whims and Impertinences of a Painter. The Bishop of Augsburg. His Palace and his Jurisdiction. The famous Confession of Augsburg. Reflexions upon the Politics and Religion of Charles V. Emperor. The Caprice of a Painter.

THE Cathedral of *Augsburg* dedicated to the holy Virgin, and the Episcopal Palace, employed a great Part of this Day. The first is a Gothic Building, with two Steeples ending in Points. We examined, with some Attention its Brass-gate amongst the Carvings, on which Mr. *Misson* says, he was shewn in the Representation of the Creation, that it was

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The Cathedral.
Its Antiquity.

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the

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Errors in
Mr. Mis-
son.

the Virgin Mary who created Eve, and made her out of one of Adam's Ribs. But, take my Word for it, there is not a Jot of all this true. First of all the Port is not of Brass, it is of Wood, covered with very thin Copper-plates. In the second Place, the pretended Figure of the Virgin Mary creating *Eve*, is plainly a Figure of a Man, and the very Copy of the same Person who creates *Adam*. What may have deceived our Author is, in all Likelihood, that both these Figures have long Gowns down to their Heels, and that the Visage of the one he took for the Holy Virgin is more defaced than any of the rest. However, had he given himself the Trouble to examine these two Figures with the least Attention, and not run away with the first Fancy that struck his Noddle, he would never have advanced such a piece of Nonsense.

Several
Pictures
of Bishops

In a Corner of this Church near the Entry are the Portraits of the Bishops of *Augsburg*, with their Names in Chronological Order from *St. Denis*, who according to his Legend flourished towards the Close of the III^d Century to the last, who died in 1690. making in all Sixty five.

Some
very odd
ones.

Among many Pictures with which this Church is adorned there are not a few very particular ones with Regard to the Caprice and Fantasticalness of the Painters; one representing *Limbo*, under the Figure of two Caverns, where no Light enters but by a few Air-holes, in which, on the Fore-ground, are the Souls of *Adam* and *Eve*, *Noah*, *Abraham* with his Knife yet in his Hand ready to sacrifice *Isaac*, *Aaron* in his Pontifical Habit, *Moses* with his Horns, *David* with his Harp, and a vast Troop of other Ghosts in the remotest View of the Picture.

But the most remarkable of all the Figures in this Piece is that of the good Man *Joseph*, Husband to the Holy Virgin. This Soul is extremely pale and livid; he holds a Lilly in his Hand: Two Angels who are conducting him to *Limbo* shew him the Entry into it, as *Mercury* pointed out the Mouth of Hell to *Penelope's* Gallants when he led them thither. And his Ghost appears as reluctant to go into *Limbo*, as these miserable Suitors were to enter into Hell.

In another Picture is seen the Virgin with *Jesus Christ* on her Lap, and the Infant putting the whole terrestrial Globe, with great Ease, upon the Shoulders of the Giant—*St. Christopher* who is on his Knees upon a Cloud, and leans upon a Baton as thick as the Mast of a Ship. *St. John* the Evangelist (who is represented as a full grown Man, tho' *Christ* be here but an Infant of two Years old) is standing by the Virgin, and seems to be in great Pain what is to become of the World, which this *St. Goliath* is going to carry off: At the Foot of this Picture is this Inscription, in which there is Plenty of *Magnus's*.

*Mariae Mag. Virgini.
Joanni Virginis Magno clienti.
Christophoro Mag. Martyri.
Debiti cultus aeternum Simbolum.*

I pass

I pass many other Pictures in which there are gross Absurdities, for fear of exhausting your Patience. But here is one which we may well call a String of tip-top ones; the arrantest Impertinences into which it is possible for a Painter to fall. It is a large Piece done by a German, in which are *Noah* and his Family, who having built the Ark, puts all the Animals into it which were necessary to preserve the several Species. He is not painted, as *Scarron* represents the Father of *Aeneas* in his *Virgil* burlesqued, that is,

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Others
still more
ridiculous.

*Comme défunt Monsieur Anchise.
Beau Vieillard à la barbe grise.*

The Painter has thought fit to dress him like an *Armenian* Lord: He imagined perhaps that since *Noah* was to land in that Country upon Mount *Ararat*, it was proper that he should arrive there apparelled according to the Fashion of the Country. The Edges of his Gown, and the Extremities of its Sleeves are laced most magnificently with a Gold Brocade: He has a Cane in his Hand, and a Commander's Batoon in the other, and struts like the General of an Army. The good Patriarch's Wife is arrayed like a Sultaneſs, and appears much younger and gayer than her Daughters-in-law. She is close by her Husband, has a little *Bologna* Dog in her Arms, and they both seem to look very intently upon their Sons and their Wives, who are carrying the Baggage into the Ark. Here are all Sorts of Animals except the Rhinoceros, the Crocodile, and Monkey. 'Tis not improbable that the Painter thought the good *Noah* would not save such three mischievous Creatures, who were likely to be very troublesome in the Voyage. As for Sheep there is at least a Dozen of them: And in this the Painter shews his Providence by putting as many into the Ark, as would make sufficient Provision for the little Family. There are two Parrots, one of which holds in his Claws a very curious written Paper, containing in *Latin*, *Italian*, and *German* the Lessons *Noah* and his Children had taught him in these three Languages: No doubt the Painter thought *Noah* must have understood them all. This strange Galimathias is painted in two Columns thus:

<i>Gloria in excelsis Deo.</i>	<i>Pater Marco, Pater Marco *</i>
<i>Deus omnia videt.</i>	<i>Viva la Cella.</i>
<i>O! mein Gott. Dio mio!</i>	<i>Pax in cella, foris bella.</i>
<i>Miserere mei Deus!</i>	<i>Werda, Werda. Turcken, Turcken.</i>
<i>S. Maria ora pro nobis.</i>	<i>Memento mori.</i>
<i>Pax vobis. Allegramente.</i>	<i>Memento viva.</i>
<i>Patron, Patron, hast mir lieb?</i>	<i>Rara avis in Terra. 1691.</i>

* Father Marcus d'Aviano, famous for his pretended Miracles.

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'Tis Pity this Painter hath not put his Name to this ingenious Work, as well as the Date, that all who see it might have the Satisfaction of knowing who he was that had so delightful an Invention. For my Part I think the Chapter of this Cathedral ought to have rewarded him with a Professor's Chair in some Madhouse.

In fine, the most remarkable Thing in this Cathedral is a large portable Altar of Silver gilt, placed against a Baluster of Brass in the Entry to the Choir. In the Middle of this Altar is a large Tabernacle also of Silver gilt, adorned with Festoons of Silver, containing the Holy Sacrament: Above which is a very fine Crucifix of the same Metal.

The Bi-
shop of
Augsburg,
and his
Character

From the Cathedral we went to see the Bishop's Palace. This Prelate is Son to the late Duke of *Nuremberg*, and Brother to the Elector Palatine. We sent to ask leave to pay our Respects to him. You won't easily guess what Answer was brought to us. His Grand Master of the Horse sent a Footman to acquaint us that if we were *Herrn Graaffen*, i. e. Counts, or at least Barons, we might have that Honour. But if we were but Merchants, we could not be permitted to approach him. We replied to this fine Compliment, that we were neither, but that the Elector Palatine, the Electors of *Treves* and of *Mayence*, nor even the Prince Royal of *Prussia*, the Prince of *Orange*, the Prince Hereditary of *Bareith*, the Duke of *Sax-Zeist*, and several others had not been so delicate. The Lacquey returned to make his Report; but it had no Effect. We were forced to dispense with having the Honour of kissing this proud Bishop's Hand. If we may Credit the Rumburs of this Town, this Prelate is troubled now and then with little Fits of Distraction occasioned by *Vertigo's*.

The Bi-
shop's
Palace.

His Palace is an old *Gothic* Mansion made up of Pieces added from time to time, which deserve no better Name than that of so many Rat-nests. The only tolerable Thing in it, is a Portico with Iron-rails that reaches the whole Length of the Garden. The Stables are suitable to the rest of the Palace, and so ill furnished that we saw but half a Dozen of Horses in them. As we were going out of them, a Groom planted himself at the Door and demanded *Trinck-gilt* with an Air as polite as the Grand-Ecuyer's Compliment. We gave him something without haggling, for if we had not the Fellow would have shut us in. It is the Custom, and we must submit.

His Juris-
diction.

The Bishop has no Jurisdiction over the City of *Augsburg*: It extends no farther than the Palace, some Houses of Canons, 14 large and about 30 small Gardens: But to make amends for that, a considerable Part of the Territory about the Town is subject to him, as well as *Dillingen* where he principally resides, which is a pretty little Town with an University. It stands upon the *Danube*, about ten Leagues from *Augsburg*, and two from *Hogstett*.

The Con-
fession of
Augsburg.

They conducted us to the famous Hall in which *Luther* and *Melancthon* presented to *Charles V.* in 1530. the celebrated Confession of Faith, called ever since, the Confession of *Augsburg*. *Lampadius* a learned Professor of Divinity informs us in his *Mellificium Historicum*, that this Prince prepared himself

himself for that important Affair by Prayers and Tears. He adds, that he cried out; *Quis ego sum qui Evangelio repugnare possim? Orate pro me miserere ut in veritate constanter persistam.* And said, that if *Luther* should be able to find no other Shelter on Earth, he would protect him. Yet after all this fine Discourse he condemned this Confession, at the Instigation of the Cardinal *Campegius* the Pope's Legat, of *Eccius*, *Faber* and other Catholic Divines. This Condemnation was signed by 5 Electors, 30 Ecclesiastic and 24 Lay-Princes, 22 Abbots, 33 Counts and Barons, and 39 Free-Cities.

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Melancthon, who had drawn up this Confession, complains of this unjust Condemnation in one of his Letters: *Non delector (says he) recordatione Committorum Augustanorum in quibus tristi & atroci Sententia damnati sumus.* On the other Hand, the Catholics accuse *Charles V.* of having been actuated in that Affair rather by political Views, than by Zeal for Religion. They say he had actually put into Practice the same Maxim in Germany, which a King of Egypt in ancient Times practised with respect to his People. "He gave them different Gods, says History, in order to sow Discord amongst them and to prevent their rising against him." 'Tis added, with Relation to *Charles V.* that the War he waged against the Elector of Saxony having taken its rise from Religion, it was astonishing that he should have set that Prince at Liberty without one Article in the Treaty with him in Favour of Religion. The same Historians tell us, that a little after he had the Assurance to cause the famous *Interim* to be drawn up and published, in order to regulate the Consciences of the Germans, till a general Council should be assembled; which Step was looked upon as an Encroachment upon the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, and ascribed it to his Contempt of the Court of Rome.

Reflexions
of the
Protestants
and R.
Catholics
upon
Charles
Vth's
Conduct.

The Diet of *Augsburg* which was held in 1555, and by whom it was ordained, that those of that Confession should be allowed to enjoy Liberty of Conscience amongst Catholics, fully convinced the World that no Sovereign better understood how to accommodate spiritual with temporal Concerns, and that he had much more Politics than Religion.

However *Sandoval* Bishop of *Pampelune*, who has wrote his Life, has almost made a Saint of this Emperor. For my own part, his Actions leave me no room to doubt that Religion and Conscience gave him very little trouble about pursuing what he took to be his Interest. *Charles V.* was a Catholic, but he was a Man too; and which is more, a Prince who aspired at universal Monarchy, after which we need say no more.

True
Character
of *Charles*
V.

Having mentioned *Sandoval*, the most partial Chronicle-writer or Historian that ever was, I can't forbear taking Notice by the Way, that this poor Bishop commits the grossest Blunders in the World, through his excessive Zeal to exalt his Nation above all the rest in the World, and thereby renders his History very ridiculous. For Instance, having praised a thousand times the *Spaniards* for their Bravery, their Intrepidity, their Generosity, their Candour, Humanity, and I know not how many other Virtues which he

Criticism
on *Sandoval's*
History.

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he falsely ascribes to them; he adds, that they were so respected throughout the whole World, that at the Diet held at *Spire* in 1544, the *Germans*, who are, says he, naturally the proudest People in the World, presented the meanest *Spaniard* with Civilities, and gave him the middle of the Street and the Pass on every Occasion, insomuch, that if a *Spaniard* was a Horseback, the highest *German* Lord would stop to give him way. The Author's own Words are worth copying: *Si topavan con un Espannol de mediano talle, se deshonetavan quantos le veyan, si bien fuesen Tudescos Principales, y se apartavan para dar lugar que passasse, aunque el Espannol fuesse a Cavallo.* I would fain ask if it became a *Spaniard*, one so swoln with Vanity as this *Sandoval* was in particular, to charge other Nations with Pride?

A Caprice
of a Painter.

I took notice of a Picture in the Collegiate Church of St. *Maurice*, which fairly gives the lie to that in the Cathedral, where St. *Joseph* is conducted into Limbo by two Angels much against the Grain. For in this which represents St. *Joseph* in the Agonies of Death, *Jesus Christ* stands by him at the Side of his Bed, and there are two Angels behind him in the Habits of Lacqueys: On the other Side is the *Virgin Mary* holding her Husband by the Hand, and dissolving in Tears. Under the Bed are Carpenter's Tools of all Sorts: The Holy-Ghost hovers in the Shape of a Dove directly over his Head, and God the Father in the Form of an old Man rides on the Clouds surrounded by a Number of Angels, who are stretching their Arms to the dying Person, in order to receive his Soul and carry it strait to Paradise. All this demonstrates the Ignorance of the former Painter, and shews he knew nothing about the real Circumstances of *Joseph's* Death, which this other knew as exactly as if he had been present. And in good Earnest, what Probability is there that the Soul of him who had the Honour to be Spouse to the Holy *Virgin* and Foster-Father to *Jesus Christ*, was sent into this nasty Limbo, just to be taken out again with the whole Band of Patriarchs and Prophets? It was not worth while to employ two Angels to conduct him thither for so short a Space of Time.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLIII.

Augsburg. College and House of the Jesuits very magnificent. A very singular Picture. A curious History of a young Spanish Gentleman who earnestly desired the Gift of Continence. Their Library. The Reception of a Burges into the Quality of a Captain of the Militia. The Arsenal. A droll Story concerning the Women and Maids of Augsburg.

THE Reverend Fathers *Jesuits* to whom we paid a Visit to Day, are most splendidly lodged, as they are indeed every where, except at *Wirtzburg*. Gilding, Painting, Carving abound in their Church and House. The Rector and Library-Keeper received us very civilly in their Hall for the Entertainment of Strangers, where I observed above the Door, a pretty good Picture representing our Saviour in the Wilderness. You may perhaps imagine that Satan tempts him in this Piece, as this Part of our Lord's Life is commonly painted, and as it is related by the Gospel. But far from it I assure you. *Jesus Christ* sits under a Tree very much at his Ease, with a handsomely served Table before him covered with Grapes, Melons, Oranges, Lemons and other Fruits — nor is this all; five or six Angels bring from Heaven all sorts of Confections to him in large Basons of Silver gilt; three other Angels stand before him, one of whom presents a Plate of very fine Plumbs to him, the second a Bumper of Red Wine upon a Salver, and the third holds in his Hand a large Pot of Wine, whilst the fourth rinses the Glasses. What Fertility of Imagination doth this Picture shew!

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Jesuit's
College
and com-
cal Picture

After we too had also drank two or three Brimmers of Wine in this Hall, according to the Fashion of the Country to present Wine at all Hours, the Fathers conducted us into their Garden, which is in fine Order and very pleasant. We had made the Tour of it two or three Times, when one of our Conductors stopped on a sudden, and desired us to observe, at the End of one of the Walks, a Picture on the Wall of a very extraordinary Event that happened in their House. Could you ever have imagined that a young *Spanish* Gentleman of 24 or 25, and a Soldier by Profession, would have regretted his too great Vigour in the Article of Women? Yet nothing is truer, as these good Fathers assured us. Here is the Story.

The Gar-
den and a
singular
Picture.

Don Diego de Ledesma of a very noble Family in *Spain*, returning from the War in *Italy* in 1558. happened to pass through *Augsburg*, and going to see the *Jesuits* here, he was so edified by their exemplary Manner of Life, that he took a Fancy to be of their Number, and to renounce all the Vanities of the World. But as he found himself young and full of Fire, and having besides the original Sin of his Nation, which is of being amorous in a very high Degree, he was afraid he could never subdue his Flesh so as to attain

History of
a young
Spaniard
who desir-
ed the
Gift of
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attain the Gift of Contenance, the most essential Quality of a good *Monk*, especially amongst the *Jesuits*. He spent several Days and Nights in Prayer and Fasting to mortify his Concupiscence: But all he could do was to little Purpose; as often as he repeated his *Credo*, a *Resurrection of the Flesh* disturbed his Course, so that he could never get to *the Life eternal*.

Despairing and inconsolable for not being able to get the better of his Carnality, he rose very early one Morning, after having most fervently prayed to God to help his Infirmary, and went to take a walk in the great Street near the Town-house. There our Lord appeared to him, exhorted him to persevere in his Resolution of forsaking the World, and promised him that he should be enabled to live chastly for the Future, and as an Earnest that he would fulfil his Promise, gave him a Crucifix adorned with two white Lillies the Symbols of Purity. *Don Diego* having returned his most hearty Thanks to *Jesus Christ*, came back with great Cheerfulness to the Reverend *Jesuits*, and told them his Adventure with such an Air of Veracity, that they did not doubt of the Miracle, tho' there was no other Witness to confirm his Assertion besides the Crucifix he shewed them. Immediately after the young Man was quiet and easy, and took the *Jesuit's* Habit. In Memory of this wonderful Apparition, the History of it is painted, and the two Reverend Fathers protested that it was as true, as that they were of *the Company of Jesus*.

Library of
the *Je-*
suits.

We went next to the Library, which is very well ordered and plentifully furnished with good Books; but few or no Manuscripts. There are some Bibles, as the *Polyglott*, that of *Plantin* and others. Here are likewise the Councils and Fathers, and an infinity of other such Books. We neither found that Ignorance nor that Rusticity in this Library-keeper, which *Mr. Misson* complains of in the Library-keeper of the *Jesuit's* College at *Munich*. He is acquainted with the Fathers, * he knows the best Editions of them, and shewed us all the Books with pleasure we asked for, without taking it in his Head to name to us all the Fathers of his Convent. He answered all our Questions very complaisantly, without knitting his Brows. And by an Excess of Civility was very pressing with us to accept of a Manuscript *Psalter* of some Antiquity, and adorned with very fine Miniatures. But in truth we were afraid to accept of the Present, out of Fear, that his Society might some Day make us pay very dear for it in *England*, in case they should ever happen, by their Intrigues, to become Masters there, as they were like to have been in the Reign of the late King *James II.*

Reception
of a Bur-
geis as
Captain
of the
Militia.

From the *Jesuit's* House we went to the Arsenal, but chiefly indeed to have the Pleasure of seeing our Landlord received into the Office of Captain of a Company in the City-Militia — for you must know, our Landlord (as indeed most *German* Inn-keepers are) is a topping Fellow. After having made his Appearance in the Court of the Arsenal, he put himself at the Head of the Company which was to receive him for their Commander. There came out of one of the lower Rooms, a Patrician who lectured to him upon the Duties of a good Officer long enough to make all the Audience yawn.

* These are *Misson's* Words.

yawn. This Harangue being ended, the Patrician asked the Candidate, if he promised to be faithful to his Country and obedient to the Magistrates, to which he answered, *ja Herr*; i. e. Yes Sir: And that with a trembling Voice, so much was he affected. Then the Patrician administered the usual Oath to him publicly, and put a Partisan into his Hand, which he did not handle with very good Grace, being more accustomed to manage a Bumper of Wine than such Kind of Arms.

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This Ceremony being over, his Company attended him to the Gate of his House, he at their Head. So soon as they arrived there, Pots of Wine were brought, which the new Captain circulated in a very edifying Manner. The first Toast was to the Emperor and his Allies, and on they went with a Number of others, till they came to the newly promoted Captains, and his old Housewife: And all the Toasts were drank bare-headed and with terrible Shouts and Drum-beating. This Exercise lasted about an Hour, and then every one went reeling home.

But to return to the Arsenal, it is a very handsome Edifice of hewn Stone. Above the Portail and in the middle of the Front, which is embellished with some Pillars and Pilasters, is the Arch-Angel *Michael* completely armed, a Head-piece only excepted, treading under his Feet *Lucifer* the Prince of Devils, whom with a flaming Sword he has in his Hand he beats soundly. On each Side of the Devil is a little young Angel, one of which holds a Pike and the other a Pair of Colours. All these Statues are of Brass. The Arch-angel is as big as a *St. Christopher* and in a very fine Attitude, with these Words to the Right, *Pacis Firmamenta*, and to the Left these, *Belli Instrumenta*. *Jourvin* of *Rockfort* in his Journey through *Germany* says, that the Front of this Arsenal is adorned with a Statue of Brass sitting upon a Heap of Arms of all Sorts. Must not he have been a very accurate Traveller? He does not tell us what the Figure is, and he says it is sitting, though it be really standing; not to mention his taking the Devil under its Feet for a Heap of Arms.

The Ar-
senal.

The higher Stories in this Arsenal are Tapistried with some antiquated rusty Arms. But as for the lower Rooms, we saw nothing in them but the Culverine of Leather mentioned by Mr. *Misson*, which is 25 or 26 foot in length. 'Tis true they told us that the *French* and *Bavarians*, after the Battle of *Hogstett* had carried off their Canon and best Arms.

Not very
considera-
ble.

To make amends for this, and in Compensation of the civil Usage they had met with at *Augsburg*, which, on account of the War was very thinly inhabited and almost desart, the *French* did their best Endeavours to people it again, for at their going off, it is said, they left no less than fifteen hundred little Citizens of their own getting in the Town. The Story adds that, by a droll Mistake, most of these Children got the Name of *Schadet-nichts*.

A comi-
cal Story
of the
Women
and Maids
of *Augs-
burg*.

'Tis customary in *Germany* for Midwives to ask unmarried Women that are in Labour, who is the Father of the Child; and those of *Augsburg* putting the same Question to the unfortunate Girls, whom the *French* had left

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with

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with big Bellies, they not daring to own that they had yielded to the Embraces of these inveterate Enemies of their Country, only answered, *Schadet nicht*, i. e. 'tis no matter. The silly Midwives, who understood no French, took it for granted that *Schadet nicht* was the Name of some French Officer : And accordingly, when they carried the Children to Church to be baptized, the Minister asking their Name, they answered also *Schadet nicht* ; and thus most of these poor Infants were christened by that odd Name, which to this Day is given by the *Augsburgers* to these Frenchify'd Germans.

C H A P. XLIV.

Augsburg. *A Cabinet of Curiosities. Many curious Roman Inscriptions. A Conspiracy formed in Favour of the Elector of Bavaria, and detected at Munich. The funeral Obsequies of Leopold Emperor at Vienna. The Impudence of a Jesuit in his funeral Panegyric upon that Prince, and ludicrously chastised by the Emperor Joseph.*

July 13.
Cabinet of
Curiosities

WE went this Morning to pay a Visit to a Doctor of Law, with whom we had the good luck to be acquainted. He is a very ingenious and learned Man, possessed of a most beautiful Cabinet of Curiosities of all Sorts, but chiefly good Books, excellent Pictures, Medals, Shells, and other Things without Number. After Breakfast, he shewed us his Garden, where are several old Roman Inscriptions on Marbles set into the Walls, and all in Capital Letters. I hope they will please you, having copied them with the greatest Care and Exactness.

Roman
Inscriptions.

MEMORIAE. ET. PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
FLABIA... CVNANIO. SERENO. NEGOT.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNIS. XXXXV. ET. M.VIII.D.VI.
HOC. FACIENDVM. CVRAVIT.
CVNANIVS. VRSACIVS.
PIENTISS. PATRI. ET. BENEMERENTI.
FECIT.

This first is a little defaced, and therefore was troublesome to decypher ; but with our Lawyer's Help we were able to do it.
Here is the Second.

P. AEL.

through GERMANY.

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P. AEL. T. SATVRNINVS.
ATILI. CV. ET. CIVIS. VET.
VIXIT. A. LXXV.
SATVRNINVS. CRESCENS.
IIII. KLEND. IAN.

The three following upon the same Marble are better preserved and easier to read.

APOLLINI. GRANNO.	DEI. APOLLINIS. GRANNI.
M. VLPIVS. SECVNDVS.	Religioni. Sacrum.
T. LEG. III. ITAL. ARAM.	 PP.
CVM. SIGNO. ARGENTEO.	DIONYSIVS. LEG. AVG. PR. PR.
V. S. L. M.	raetiae..... KAL. IVN. dd.

DEO. MERCVRIO.
SIGNO. EX. VOTO.
IVL. GALLICVS. ET.
AVREL. SIBVLLA. P. L. L.

The Four which follow were, as the Doctor told us, brought from *Padua* to this City by *Matthias Langius Augsburger*, made Cardinal by Pope *Julius II.*

I.
D. M.
TIB. CASSIO. CONSTANTINO.
IVNIORI. MISERRIMO. QVI. VIXIT.
ANNOS. III. MEN. IIIII. D.XXII. FECIT.
TIB. CL. CONSTANTIN. PATER.
FILIO. DVLCISSIMO.
A. QVO. SIBI. FACIEND. OPTAVERAT.
ET. CASSIAE. VERAЕ. MATRI. EIVS.
ET. CLAVDIIS. IANVARIO. VICTORI.
ET. MARCELLINO. LIBERTIS.
FIDELISSIMIS. VIVIS. FECIT.
ITEM. FIDELI. QVONDAM. ET.
CARO. ET. MODESTO. SVIS.
KARISSIMIS.

N n 2

II.

1705.

July 14.

AUGS-

BURG.

II.

D. M.

PORTITORI. PLVTONI. ET. PROSERP.
 HAVE. IULIA. C. F. MAXIMA. FELIX. DOM.
 TROMENT. SALON. ANIMVLA. DVLCIS.
 ANIMVLA. SUAVIS.
 ANIMVLA. IN. DEORVM. NYMERVM.
 RECEPTA.
 VNDE. TALE. QVANDO. TALE. ET.
 CUI. TALEM.
 V. A. LIX. M.VI.D.XII. HOR. NOC. IX.
 T. SCRIBONIUS. BARBVLA.
 CONIVGI. INCOMPARAB. B. M. P. C.
 ET. INFRASCTIPTIS.
 VV. C. ARRIO. MARINO.

III.

IMP. CAES. L. SEPTIMVS. SEVERVS.
 PIVS. PERTINAX. AVG. ARAB. ADIABEN.
 PARTHIC. PONT. MAX. TRIB. POT. VIII.
 IMP. II. COS. II. P. P. PROCOS. ET. IMP. CAES.
 M. AVRELIVS. ANTONINVS. PIVS. AVG.
 TRIB. POTES. IIII. PROCOS. ET. IMP.
 P. SEPTIMIUS. GETA. ANTONINVS.
 VIAS. ET. PONTES. REST. AB. AVG.
 M. P. CX.

IV.

D. M.

AEMILIAE. CHRISIDI.
 LIB. ET. CONIVGI.
 VIXIT. AN. XXXII.
 C. AEMILIUS.
 CALPVRNIANVS.
 VET. N. SVR.
 ET. SIBI.
 V. P.

This is Work enough for one Day ; and in truth my Opticks are not
 a little fatigued by copying these Inscriptions Letter after Letter with ac-
 curacy.

Returning

Returning to our Inn, our Coachman drove us cross a Street where there is plenty of old Cloaths and such Sort of Frippery hung up by the Doors and Walls of the Houses to be sold, and yet it is to Day *Sunday*. A Frippery or Brokage-trade carried on upon *Sundays* in a City which is a Medley of Catholics and *Lutherans* will perhaps surprize you, as it greatly surprized us: But our Banker informed us, that this is permitted because the Peasants have more Time to come to Town on that Day, to furnish themselves with what old Wares they want, than on Working-days. The Magistracy here have not such Regard for the Sabbath as your *Oliver Cromwel* had. He certainly would sooner have hanged all the Brokers of his Country, and burnt all their Trumpery, than have suffered such a Profanation of the Lord's-day.

1705.
AUGSBURG.
O'd
Cloaths
sold publicly at
Augsburg
every Sunday.

Munich being but nine German Leagues from *Augsburg*, we every Day hear what new things happen there. The Count *Lewenstein*, who commands in that City for the Emperor, has very lately discovered a Conspiracy which the *Bavarians* had formed of cutting the Throats of the Garrison, and of all the German Troops in the Country about it. These faithful Subjects who adore their Sovereign, though stript of his Dominions, and highly exasperated by the imperious Treatment they receive from these troublesome Guests, have always kept a strict Correspondence with the Elector; and had so prudently managed this bold Plot that it was ready to be put in Execution when it was detected, by Means of some false Brethren who were in the Secret.

July 15.
A Conspiracy at
Munich.

The *Germans* have dug up a great Quantity of Cannon, Muskets, Pistols, Sabres and all Sorts of Arms, which were hid under Ground in several Parts of the City and Country about it, with a large Provision of Bullets, Powder, &c. even of Money, which Methods had been found to convey to the Conspirators to animate and assist them in their Design. This Conspiracy makes a great Noise in this part of the World, many Persons have been committed to Custody on this Account; and all the Inhabitants of *Munich* have been disarmed, as well as the Country-people, whom they use so cruelly that Numbers of the latter have taken shelter in the Woods and Forests, where in Rage and Despair they massacre all who pass that Way, without Distinction. If this Disorder continues, it may happen to hinder our going to *Munich*, and that I own would not a little vex me: For I should be very sorry if we could not see the Elector's Palace, which is reckoned to be, beyond all Dispute, the most magnificent in *Germany*.

A Patrician of this City, a *Lutheran*, with whom I have made some Acquaintance, has just now told me another pretty singular Piece of News. One of his Friends at *Vienna* had sent him Word, that the funeral Obsequies of the Emperor *Leopold* were performed last Week at *Vienna*, in the Church of the *Augustines* and several other Churches there, with great Splendour and State. The Ceremony lasted from *Sunday* to *Thursday*. The *Castrum Doloris*, as they call it, or burning Chapel, was most magnificent, being

The funeral
Obsequies of
the Emperor
Leopold.

1705. being adorned every Day with two hundred and forty large Flambeaux of
July 15. the finest Wax, and with three thousand smaller ones, to the great Solace,
 no doubt, of the departed Soul.

AUGS.
 BURG.
 Orations
 made on
 that Occa-
 sion.

Several funeral Orations were pronounced in these Churches, in which all the Flowers of Rhetoric were most profusely displayed: On this Occasion Eloquence poured forth all its sublimest Tropes and most blustering Hyperboles: But it was the Panegyric of a certain *Jesuit* named *Father Widman* which made the greatest Noise. This Harangue received high Approbation from all the good Catholics, and all the Auditors were exceedingly moved by the extravagant Encomiums lavished upon the Emperor by this zealous Son of *Loyola*, for his pious Rage in persecuting without Mercy, the *Lutheran* and *Calvinist* Heretics, whom this good-natured *Jesuit* called in his Speech, the Pests of Kingdoms and States, Incendiaries, declared Enemies to God, whom every Catholic Prince ought to eradicate without Compassion.

Very in-
 jurious to
 the Pro-
 testants.

These Invectives so becoming the Gentlemen of that Order, highly diverted, as you may easily imagine, the Embassadors Extraordinary of *England*, *Holland*, *Denmark* and other Protestant Princes, whom the Emperor *Joseph* had invited to this funeral Oration. The first contented himself with saying very pleasantly to those about him, that "'twas pity the Queen " his Mistress and all the other Protestant Princes, his Imperial Majesty's " Allies, were not present to hear the fine Encomiums this eloquent *Jesuit* " was pleased to bestow upon them. The same Letter adds, that the Emperor signified his Displeasure against the Insolence of this *Father Widman*, and that he immediately sent the Count of *Dietrichstein* to the *English* Embassador and the other Protestant Ministers, to let them know, he was very angry at the Impertinence of the Orator, and would take Care he should be punished as his Folly deserved. But

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor bialu?
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

How the
Jesuit
 was pu-
 nished.

The condign Punishment ended in his being reprimanded by his Superior, and forbid, for the Future, to inveigh in such an open Manner against his Imperial Majesty's Protestant Allies. 'Tis true the Emperor gave this fiery *Jesuit* another Mark of his Displeasure. For, five thousand Copies of this funeral Harangue being already printed, he ordered them all to be suppressed, prohibiting under a severe Penalty any one of them to be published. Now after so severe a Chastisement, which must have so greatly mortified the Fraternity of *Jesus*, surely you won't tell me that they are Bigots at the Court of *Vienna*, or that they use Protestants uncivilly. Here is an authentic Proof to the contrary, and which enables me to confute you fully as to that Point.

I

CHAP. XLV.

1705.
July 16.

AUGS-
BURG.

Augsburg. *The Suburbs. The Port of St. Croix, and the Paintings on it. The Ignorance of Father Maimbourg. A gross Anachronism in a German Painter. The Port of the Monks Minors. The Paintings and Inscriptions on it. A strange Story of Attila King of the Huns. He takes and ravages Augsburg. A miraculous Madonna. Several very ancient Roman Inscriptions.*

THIS Day we took a View of the adjacent Parts of the Town, and went out by the Port of St. Croix, the Tower of which is painted with Pieces of History relating to *Augsburg*, as are likewise two or three other Towers. They esteem here these Fresco-paintings, as being of excellent Hands.

Gate of
St. Croix
and Paint-
ings.

The late Father *Maimbourg* of romantic Memory, never saw this Tower, otherwise he would not have failed to have done Justice to the Ancestors of the Citizens of *Augsburg*. You read in his History of the *Holy Wars*, that the Emperor *Conrad III. Lewis the Young, or VIIth of France, and Baudouin II. King of Jerusalem* besieged the City of *Damascus*, which the Avarice and Envy of some little Christian Princes of *Syria* hindered them from taking. The History of this Siege is painted upon one of the Fronts of the Tower on this Gate with an Inscription which says, that the People of *Augsburg* had a Share in it.

Ignorance
of Father
*Maim-
bourg.*

*Cunrado III^o. Casari, Augustani Militem & pecuniam
decernunt, eumque in Syriam proficiscentem, & Damas-
cum Obsidentem juvant. Anno M.C.XLVII. & VIII.*

You see by this Inscription, that the good *Ex-Jesuit Maimbourg*, a mighty Discoverer of Anecdotes, had not found out this which does some Honour to the City of *Augsburg*.

I have learned another Fact from the same History-piece which is extremely curious; namely, that King *Attabalipa, or Attabualpa*, the last *Inca* of *Peru* came to the Assistance of the People of *Damascus*, about four Ages before his Birth and the Discovery of *America* by the *Spaniards*. He is represented making a Sally at the Head of the Besieged, and backed by his *Peruvian* Master of the Horse, bravely drawing his Bow against the Christians, equipped with his Crown, his Girdle and his Buskins of Parrot's Feathers. What do you think of the *German* Painters, even the ablest among them, who giving a loose to their Fancy, commit Blunders that spoil all their Talents for Painting?

Gross
Anachro-
nism of a
Painter.

Having

1705.

July 15.

AUGS-

BURG.

Another
Port.

Having seen some of the finest Gardens, and made the Tour of the greatest Part of the City, we returned by the Port called *Nudipedum*, or the Port of the *Monks* called *Freres Mineurs*, or Minor Brethren, whose Tower is of a square Form, and all over painted in Fresco like the former. Upon one Face of it is represented the Homage paid to the Emperor *Rodolphus* of *Habsburg*, by the two Princes *Albert* and *Rodolphus* his Sons; the one for the Dukedom of *Austria*, the other for that of *Suabia*, of which he gave them the Investiture in the City of *Augsburg*. The Inscription under this Picture is in golden Letters, and in these Words :

*Albertus & Rudolphus,
Rudolphi Caesaris Filii,
Austriae & Sueviae Ducat.
A Patre donantur.
Augustae. Anno M.CC.LXXXII.*

Its Paint- Upon the opposite Face to this, are painted *Berengerus* King of *Italy* and
ings. his Son *Adelbert*, coming to deliver themselves up to the Mercy of the Emperor *Otho* the Great also at *Augsburg*, as the following Inscription informs us.

*Othoni magno Caesari
Berengarius Pater,
Et Adelbertus Filius Italiae Reges
Augustae se dedunt. Anno. D.CCC.LII.*

Surprising
Story of
Attila
King of
the *Huns*.

The third Face of the same Tower, represents a more ancient Event, which they assure us here is founded on very good Tradition. *Attila* King of the *Huns*, that terrible Instrument of the Divine Vengeance, having laid waste all the Country about *Augsburg* in the Middle of the Vth Century, and reduced this City to such an Extremity, that the Inhabitants were on the Point of surrendering at discretion to this merciless Barbarian; when an old Witch appeared on a sudden coming out of the Town, mounted on a vigorous Horse without Saddle or Bridle, which she hurried on with all possible Swiftmess towards the River *Leck*: *Attila* was just going to pass it, when he happened to spy this Sorceress amidst the Vassal-Princes who attended him in this Expedition. She cried out to him thrice with a thundering Voice: *Back, Back, Back, Attila*. These Words pronounced in so awful a Manner by a Woman with her Hair hanging loose, naked to the Middle, a frightful Visage, meagre and more begrimed than the most tawny Gypsy, who flew like Lightning through his Army without stopping, struck such a Panic into *Attila*, that this Prince, superstitious to excess, called together all his Diviners, in whom he had the greatest Confidence, to know their Opinion. These Fortune-tellers, having duly considered and examined this Prodigy, concluded that it was a Presage from Heaven to their Master,

Master, that he was to die at this Siege, if he persisted in his Design any longer. Such Menaces from above forced him to decamp; but he soon after vented his Wrath upon several other Cities, which he laid in Ruins before he went into *Gaul*, where he was beat, as you know very well, near *Chalons*, by the *Romans*, the *French*, and the *Visigoths*, under the Command of *Ætius*, King *Meroveus*, and King *Theodoric*, who died there fighting gloriously.

The Witch a Horse-back, *Attila* and his Army with the River *Leck*, are painted on this Face of the Tower; but the Inscription is so worn out, that I had a great deal of Trouble in making it out: Here it is in Capitals.

ATTILAM ANNO CCCC.LIV.

FANATICA. MVLIER.

IN. LICI. TRANSITV. CONSTERNAT.

TER. HORRENDE. INCLAMANS.

RETRO. ATILA.

However this poor City of *Augsburg*, did not long enjoy the Pleasure of this marvelous Deliverance; for, whether *Attila* had recovered a little from his superstitious Fears, or whether it was to revenge himself for his bad Success in *Gaul*, he besieged a second Time this Town in his Return, and ransacked it in so cruel a Manner, that it bore the Marks of his Fury a very long time after. And to this new Attack the old Sorcerers made no Resistance.

Returning to our Inn, our Guide made us observe a *Virgin Mary* of Stone, fixed to the Wall of the House of Baron *Grenzing* a Canon of the Cathedral, which lately performed Wonders. When the *French* and *Bavarians* besieged and took this City two Years ago, a Bomb came with such a vehement Force towards the good *Virgin*, that it was thought she would have been squashed: But the Religious Bomb, discovering who she was, stop'd short, and instead of hurting her, fell perpendicularly upon a Woman's Head who was asking Alms at the Baron's Gate; and as one may well imagine, the poor Creature, together with a sucking Child she had in her Arms, were killed on the Spot. To perpetuate the Memory of this grand Miracle, a Mark was put upon the Place, where these two poor Innocents suffered for the *Madonna*, and a Marble enchased in the Wall, with this Inscription.

D. T. O. M.

Deiparæ Virgini,

Elementorum Dominatrici.

Observatam Domum

A damnis prægrandis ignivomi Globi,

In Urbis obsidione IX. Decemb. M.DCCIII.

Cum aliis injecti,

O o

Inscription to perpetuate the Memory of the Miracle.

Numb. VI.

Et

1705.
July 17.
 AUGS-
 BURG.

*Et hîc ad ejus statuæ pedes confracti,
 Ut vel lapides Patronam loquerentur,
 Hoc perennæ gratitudinis Monumentum
 Posuit.*

*Ejusdem Domus Pro Tempore Possessor
 Johannes Christoph. à Grenzing,
 Cathed. Eccl. August. Canonicus C-cellarius,
 Nec non Rmi & Serenissimi Principis
 Episcopi Augustani
 Consil. Eccles. & Officialis.*

Now after such a shining Miracle, will you still maintain with your Huguenot Incredulity, that Pictures and Statues of Saints, particularly those of the *Virgin Mary*, are not precious before God, and highly favoured by Heaven! since Providence chose that two innocent Persons should most cruelly perish, rather than permit a Bomb so much as to touch this Image of the blessed *Virgin*?

The Doctor of Law, who saw me t'other Day copy his antique Inscriptions with such Exactness, took me for such an Admirer of Antiquity, that he came purposely this Afternoon to guide me to a House where there were some very curious ones. I went with him solely to have an Opportunity of sending you something agreeable, and in this House, called here *Peutinger Haus*, I found the eleven following Inscriptions.

I.

PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
 C. IVLIANVS. IVLIVS. DEC. MVN.
 IIII. VIRALIS. SIBI. ET.
 SECVNDINIAE. PERVINCIAE.
 CONIVGI. CARISSIMAE.
 ERGA. SE. DILIGENTISSIMAE.
 FEMINAE. RARISSIMAE.
 SINGVLARIS. EXEMPLI.
 PVDICITIAE.

QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS. XXXXV.
 MENS. VII. DIES. XXI.
 ET. IVLIANO. IVLIO. IVNIORI.
 ET. IVCVNDI. ET. IVSTO. FILIIS
 VIVIS. VIVOS. FECIT.

II. IN.

1705.
July 17.
AUGS-
BURG.

II.

IN. H. DD. DEO. SILVANO.
TEMPL. CVM. SIGNO. VE.
TVSTATE. CONLABSVM.
SEXTVS. ANTONIVS. PRIVATVS.
CIVES. TREVER. IIIII. VIR.
AVGVSTALIS. PECVNIA. SVA.
RESTITVIT.

III.

PLVTONI. ET.
PROSERPIN.
Æ. FLAVIA.
VENERIA.
BESSA. EX.
VISV. ÆDEM.
D. S. P. V. I. S. L. M.

IV.

MERCVRIO.
CVIVS. SEDES. A. TERGO.
SVNT.
APIVS. CL. LATERANS.
XV. VIR. SACR. FAC.
COS. DESIGN.
LEG. AVG. PR. PR.
LEG. III. ITAL.
V. S. L. M.

V.

IN. H. DD. DEO. MARTI.
ET. VICTORIAE.
CONTVBERNIVM.
MATICVLTORVM.
POSVERVNT. V. S.
LL. M.

VI.

MVNICIPI. ÆL. AVG. NEGOTIATOR.
N. ET. ÆDEM.
CVM. SVIS. ORNAMENTIS. SIBI. ET.
ANTONIO. AELIANO. EQVITI. ROM.
DECVRIONI. MVNIC. AEL. AVG.

1705.
July 17.
AUGS-
BURG.

TRAVELS

VII.

TRIBVNO

E

CONSVLARES. HONOR. ADEPT. ET.
ATINIAE. GEMINAE. . . .
PEREGRINIVS. BELLICOSVS. F. C.
HOMINIBVS. BONIS.

VIII.

D. M.

ET. PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
TIB. ACVTIANO. VRSACIO.
VETERANO . . . QVI. VIXIT.
ANNOS. LII. MENS. SEX. DIES. VIII.
HOC. FACIENDVM. CVRAVIT. . . .
LICIA. PIENTIA. . . CONIVGI.
BENE. MERENTI. FECIT.

S^PS^F

IX.

D M. ET.

PERPETVAE. SECVRITATĀ.
CRASSICO. CONSTANTINO.
INFANTI. DVLCISSIMO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. VII.
AELIVS. AELIANVS.
ET. CRASSICA. VRSA.
PARENTES.
FACIENDVM. CVRAVER. MT.

On the Side of the Marble where the fourth Inscription is, I observed a Figure of *Mercury*, quite naked, with a Gladiator's Mantle over his left Shoulder; a Bag of Money in his Right-hand; a *Caduceus* without Wings in his Left; his Hat is wing'd, but not his Shoes; to the Right of this Figure is a He-goat, and to the Left a Cock.

The next Inscription is on a square Altar of a grayish-coloured Stone: On one Side of which is the God *Mars* quite naked, with his Buckler and Spear; on another is Victory, with a Palm Branch, and a Crown of Laurel:

rel: On the third the God *Mercury*, with the He-goat and Cock, and on the fourth Side this Inscription.

1705.
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AUGS-
BURG.

X.

AEL. MONT. HAETER.
PRO. SALVTE. SVA.
ET. P. HISP.
CANORITI. FILII. ET.
AEL. MONT.
FESTINAE. CONIVGIS.
V. S. L. L. M.
D. D. D. VII. KAL. SEPT.
GETA. II. ET. HAVTIANO. II.
COSS.

At the Top of the Marble, on which is the following Inscription, are three Figures, two of which are Females.

XI.

D. M. T.
PERPETVAE. SECVRITATI.
OB. MEMORIAE.
PVSINTI. ET.
VICTORINÆ. SOCRS:
ET. PVSINIAE.
CONIVGI. DVLCIS-
SIMAE. . . ETVS.



Probably *Memoriae* instead of *Memoriam*, and *conjugi* for *conjugis*, are two Errors of the Sculptor.

From this House we went to that of a Canon belonging to the Cathedral, where I copied the following one, in which there is a Gap.

PARCIS.
SACRUM.
C.
COSSITIVS.
PRIMVS.
V. S. P.
L. L. M.

The

1705. The Doctor likewise led me to another House belonging to one Mr.
 July 17. Welser's, where I found this one.

AUGS-
BURG.

MATIDIAE.
 DIVAE. MATIDIAE.
 AVG. FIL. DIVAE.
 MARCIANAE. AVG.
 NEPTI. DIVI. TRA-
 IANI. ABNEPTI.
 DIVAE. SABINAE.
 HADR. AVG. SORORI.

The following one is at St. Dominic's.

D. M.
 IVL. AMANDO. MIL.
 LEG. III. ITAL. LIBRARIO. COS.
 VIXIT. ANNIS. XXX.
 IVLIA. PATERNA. MATER.
 FECIT. SIBI. ET. FILIO.
 PIENTISSIMO. VIVA. EX.
 PECUNIA. SVA. FECIT.

CHAP.

1705.
July 18.
AUGS-
BURG.

C H A P. XLV.

Augsburg. *History of this City. Its ancient and modern Commerce. A Description of it. Its Government. Its State with Respect to Religion. Its Hospital. Several Fountains. An Office for Wines and Salt.*

NOW I am to give you all I have been able to learn with Relation History of Augsburg. to Augsburg. It is the *Augusta Vindelicorum* of the ancient Romans. They gave this last Name to the Inhabitants of this Country, on Account of its Capital, which is situated between the two Rivers *Vindo* and *Licus*, which run in a vast Plain, called in German *Wertach* and *Leck*.

*Respicit & latè fluvios vindonque Licumque
Miscentes undas, & nomina littoris : undè
Antiquam Gentem, Populumque, Urbemque vocarunt
Vindelicam.*

Velferus in Hist. Augustanâ.

History says, that its Origin is as uncertain and fabulous as that of an Infinity of other Cities : But it adds, that many illustrious Men contributed to the enlarging and beautifying of it. Among others are mentioned Aggrandized several Times, and ransacked. *L. Cornelius Balbus*, to whom *Pompey* gave the Right of Roman Citizenship : *M. Titius*, a famous Orator, *Cicero's* Cotemporary ; *Quintilius Varus* who was routed with three Roman Legions in the Neighbourhood of *Duisbourg*, in *Saltu Teutoburgico*, by *Arminius* Prince of the *Cherusicans*, whose Death was deplored by *Virgil* and *Horace* : *Drusus* Brother to *Tiberius* also enlarged this City very considerably, and *Augustus* made it a Roman Colony, gave it his own Name, and several noble Immunities. Afterwards it was sacked several Times before and after *Attila* King of the *Huns*, who entirely demolished it.

Notwithstanding all these cruel Disasters, gradually it lifted up its Head Once famous for Trade. again, and became in Process of Time larger than ever, and by its extensive Commerce, one of the richest and finest Cities in *Germany* ; having been a long Time the staple Mart for all the Merchandise of the *Levant* which came first to *Venice*, and from hence were sent to *Augsburg*, and then distributed all over *Germany* ; but this Trade is much decayed since the *Dutch* Settlements in *Asia*. Wars and the Plague have likewise contributed to distress it.

However, it is yet one of the best Imperial Cities, and the Capital of Its present State. *Suabia*, with the Title of Bishoprick-Suffragan of *Mayence*. The Bishop is elected by the Chapter, consisting of forty Canonships well endowed :

1705.
July 18.

AUGS-
BURG.
Its Com-
merce.

Let me tell you by the by, that all the Bishops of the Empire are also Sovereign Princes in their Dioceses, except those in the hereditary Dominions of the House of *Austria*.

Besides the Bank-Commerce, *Augsburg* furnishes almost all the *Tirol* Wines that are consumed throughout *Germany*; and as the Inhabitants, in Point of Industry, are not inferior even to those of *Nuremberg*, they excel in all Sorts of Works in Gold and Silver, and in Clock-work; and all these Sorts of Commodities are sold here at very moderate Rates. 'Tis true they reduce their Gold and Silver to a very low Standard, by mixing a great Deal of Alloy with it; but then their Workmanship is full as handsome, and wear longer than Things made of finer Gold or Silver: Besides, as one half of the Inhabitants employ themselves in making these Kind of Works, the Labour is much cheaper here than any where else. They have also the Art of Gilding very cheap, tho' this Gilding be as bright, and lasts as long as any other. We have provided ourselves with a good Stock of all Kinds of these pretty Toys, and that at exceedingly reasonable Rates.

The City
described.

The City of *Augsburg* will ever be famous on Account of its Confession of Faith, presented by *Luther* and *Melancthon* in 1530. to the Emperor *Charles V.* and the Princes of the Empire. It has fourteen Gates, all of them very handsome; some adorned with Fresco-Painting, as we have already observed. The Suburbs of *St. James* is large, and takes up one fourth Part of the City. There are six *Lutheran* Churches; twenty four *Roman Catholics*, including the Cathedral; eight Convents of Monks, and four of Nuns, and it is, as we were assured, in Circumference Eight thousand six hundred Geometrical Paces.

Its Streets
and
Houses.

The Streets are large, longer, wider, straighter, and more airy than those at *Nuremberg*, *Wirtzburg*, *Bamberg*, *Francfort*, *Mayence*, *Coblentz*, or *Cologne*; but it is not by far so well peopled. In short the thinness of the Inhabitants here is scarce credible: One may be a *Voice crying in the Wilderness*, from one End of the most public Street to the other. Yet so fine are the Houses, that in *Italy* they would not miss to be dignified with the Title of *Palazzi*. In most of them there are not above five or six Persons, Domestic included. Generally speaking the Houses are all plaistered without; and this Plaister is covered with fine Paintings in *Fresco*.

The
Weaver's
Hall.

There is in the Corn-market, opposite to the fine Fountain of *Mercury* and *Cupid*, what is called in *German* *Webers-haus*, i. e. the Weavers-Hall, which deserves to be taken Notice of among the public Edifices. It is painted all over in *Fresco*, with several Figures big as Life, by a very able Master, whose Name they could not tell us. They affirmed however that this Painting cost above twenty thousand Florins of *Germany*, i. e. above fifteen thousand *French* Crowns. So that we may with good Reason say, that of the many Towns which have been dignified with the Name of *Augustus* or *Augusta*, this has always, and still does preserve it

with the greatest Lustre and Splendor. This made the Cardinal Bentivoglio say. *Questa Augusta hà dell' Augusto.*

1705.
July 18.
AUGS-
BURG.

*Nil vulgare sonat : latis placidissima vicis
Mundities ; liquidi splendent marmore fontes ;
Regificæ surgunt ædes : florente Senatu
Fura vigent : doctis penetralibus abdita Musæ
Sacra tenent ; conduntque suis Mysteria chartis.*

As to the Fortifications they are weak and irregular ; its chief The For-
Strength lies in the Sluices, on the Side of the Meadows, by means of tifications,
which the Low Country may be laid under Water in a very little Time ;
and that by means of the *Leck*, which runs through the greater Part of *Leck*, a
this City, and then falls into the *Danube* below *Donawert*, after having re- River, and
ceived into its Bosom the *Wertach*, and several other small Rivers. Not its Course.
but that this Inundation may be hindered by turning out of its Channel this
large Branch of the *Leck*, which enters into the City, and has nothing to
defend it.

On the Side where the Country rises, and where the Water cannot
spread itself, there are six large Bastions, or rather huge, shapeless, high
Bulwarks, in the Manner of *Cavaliers* which have no regular Flank. Be-
low them is erected a False-bray in a round Form, which is not prolonged
the Length of the Curtains. And every one who understands any Thing
of Fortification knows the Defect of these round Pieces : Not to say that
these here are so distant from one another, that the Line of Defence is al-
most of no Use. Add to all this that there is no Manner of Out-works.

I shan't trouble you with the Womens fantastical odd Drefs, no more The Wo-
than I did with that of the Ladies at *Nuremberg* ; Mr. *Misson* has sufficient- men's
ly expatiated upon it ; to satisfy your Curiosity in this Article you need Drefs
only consult the first Tome of his Travels. I will only tell you that very
it is not true as he says, that this Matter is regulated by the Magistrate whimsical
for the Police. I own there are in both these Towns several very odd
Fashions among the Women ; but I am very well informed that they
are not by *Law* established. And for a Proof of this, great Numbers here
of both Sexes are dressed in the *French* and *English* Mode, which could not
be if the Drefs was regulated by a Court of Police. This Oddity or Sin-
gularity in the Habit made the Women at first Sight appear very strange
Figures to us ; but Custom soon reconciled us to it : Nay we begun at
last to find out something agreeable in it ; so large a Share have Fancy
and Caprice in what is called Beauty of Drefs. In short in a few Days
their winged and horned Caps, their Lawn starched and stretched upon
Squares of Wire, their large Fur-bonnets made in the Fashion of Bee-
hives, their black Jackets and Mantles, the antic Ruffs and pointed Hats of
the Men did not shock us in the least ; and this, once more, clearly proves that

Numb. VII.

P p

there

1705. there is no Object so particular or so whimsical, to which the Eye does
 July 18. not gradually become reconciled by Custom.

AUGS- The Magistrates of *Augsburg* are half *Catholics*, half *Lutherans*. What
 BURG. they call the little Council consists of forty five Persons, agreeably to a
 The Ma- List which a *Patrician* gave me of it. Here it is.

gistrates
 of *Augs-
 burg*.

	<i>Catholic.</i>	<i>Luther.</i>
Statsphloger, or first Magistrate	1	1
Privy-Counsellors	3	2
Patricians	12	12
Mehrere Gesellschaff	2	2
Merchants	1	2
Plebian	4	3
	23	22

Besides these there are six Burgomasters, three *Catholics*, and three *Lutherans*, taken out of different Classes; and seventeen Persons for the Administration of Justice, eight of each Religion, and a President, which Dignity is given alternately to the two Parties, like the Bishopric of *Osnabruck* in *Westphalia*. In the Year 1368. the People took the Administration of public Affairs out of the Hands of the Patricians; but *Charles V.* restored it to them 180 Years after.

Fine Cha-
 racter of
 these Ma-
 gistrates.

I must add, that the Magistrates here are far from being so proud and arrogant as those of *Nuremberg*: On the contrary they are very polite and sociable, not only with their Fellow-Citizens but with Strangers. And religious Differences don't hinder their living together in perfect Union and Amity, and further pursuing the general Good of the Republic. So true is it that Men might become very rational and sociable Creatures would they but divest themselves of those Prejudices in which most are trained up, and which are so repugnant to Reason and Common Sense.

Great
 Union be-
 tween the
Lutherans
 and Ro-
 man Ca-
 tholics.

Even the Wives and Girls amongst the *Catholics*, who are commonly much greater Bigots than those of other Communion, notwithstanding the Difference between them in Matters of Religion, converse with great Ease and Freedom with the *Lutherans*. And this makes living at *Augsburg* a hundred Times more agreeable than at *Nuremberg*. The Magistrates in the former have about three hundred thousand Florins of fixed Revenue; those in the latter whatever the Patricians think fit to take, or rather squeeze out the poor Inhabitants.

No Cal-
 vinist
 Church,
 nor
Jewish
 Synago-
 gue here.

Though the Senate of *Augsburg* be half *Catholic*, half *Lutheran*, yet the former have four Times as many Churches as the latter. Considering the Moderation of the Magistrates, it seems amazing to see no *Calvinist* Church in this Town: The *Jews* in the same Manner have no Place of Worship allowed them, nay are not so much as suffered to lie in Town for a single Night.

Night. They have their Abode in a Borough about a League distant from it.

1705.
July 18.

The Hospital, called the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, is a very noble Building. The poor and rich of both Religions are received into it without any Distinction; and every one is attended by a Pastor of his own Communion without any Dispute or Wrangling. The Sick are in all Respects very well taken care of. In fine, the Inhabitants of *Augsburg* avoid as much as possible giving one another the least Offence. How much is it to be wished that their Example were imitated in all the other Towns where there are different Sentiments about Religion? How vastly happier and calmer would their Lives be?

AUG-
BURG.
The Hos-
pital.

Mr. *Patin* in his Travels says, that *Nuremberg* and *Augsburg* surpass the other Cities of *Germany* in Bigness and Populousness. I have not seen all the Towns in *Germany*; but I dare venture to assure you, that *Cologne* and *Hamburg*, which I have seen, are incomparably larger and better inhabited, tho' *Nuremberg* be both great and well peopled.

Error of
Patin.

I had almost forgot to mention to you the most beautiful Fountain at *Augsburg* next to that of *Augustus*, as well as what they call here the Great Wine and Salt Office. This Fountain is called the Fountain of *Hercules*, because his Statue is its chief Ornament; it is a large Hexagonal Basen, raised three Steps above the Ground, and of a Fabric quite different from that of *Augustus*. In the Middle of this Basen is a double Pedestal, at the Foot of which are several Sphinxes and Statues jetting Water into the Basen, some by the Mouth, others by their Breasts, and three by Trumpet-Marines. On the four Corners of the first Pedestal are placed four fine Statues big as Life; their Feet rest upon four very large Shells into which they pour Water, some out of Vases, others in another Fashion. Upon the Top of the second Pedestal is a *Hercules* combating the *Lernean Hydra*. All these Figures are of Brass, and highly esteemed by good Judges. There are even many among them who prefer this Fountain to that of *Augustus* in Respect of the Delicacy of the Statues.

July 19.
A fine
Fountain.

Besides these two magnificent Fountains there are many others, amongst which is that of *Mercury* and *Cupid*, and two of *Neptune*, all of them worth taking Notice off. The first is in the great Market-place for Corn; the other two are near the Abbey of *St. Ulrich*, and in the Street of the *Jews*, very ill named so, since these miserable Creatures are not allowed to live here.

Other
Fountains

I must likewise acquaint you that the Wine and Salt Office, which they call here in *Latin*, *Domus vinaria & salis*, is a large Building, in a very fine Taste of Architecture, extremely regular, adorned with Pilasters and a double Cornish, a fine Clock, and a large Eagle of Brass, which has but one Head at the Top of the Front. This House is by the same Architect who built the Town-house, as we were well informed by several Persons here: It is in this House that all the Salt and Wine that is consumed

The
Wine and
Salt Office

1705. in this City, and its Dependencies are entered, and the Duties for them
 July 19. paid. Behind it are vast Magazines, always full of Rhenish, Necker,
 AUGS- Moselle, and Tyrol Wines.
 BURG.

C H A P. XLVII.

Augsburg. *A short Excursion by the Author into Bavaria. A fine Plain. Jews severely treated at Augsburg. A singular Picture made to defame them. The Story of it refuted. Several Tombs in the Abbey of St. Ulrich. The History of this Saint. The Church. Riches of the Convent. The Apartments. The Library. The Politeness of the Benedictin Monks.*

An Ex-
 cursion
 into Ba-
 varia, and
 beautiful
 Plain.

SOME Friends having invited us to dine on excellent Fish in the Ter-
 ritories of *Bavaria*, we accordingly went to Day, and had a charming
 Walk in that vast and beautiful Plain on the other Side of the *Leck*. It was pre-
 cisely in this very Place, that the Emperor *Otho* the Great, at the Head of an
 Army composed of *Swedes*, *Bavarians*, *Bohemians*, *Saxons*, and *Franconians*,
 entirely defeated an Army of *Huns* or *Hungarians*, much superior to his in
 Numbers, who, prompted by the same Spirit that possessed their Ancestors
 under *Attila*, threatened to ravage all *Germany*. Three of their Generals were
 taken by the *Saxons*, who hanged them on the Spot; and with Difficulty es-
 caped a small Number to carry back to their Country the News of so ter-
 rible an Overthrow. From this Plain one has a full View of the City *Frid-
 berg* situated on an Eminence, and which was taken in Sight of the *French*
 by Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, a little before the Battle of *Hogstett*.

Jews ri-
 gorously
 used at
 Augsburg.

After having crossed this Plain to have a better View of all the charm-
 ing Prospects surrounding it, we passed through a Borough where the
Jews have their Settlement. They are allowed to drive some small Traffick
 at *Augsburg* on paying no less than a Florin hourly. In truth I can't com-
 prehend how these poor circumcised Wretches do to live, since they pay
 so heavy a Tax; for their Borough is the very Picture of Misery, and the
 Inhabitants appear to be yet poorer than their Brethren at *Frankfort*.

A Pi-
 cture and
 Story to
 defame
 them.

From thence we came to a House, the only one to be seen in the Plain,
 all the others having been destroyed a little while ago by the Armies:
 There we dined very elegantly, and then returned to *Augsburg*. In our
 Way we stept into another House, where, while the Company were drink-
 ing a Glas, I amused myself with the Pictures in it, amongst which I
 observed one with this Title upon it in large Characters, *Miraculum Pari-
 siense*, i. e. a History to blacken the *Israelites*. In Truth so many Stories
 of this Kind in *Germany* and other Countries have been coined to load this
 unhappy Race with Calumnies, that 'tis no wonder if Christians are prepos-
 sessed from their Infancy with a furious Hatred against them.

This Picture represents five or six *Jews* round a Table, cutting with Knives into a thousand Pieces a consecrated Host, from which Issue as many Streams of Blood. All these Miscreants, terrified at this Prodigy as if they had seen the Devil, fall down topsy-turvey, except a *Rabbin's* Wife. The good Woman at the Sight of this Miracle is persuaded to acknowledge the *Messiah*, adores his mangled Members, and becomes a Christian. Over this Picture are in Letters of Gold these Words: *SS. Eucharistia scutum contra perfidiam Judæorum.* The Legend of this Miracle is:

*Dum diva sævi fercla Sabbatarii
Mucrone scindunt impio;
Trepidæ repenti fluxit in Mensas cruor.
Illi supini corruunt.
Verum cruentas Uxor ut vidit notas,
Perculsa Messiam vocat:
Hauritque vitam pariter & veram fidem
Divino renata vulnere.*

Many Miracles make a much greater Noise in distant Places than in the Country where they are pretended to have been wrought: It is a Mark of their Falsity; for Facts are better known where they happen than in distant Countries. Those who have a Mind to impose or spread a Lie ought to be cautious not to take too near a Scene; besides Stories of this Kind are no sooner coined than they are only regarded by the Weak and Credulous, who, giving Credit to any Person they chance to meet with, never take the Trouble of examining any Thing.

This pretended Miracle happened at *Paris*, says the Inscription in the Picture of it. So that it is not in these Parts of the World only that Impieties and the most monstrous Acts of Wickedness are charged upon the *Jews*: Tho' it be not improbable that some *German* Painter or other has forged this Story out of his own Head to increase the Odium against this miserable People: Be that as it will, the Citizens of *Augsburg* don't allow them to live within their Walls, and alledge the very same Reason for their Aversion with the People of *Cologne*; namely, that the Fore-fathers of the *Jews* had formed a Plot for poisoning the Wells and Fountains in their Town.

As you are desirous that I should not omit sending you an Account of any Piece of Antiquity I meet with, I now recal to mind that I found in one of the Gardens near this City, where I happened to be the other Day, an ancient Marble with this Inscription:

I. O. M.

CETERIS. QFE. DEABVS. Q. HVIVS. LOCI.

M. ADIVTORIVS. ROMANVS. D. M. V. S. L. M.

Ancient
Inscrip-
tion.

My

1705.
July 22, 3
 AUGS
 BURG.

The Ab-
 bacy of
 St. Ulrich.

History of
 this Saint.

His Mira-
 cles.

The
 Church.

A Cruci-
 fix and
 the In-
 scriptions
 belonging
 to it.

My Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury* arriving here from *Italy*, we went to pay our Respects to him. He received us in the politest Manner. We offered ourselves for his Guides in seeing the Rarities of the Place, and employed several Days in visiting again the same Things I have already mentioned to you, the Abbacy of St. *Ulrich* excepted, which we only saw to-Day.

The Abbot being informed, that an *English* Nobleman designed to pay a Visit to his Convent, came to meet him at the Head of his *Monks*, tho' he be a Prince of the *Empire*: He shewed a great deal of Respect and Deference to his Grace. First of all he conducted us to the Church, and in our Way to it he entertained us with several Particulars relating to their Abbacy and its Founder *Sanctus Ulricus*. This good Saint was Son to *Albert* the Count of *Marckdalen*, who was slain defending the little Town of *Menchingen* against the *Bavarians*, who had besieged him and his Son in that paltry Place, after they had destroyed *Augsburg*. Thus having lost his Father, he became a *Monk* in a Convent called *Uttenbeurn*: But in the Year 925, the Emperor *Henry I.* surnamed the *Fowler*, made him Bishop of *Augsburg*, where he sat fifty Years.

So soon as he was consecrated Bishop, he performed an extraordinary Miracle, which was chasing all the Rats out of his Diocese, as St. *Patrick* drove all venomous Beasts out of *Ireland*. The good St. *Ulrich* had a particular Antipathy against Rats; for he gave no Disturbance to the Mice, which swarm here still: As for the others, there is not one in the whole Diocese, at least, this is what the Abbot assured us in the most positive Manner.

The Church is a vast *Gothic* Building, the Cieling of which is reckoned the highest in *Germany*. And indeed this Church is seen at a very great Distance, over-topping all those at *Augsburg*. At the entry into the Quire is a large Crucifix, with a *Magdalen* at the Foot of the Cross, *John* the Evangelist on one Side of it, and the *Virgin Mary* on the other. All this is of massy Brass, big as Life, and of highly esteemed Workmanship; especially the Statues, which are looked upon to be Master-pieces. Underneath this Cross are the following Inscriptions: two of which are stuffed with Puns.

I.

Non aes, sed res.

Suavia virgo, gravi telo percussa doloris.

Ora rigat lacrumis, tota dolore riget.

Tu tamen haec sicco spectacula lumine cernis,

Et laudas Artem, tollis & Artificem;

Ac velut exsensus, velut aeneus aera tueris:

Nonne tibi rigido cor magis aere riget?

II.

1750.
July 24.
AUGS-
BURG.

II.

Christiane

*Ut flebile Christus patiens argumentum
gratâ semper mente revolveres ;
Hoc Monumentum,
Joan. Abbas fieri curavit
Anno P. C. N.
M.DC.V.*

III.

Disce Hospes.

*Quae crucis in celsâ tradis documenta Cathedrâ
Discipulo Doctor Christe supreme tuo ?
Sub cruce Virginitas, Amor in cruce quaerat asylum ;
In cruce vicit Amor, sub cruce Virginitas.
In cruce tutus amas, & tutus amaris in illâ,
Virginitas sola sub cruce tota latet.*

The principal Altar is one of the largest and grandest we have yet seen in Germany. The Picture on it represents the Nativity of *Jesus Christ*, The Statues are almost all as big as Life ; their Altitudes very fine, and the Sculpture excellent, as well as the Gilding.

To the Left of this Altar is a little Door, that opens into a private Chapel called the *Sanctuarium*. It was here that the Emperor *Joseph* was elected King of the *Romans* by the Electors in 1690. The Abbot told us, that when it was necessary in the Process of the Ceremony, that this Prince should get up upon the Altar of this Chapel, there being neither Ladder, Chair nor Stool near it, and it being impossible to make way through the vast Crowd that was assembled on this Occasion to bring one, the Elector of *Bavaria* becoming impatient, took him up in his Arms and set him on the Altar.

Over the Door of this Secret Chapel, where lie the Bodies of several Male and Female Saints, with Names so foreign to me that I could not fix them in my Memory, is this Inscription.

*Deo Auspice
Sanctisque hujus Ecclesie,
Patrocinantibus,
Nec non
S. Romani Imperii Electoribus
Mog. Trev. Col. Bav. & Palat.
Suffragantibus.
Heic intus*

In

1705.
July 24.AUGS-
BURG.

*In solenni Conclavi
Post Ferdinandum IV. Austriacum
Olim in Regem Romanorum
Electum.
Postliminio
Romanorum Rex renunciatus
est
Josephus
Leopoldi I. Magni Imperatoris
Non minor Filius
A^o 1690. die XXIV. Jan.
Posteritati
In perpetuum Memnosynon
P. P.
Romanus Abbas & Convent.*

The Re-
venue of
this Ab-
bey.

This Abbey of St. *Ulrich* has at least fifty thousand Crowns Income ; and to consume this pretty Revenue, there are the Abbot, eighteen Fathers and seven Brothers Servitors ; *i. e.* near two thousand Crowns yearly for each. But this is not surprizing. They are of the Order of St. *Benedictus*, and his Children are a learned Race, great Lovers of polite Literature, and to perfect the ingenious Sciences and Arts, they make a great Waste of Spirits ; and consequently ought to be better provided than the *Mendicant* Orders, who mind nothing but begging.

The A-
partments
and Li-
brary.

Having thus visited the Church, the Abbot, still at the Head of his *Monks*, led us into the Apartments in the Convent, which are very fine as well as the Cells. The Library is numerous and composed of good Books, with some Manuscripts, but none of them very rare.

Hand-
some En-
tertain-
ment and
Genero-
sity of the
Abbot.

From thence the Abbot conducted us into a large Hall, the Cieling of which is richly adorned with Carving and Gilding, where we found a splendid Collation prepared for us. My Lord Duke not knowing how to make a Return for the Civility of this Prelate, did me the Honour to ask me in *English*, if a Present might not be offered without offending him : Whether the Abbot understood some of his Grace's Words, there being a considerable Affinity between the *German* and *English* Languages, or whether he only suspected the Duke's Intention, he turned to me and told me in the *German* Tongue, that he was extremely obliged to my Lord's generous Design, but must intreat him not to put it in Execution, since it did not become a Person of his Rank to accept of any Present : He added, that the Honour of having received a Visit from his Grace was more to him, than any Gift that could be made him. Now I appeal to yourself, could there be a greater Politeness ? Notwithstanding your Aversion to *Monks*, do you not think most of them very civil and courteous ? This good Abbot gave me in particular, another Mark of his Complaisance : For upon telling

ing him I had observed some Inscriptions in the Church and other Parts of his Abbacy, which I should be glad to copy for one of my Friends in ^{1705.} *England*, a great Lover of Antiquities, if he would give me leave; he answered that he would give Orders to the Library-keeper to attend me when ^{July 24.} ever I pleased. After a hearty Collation, and making our Compliments of Thanks to the Abbot, we waited on my Lord Duke to his Lodging, which is one of the finest Houses in this Town; the same in which the Marshal *Marfin* lived when he was here before the Battle of *Hogstett*. <sup>AUGS-
BURG.</sup>

C H A P. XLVIII.

Augsburg. Abbey of St. Ulrich. Several Roman Inscriptions in it. Reflexions on the excessive Love of Antiquity. The Church of St. Croix. Two other Inscriptions. Curious Clocks. A whimsical Thought of a Painter. The Ruins of the Citadel. The History of its last Sieges.

I Went this Morning alone to the Abbey of *St. Ulrich*, in Pursuance of the Abbot's obliging Offer. The Father Library-keeper waited for me in the Refectory and made me breakfast with him before we went to view the Inscriptions. We begun with those under the vaulted Gate of the Abbacy. The two following, with the Fragments of two others, are to the right in entring.

VITALIVS. VIGOR.
SIBI. ET. VITALIO.
VIRILI. FRATRI.
VIVOS. FECIT.

Inscrip-
tions.

D. $\frac{v}{y}$ M.
IVL. MACRIANO, QVONDAM.
VETERANO. M.^o M. M. EX. BF. COS.
CONIVGI. CARISSIMO.
SECVNDIA. SERVATA. ET.
SIBI. ET. IVLIIS.
ALPINO. ET. ALPINAE. FILIIS.
BENEVALENTIBVS. F. C.

I am astonished that Mr. *Charles Patin*, who was without Dispute the accuratest Antiquary in *Europe*, should only have mentioned in his Article of *Augsburg*, the first of these Inscriptions and the Fragment following it; when I, who am not so much as half an Antiquary, have been able to collect so great a Number; and which is more, he has placed them in the Church where they certainly are not. ^{An Inaccuracy in Mr. Patin.}

Numb. VII.

Qq

de Cvr.

1705.
July 24.
 AUGS-
 BURG.

.....
 de CVRIONI. AL. III. L. ET.
 bf. COS. ET. FL. DECORATO.
 mil. LEG. III. ITAL.
 DIVS. VI.

.....
 GENTIANO. ET. BASSO. COSS.

To the Left is this:

I. O. M.
 M. TR. SECCO:

The following one was dug up under the Steeple of the Church of St. Ulrich, in the Year 1567.

PERPETVAE. ME. SECVRIT. TIB.
 CLEVPHAS. IIIIII. VIR. AVG. NEGOTIATOR.
 ARTIS. PVPVRARIAE. QVI. VIXIT.
 ANNOS. LXXVI. SENILIAE. LASCIVAE.
 CONIVGI. ET. CLAVDIAE. FORTVNENSI.
 ET. EPIGONO. APRO. FILIIS. VIVOS. VIVIS.
 FECIT.

This other is the Church, and was discovered in 1591.

D. M. ET.
 PERPETVAE. SE.
 CURITATI. VICTO-
 RIO. VICTORIANO.
 NEGOTIATORI. AUG.
 SCRETARIA....
 .. TVRARIAE. SI...
 .. CA. MATER....
 .. VIXIT. ANN.....
 .. C.....

In truth, Sir, I give you a strong Proof of my Affection to you, and my hearty Regard to your Commands, by thus puzzling my Brain in decyphering and copying for you all these Antiquities: I who am no more of an Antiquary than the late King of *Siam*; who, had he been one, Father *Tachard*

chard and the Abbey *Choisy* would not have missed telling us of it, in the Relation of their Travels through that Part of the World. And after all what is it to me, whether an Inscription speaks of the Love of a Wife to her Husband, or of a Husband to his Wife; whether it indicates the rebuilding of a Temple, or the Fall of it? What does it concern me, whether such a Medal be a genuine *Otho* in large Brass; a *Pertinax*, or a *Pescennius Niger*? What will this Erudition contribute to my Welfare and Happiness, or to my Direction in the Conduct of Life? Wherefore 'tis purely out of Regard to you, who have all these Things at your Finger-ends, and are perfectly Master of the profound Science of Antiquities, that I have taken the trouble of Transcribing all these Inscriptions at *Augsburg*.

1705.
July 24.
AUGSBURG.

Reflexions
on the
Passion for
Antiquities.

This Reverend Father Library-keeper of *St. Ulrich* is a very learned Man, and was a great Help to me in the Punctuation, as well as in making out difficult Characters half defaced. And I did not fail to thank and assure him, that if ever he should make a Trip into *England*, you would shew your Gratitude to him for all his Trouble and Civility. The learned Traveller *Jouvin* of *Rocheport* says the Church of *St. Ulrich* serves the *Lutherans* to preach in: What a gross Blunder!

Returning to my Lodging pretty much fatigued, I had the Pleasure of hearing a very pleasing Symphony in the Church of *St. Croix*, one of the handsomest in *Augsburg* for Architecture, Painting, Sculpture and Gilding. During this fine Music, I stepped out of the Church for a Moment, and looking up by Chance to the Spire, which is one of the finest that can be seen any where, I happened to perceive two ancient Marbles set into the the Wall with the following Inscriptions: A new Treasure for you.

Church of
St. Croix
or Holy
Cross.

DEO. MERCVRIO. CENSVALI. PRO. SALVTE.
DD. NN. AVGG. IMPP. SEPT. SEVERI. PARTH.
ET. ANTONINI. MAX. ET. NOBILISS. CAES. N.
SEPT. GETAE. RESTITVERVNT. TEMPLVM.
CVM. SIGNIS. CONSVMPPTIS. VETVSTATE.
CILONE. ET. LIBONE. COSS. V. ID. SEPTEMB.

IVL. VICTORI. NEGOTIATORI. QVONDAM.
VESTIARIO. TESTAMENTO. EIVS
IVLIVS. CLEMENS.
AQVILIFER. LEG. III. ITALICAE.
FRATER. EIVS. F. C.
D. D.

Dont you think, good Sir, that he who inched these two Inscriptions (one a Vow to the God *Mercury* for the Emperor *Severus's* Health, and that of his two Sons *Caracalla* and *Geta*; and the other an Epitaph for a

1705. Rag-merchant) into the same Wall, was a very able Man at pairing and
 July 25. sorting Things?

AUGS-
BURG.
Collection
of Pictures

My Lord Duke's coming here, has occasioned our staying at *Augsburg* some Days longer than we had intended. We have been all this while waiting upon him from Curiosity to Curiosity; but have seen nothing new, except an admirable Collection of Pictures by the best Masters of *Italy*, *Flanders* and *Germany*, at a Painter's here. Many of them are excellent; but he puts too high a Price on them, at least for us.

Curious
Clocks.

Hence we went to see a celebrated Clock of *Augsburg*, who shewed us several curious Pieces of Mechanism, some Clocks with perpetual Motions, some with Motions of the Stars, others with Spinets or Clavessins playing several Tunes: One in particular which he valued at 30000 Florins. We passed a few Hours here very agreeably in examining all these curious Pieces of his Art.

A droll
Fancy of
a Painter.

And now I am mentioning Curiosities, I must not omit telling you of a Picture I saw a few Days ago in a Citizen's House. It is by some very good Hand, but in a very grotesque Taste, if ever one was. The Subject of it is *Elija* in the Desert dressed like a *Carmelite-Monk*, with his Ravens about him. But as if the Painter had been afraid his Providitors might not be careful enough in bringing him his daily Portion, he has furnished him with a good Stock of Provisions, namely, two large Hams, some Fowls, a lusty Piece of Beef, and plenty of Garden-stuff of all Kinds. All this Stock is ranged at the Prophet's Feet. Don't you admire the sage Providence of this ingenious Artist, and how well he was acquainted with Scripture History? Or how little he thought the Prophet could depend upon the Promises of God?

The Cita-
del and its
Sieges.

We have also seen the Ruins of the Citadel, which the *French* built at one Extremity of the City after they had made themselves Masters of it. 'Twas the Elector of *Bavaria* and Marshal *de Marfin* who took it in 1703. We were told, that the Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* had a great Desire to be even with this City, for having refused to lend him 200000 Florins upon his Word of Honour, besides 100000 he owed them already. The Magistrates when they saw the *French* Army at Hand, sent Deputies to beg a Neutrality from the Elector and the Marshal, which was granted them.

Vile Be-
haviour of
the Prince
of *Baden*
towards
the City.

But Prince *Lewis*, far from doing the same, soon after gave the City all the Marks he could of his Resentment. He threw, in spite of all their Entreaties, 7000 Imperial Troops into it, who eat them up to the very Bones, during the six Days that they made a shew of being resolved to stand a Siege; but they left it at last upon Capitulation, after one of the finest Quarters of the City was laid in Ruins, abandoning the Inhabitants to the Discretion of the Conqueror. If this Fact be true, as there is great Probability, can any thing too atrocious be said of him, who was the Cause of such Disasters? was there ever a worse-grounded and more cruel Revenge?

However this may be, this Citadel, from which the Enemy might easily have demolished the whole Town if they had pleased, is now quite rased. But they abandoned both on the 16th of *August* the Year following; without doing them any other Mischief, than carrying off whatever they thought fit, and taking Hostages along with them to *Strasburg*, as a Security for the Payment of the Sums they had exacted of the Inhabitants. These poor People, harrassed by pretended Friends as well as Enemies, were in a pitiful Plight. A Patrician assured us, that an incredible Number of wealthy Heads of Families died of mere Vexation, to find themselves so utterly undone. A Misfortune the *French* thought they had sufficiently repaid, by leaving behind them the 1500 *Schadet-nichts* I have already mentioned.

1705.
July 31.
AUGS-
BURG.
The Cita-
del intire-
ly ruined.

C H A P. XLIX.

Departure from Augsburg. Mindelheim. Memmingen, an Imperial City. Leut-kirk likewise an Imperial City. The Fortifications of Lindaw, an ugly Town, though Imperial too. A Digression concerning the Imperial Cities in Germany. The Lake of Constance. Ammianus Marcellinus refuted in respect to the Rhin.

THIS Day we took leave of my Lord Duke and of all our Friends, and left *Augsburg* in the Evening. The Night was spent in getting through a large Forest, out of which we had a good deal of Difficulty to extricate ourselves. At last we passed by *Mindelheim*, a little Town upon the River *Mindel*, which discharges itself into the *Danube*. This Town with its Dependencies belonged to the Elector of *Bavaria*; but after the Battle of *Hogbsett*, the Emperor gave it to the Duke of *Marlbrough*, with the Title of Prince. This is the only Thing that makes it worth taking notice of; so that without stopping here, we proceeded in our Journey to *Memmingen*, an ancient Town formerly called *Rostrum Marmæriæ*.

August 1, 2
Departure
from Augs-
burg.
Mindel-
heim.

It is a pretty large and handsome Imperial City. The Magistrates and a great Part of the Citizens are *Lutherans*. The Catholics however have two Churches and the Half of a *Lutheran* one. It is surrounded with a good Wall and a double Ditch, and its Ports are covered by some Half-moons and Redoubts. The Country is very fertile in Hops, of which they make excellent Beer. A full League from hence we crossed the *Iser*, a pretty large River which runs into the *Danube* at *Ulm*, anciently called *Ilera*; and we came next to *Leut-kirk*, another Imperial City, but a very small one. It is in the Barony of *Walburg* upon the Rivulet *Eschbach*, which uniting with the *Aitracht* runs into the *Iser*. Its Inhabitants are an equal Mixture of *Lutherans* and *Catholics*, who have each of them one single Church. One is devoured by Flies in the Streets and Houses. About a League from hence

Memmin-
gen.
Ilera.
River.
Leut-kirk.

1705. hence we entered into a frightful Road, full of Pebbles and Stones. It is here
August. 3. one begins to descry the high Mountains of *Switzerland* on the one Side,
Lindaw and those of *Tyrol* on the other: This detestable Road lasted all the Way
 and its to *Lindaw*, which is about four or five long Leagues. There we went
 Church. directly to see the *Lutheran* Church, the Vault of which is supported by 14
 Pillars, above 3 Foot in Diameter and 22 in Height each, and of one
 Piece. The Town-house is a paltry Building; upon the Front of which
 are historically painted the Ten Commandments, in ten different Pictures.

Description and History of this Town. The Streets are extremely crooked, and the Houses are all upon low
 dark Arches: In a Word, *Lindaw* is a dismal Hole; nevertheless it is a
 Place of considerable Strength at the Entry into the Lake of *Constance*.
 In former Times it was no more than an Abbey, afterwards it became a
 Village, and at last a City, under the Domination first of the Abbess, after-
 wards of the Duke of *Suabia*, and last of all of the Emperors, who gave it
 the Privilege of minting Money. This Town formerly withstood Mar-
 shal *Horn*, *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*'s General; and the present
 Duke of *Bavaria* bombarded it, after he had taken *Ulm* by Surprise.

Its Fortifications and Inhabitants. A Bridge of Timber about 300 Paces long joins it to the main Land.
 The Fortifications are good; consisting of Bastions, Ravelins, and other
 well-faced Works, with a strong Fort standing by itself in the Lake; so
 that it would not be easy to take this Place after cutting down the Bridge.
 The Inhabitants are all *Lutherans*, except one Abbey very considerable by
 its vast Revenue, the Abbess of which is a Princess of the Empire.

Bregentz anciently *Brigantium*. To the Left of *Lindaw*, at one Corner of the Lake, and about two
 Leagues Distance, is the Town of *Bregentz* Capital of a Country of that
 Name, with a little Fort commanding it. I have forgot to tell you, that
Lindaw, as inconsiderable as it is, is however an Imperial City, and that it
 gave Birth to the learned *John Marbachius* who died in 1581. The *Latin*
 Name of this Town is *Lindavium*.

A Digression of the Author concerning the *Hans-Towns*. In the Course of my Travels I have mentioned a great many, and just
 now three or four Imperial Cities, but without sufficiently explaining the
 Meaning of that eminent Title; wherefore I think it will not be amiss to
 make here a short Digression, in Order to give you an exact Idea of these
 Cities, as well as of those that are called *Hans-Towns*. I begin with the
 Latter.

The *Hanseatick* Towns are united by a League of mutual Defence against
 their Enemies; to support the Liberties of Commerce, and to protect one
 another against the Impositions of foreign Princes. *Lubeck*, *Cologne*, *Dant-*
zick, and *Brunswick*, are the four Capitals of this League, and in each of
 these there is a College. *Lubeck* has the Right of assembling all the rest with
 the Advice of five of the Towns nearest to it, which are *Hamburg*, *Rostock*,
Wismar, *Stralsund* and *Luneburg*, known under the Name of *Vandalics*.
 The Assemblies used to be held at *Lubeck*, and commonly once a Year.
 The *Hanseatick*-Towns lie on the Sea-coasts, or upon Rivers fit for Com-
 merce: They must also be free; and the Lords of those belonging to the
Hanse,

Hanse, i. e. to this Alliance in the low Countries, take an Oath to maintain their Privileges. Some Authors attribute the Donation of these Privileges to *Henry III.* King of *England*, for their having served him most advantageously with their Sea-forces in 1206. At the Beginning there were 80; but 14 were cut off in 1518. Their Coast reached from the *Narva*, a River bordering *Livonia* on the *East*, to the Mouth of the *Meuse*.

1705.
August 3.

These Cities were anciently very much respected, on Account of their great Wealth and Trade; they always keeping Magazines in *London*, *Bruges*, *Antwerp*, *Bergue* in *Norway*, *Revel* in *Livonia*, *Novogrod* in *Muscovy*, and several other Places; and the Merchants in these Towns were ordinarily called *Osterlings*, because of the great Commerce which they carried on in the *Baltick* or *Oost-zee*. This Commerce consisted for the most Part in Corn, Hides, Wax, Cordage, Pitch, Timber, Copper, Fish, and other Commodities brought from the Northern parts of *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and *Muscovy*; which were exported to almost all Parts of *Europe*, by *English*, *Dutch*, and *Flemish* Vessels. The Privileges of the *Hanseatick*-Towns were confirmed in *France* by the Kings *Lewis XI.* *Charles VIII.* *Lewis XII.* and *Francis I.* But they have lost a great Part of them since. This Confederacy is at present of little Consideration to many of these Towns, each of them endeavouring to manage its own Affairs by itself. I come now to the Imperial Towns.

Since the *Hanseatick*-Towns have lost the Privileges which they had long preserved; all the Free-Towns in *Germany* are, or pretend to be, Imperial ones. Imperial City among the *Germans* signifies a City which enjoys Liberty, and even a Sort of Sovereignty under the Protection of the Empire. The Desire of Liberty natural to Man, hath directed Cities to two Ways of shaking off the Yoke of their Princes. Some Cities when they found these Sovereigns reduced by Wars or bad Oeconomy, have been wise enough to take Advantage of that Opportunity to purchase their Liberty by large Sums of Money, and so to become little Republics. The Emperors have introduced another Way, which was very readily embraced, viz. by granting Privileges to the chief Towns of Princes, whom they knew not to be in their Interest: And a Confirmation of these Privileges in an Assembly of the States, fully and legally infranchizes these Towns from the Domination of their former Princes; so that from that Time they durst not undertake any thing against these new Republics, without drawing on their Heads the general Resentment of the whole Empire.

The Imperial Towns how they obtained their Liberty.

The great Immunities and Liberties the Imperial Towns have from time to time given to their Inhabitants, have been a powerful Bait to allure Negotiants of all Sorts to settle in them, and to withdraw themselves and their Effects from under the Tyranny of neighbouring Princes. These Cities have gained great Advantages by this wise Administration and Conduct: They have established an extensive Commerce which brought in Riches and Plenty: And have gradually put themselves in a Condition to maintain

Their good Policy

1705.
August 3.

tain their Independency against the Envy and Jealousy of the Sovereigns around them. Yet all the Advantages which Peace and good Government had produced in former Times, are now, in a great Measure, destroyed by the fatal Consequences of War; their Liberties have been attacked, and great Numbers of their richest Citizens reduced to Beggary, without any Hopes of Recovery. So that they have good Reason to cry out:

*Helas ! quand finiront ces guerres obstinées
Qui depuis près de vingt années
Coûtent tant de pleurs à nos yeux ?
Entendrons nous toujours l'aigre son des Trompettes
Et les douces musettes
Sont-elles pour jamais absentes de ces Lieux ?
De combien de Châteaux & de Cités Superbes
A-t-on mis à l'égal des Herbes
Les Murs jusqu'aux Astres montés ?
Que l'Epée en nos champs a fait de Cimetières,
Et combien nos Rivières
Ont vu mêler de sang à leurs flots argentés ?*

Difference
among
them in
certain
Respects

Though all Imperial Towns seem to be upon an equal Footing with Respect to Liberty; there are however considerable Differences among them with Regard to Power, and in their Governments. There are even some who only possess a kind of Independence, under the Protection and by Means of certain more potent ones, especially in *Suabia*, where there are at least 30.

They send
Deputies
to the
States of
the Em-
pire.

The Deputies of these Towns have Seats in the Diet of the Empire held, as you know, at *Ratisbon*: They have two Benches, that of the *Rhine*, and that of *Suabia*. The chief Towns of the former Class are *Cologne*, *Francfort*, *Strasbourg* before it belonged to the *French*, *Hamburg* and *Lubeck*: Those of the *Suabian* Bench are *Ratisbon*, *Nuremberg*, *Augsburg* and *Ulm*: The rest have nothing but the Title of Imperial Cities. And to speak out the Truth frankly, all these little Common-wealths are in a certain Manner subject to the Emperor, since they must on every Occasion furnish a Quota to him. *i. e.* a certain Share of Men, Arms, and Money for his Service, when he has any War to support. And this is all I have to tell you of the Imperial Towns, who bear in their Arms the Eagle of the Empire, either whole or divided.

August. 5.
The Lake
of Con-
stance an-
ciently
Lacus Po-
damicus.

Towns on
its Borders

We embarked at seven o' Clock in the Morning, in a *Felucca* of a very indifferent Fabric and Strength, governed by an old Pilot and four Rowers, including a lusty Wench, who plyed the Oar as sturdily as the most vigorous Galley-slave in the *Mediterranean*.

There are a vast many Vineyards about *Lindaw*, especially towards the *Lake*; the two Borders of which present a most agreeable View to the Sight,

Sight, the Vineyards being intermixed with Hamlets and little Towns: One sees to the Right *Wasserburg*, *Langen-Argen*, *Buchorn* an Imperial City, *Fischbach*, *Mersburg* the ordinary Residence of the Bishop of *Constance*, *Seefeld*, and *Uberlingen* another Imperial Town: To the left, *Rorschach*, *Arbon*, *Rumshorn*, *Altnaw*, and *Munsterlingen*.

1705.
August 5.

Having among the Books we carried with us to amuse ourselves in our Journey a few Historians, and amongst others *Ammianus Marcellinus*, I called to mind that he mentions several Lakes, and had the Curiosity to see what he says of this. Here are his own Words in the XVth Book: *Inter montium celsorum cunfractus impulsu immani Rhenus discurrens, extenditur per Lepontios, perque deciduas cataraclas inclinatione pernici funditur. Jamque adjutus nivibus liquatis ac solatis, altaque divortia riparum adradens, Lacum invadit rotundum & vastum, quem Brigantium accola Rhoetus appellat, perque quadringenta & sexaginta stadia longum, parique penè spacio latè diffusum, horrore sylvarum squalentium inaccessum, Barbaris & naturâ locorum, & cæli inclementiâ refragante. Hanc ergò paludem spumosis strependo vorticibus amnis irrumpens; & undarum quietem permeans pigram, mediam velut finali interfecat libramento, & tanquam elementum perenni discordia separatum, nec aucto, nec imminuto agmine quod inulit, vocabulo & viribus absolvitur integris, nec contagia deinde ulla perperiens, Oceani gurgitibus intimatur. Quodque est impendio mirum, nec stagnum aquarum rapido transcursu moxetur, nec limosa subluvie tardatur properans flumen, & confusum misceri non potest corpus; quod ni ita agi ipse doceret aspectus, nulla vi credebatur posse discerni. Sic Alphæus oriens in Arcadia, cupidine fontis Arethuse captus, scindens Ionium mare, ut fabule ferunt, ad usque amata confinia progreditur.*

Ammianus Marcellinus cited.

Tho' this Author's Style be none of the purest, a Fault that we easily forgive him who was a Greek by Birth, and by Profession a Soldier; yet he is in high Esteem among the Historians, and of the Number of those who, like *Xenophon* and *Julius Cæsar*, wrote of Things they had seen, and even born a great Share in: This being the general Character of this Author, there are few who do not believe upon his Word, that the Lake of *Constance*, called also *Acronius* and *Podamicus*, "is of a round Figure, and that "the *Rhine* passes through the Middle of it from one Side to the other "without mingling with it, the Waters remaining as it were stagnant to "let the River pass." Yet this is no truer than the Fables of the River *Alpheus*, and the Fountain *Arethusa*, of which he also speaks.

Character of this Historian.

For how can this Lake be round, since it is notoriously known to be about eleven or twelve Leagues in length, to four or five in breadth in the broadest Part of it, which is betwixt *Arbon* and *Wasserburg*? And as to the Passage of the *Rhin* through it, as I do not easily give in to the Belief of extraordinary Things, I examined that pretended Marvel with all possible Attention; but after having crossed and re-crossed the Lake several times, keeping in the Middle of it, neither when it was a little moved, nor when it was perfectly calm and smooth, could I discern the least Difference in any one Part of it, either with respect to the Colour, or the Rapidity of

Confuted in what he says about the Lake of *Constance*.

1705. its Waters, 'till we came within a Musket-shot of the Town of *Constance*:
 August 5. Then the *Rhine*, or what they call so here, rushes out of the Lake with
 some Impetuosity, and empties itself into that of *Zell*, by a Canal on which
 that Town is situated. With all due Deference therefore to *Ammianus Mar-*
cellinus, I think I may venture to affirm, that this pretended rapid Passage
 of the *Rhine* through the Middle of the Lake, and without mixing with
 its Waters, is one of those many Stories which, though universally believ-
 ed, are nevertheless absolutely false.

We have been all this Day upon the Lake, and we arrived at *Constance*
 a little after Seven in the Evening; so that we spent about 12 Hours in
 crossing it in several Places to make our Observations, and in performing
 our Voyage to *Constance*.

C H A P. L.

Constance a Bishopric. The famous Council held there. The History of Pope John XXIII. who was deposed in it. The History of John Hufs, and Jerom of Prague. A Copy of the Pass given him by the Emperor; a very rare Piece. Jerom's Harangue to the Council. His Firmness in Death. Fine Testimonies rendered to the Memory of these two Martyrs by their Enemies. Other Particularities touching this Council and the Consequences of it.

August 6.
Constance
 a Bishop-
 ric, fa-
 mous for
 the Coun-
 cil held
 there.

Three
 Popes de-
 posed by it

NEXT Day after our Arrival at *Constance*, we went to see a vast
 Edifice now called the Custom-house. 'Tis the same Place where
 the famous Council was held, in 1414, 15, 16, and 17, at which assisted the
 Emperor *Sigismund*, Pope *John XXIII*, or *XXIV*, according to those who
 include the Popes; 33 Cardinals; 5 Patriarchs, 346 Arch-bishops and
 Bishops; 564 Doctors of Divinity and Law.

This Council had this Particularity in it, that it deposed three Popes, *Gre-*
gory XII, who sat at *Remini*, *Benedict XIII*, who sat in *Spain*, and this
John XXIII, all three elected by three different Factions.

The last, who was then actually in Possession of the Pontificat at *Rome*,
 had no Apprehension of what happened to him at *Constance*. History says,
 that the Accusation laid against him contained 40 Articles of Complaint;
 the smallest Subjects of which were the Crime of *Simony*, and the Scandal
 he gave to the Church by his depraved Life: Being unable to defend
 himself against any of these Charges, he only answered: "That he was
 "conscious to himself of one Crime more, and that was, of having passed
 "the *Alps* to come to this Council:" And he did all he could to repass them.
 The Archbishop of *Mayence* advised him to make his Escape; which he
 did, and had got to *Schaffhausen*, and from thence to *Fribourg* in *Brisgau*:
 But the Count *Palatin* of the *Rhine* seized and kept him some time Prisoner
 in

in the Fortrefs of *Manheim*, where, it is faid, he compofed the following Verfes; for he did not want Literature.

705.1
August 5.

*Qui modò summus eram, gaudens & nomine Præful,
Triftis & abjeftus, nunc mea fata gemo.
Excelfus folio nuper verfabar in alto,
Cunæque gens pedibus oscula prona dabant.
Nunc ego pænarum fundo devolvor in imo,
Et vultum informem quemque videre piget.
Omibus è terris aurum mihi spontè ferebant,
Sed nec gaza juvat, nec quis amicus adest.
Sic varians fortuna vices, adverfa jecundis
Subdit, & ambiguo numine ludit atrox.
Cedat in exemplum cunctis quos gloria tollit.
Vertice de summo mox ego Papa cado. Papa fecit.*

Verfes
compofed
by Pope
John 23.
in Prifon.

Some Time after his Imprifonment he was brought back to the Council. There he threw himfelf at the Feet of *Martin V.* who had been elected in his Room; he acknowledged him to be lawful Pope, and addreffed him with Humility and Eloquence.

He is
deposed,
then made
Cardinal
& Bifhop.

—— *pallenti squallidus ore,
Voce fatis moefta, fortunæ verba coaptans,
Facundo fermone tamen.*

The new Pope, moved by his Penitence and his miserable State, reftored him to the Rank of Cardinal, and made him Bifhop of *Frefcati*: But he died foon after at *Florence*, of the Vexation of Mind this difgraceful Degradation from the Pontificat gave him.

If this Pope, whose true Name was *Baltasar Coffa*, a *Neapolitan*, had the Mortification to be thus difgraced by the Council, the Emperor *Sigifmond*, though in other Refpects a very good Prince, had the Weaknefs to fuffer this fame Council cruelly to put to death *John Huf* and *Jerom of Prague*, notwithstanding his having given them his Imperial Word and Paffes, to engage them to go to it with Affurance. Here is a Copy of this Pafs which it coft me no fmall Trouble to get. It is in all the Forms requifite for the Security of the Bearer *John Huf*; yet the Council fhewed no Regard to it. *Jerom of Prague* had another to the fame Purport.

John Huf
and *Je-*
rom of
Prague
condemn-
ed by the
Council in
fpite of
the Em-
peror's
Pafs.

Sigifmundus, Dei gratia, Romanorum Rex, femper Augustus &c. Hungariæ, Dalmatiæ, Croatiæ &c. Rex. Universis & fingulis Principibus Ecclesiasticis & Secularibus, Ducibus & Marchionibus, Comitibus, Baronibus, Nobilibus, Proceribus, Militaribus, Capitaneis, Potestatibus, Gubernatoribus, Præfidibus, Officialibus quibuscunque, cæterisque nostris & sacri Imperii fubditis & fidelibus, ad quos præfentes Literæ pervenerint, Gratiam Regiam, & omne bonum.

R r 2

Vene-

A Copy
of this
famous
Pafs.

1705.
August 6

Venerabiles, Illustres, Nobiles, & Fideles dilecti. Honorabilem Magistrum Joannem Hus Sacrae Theologiae Baccalaureum, & Artium Magistrum praesentium Ostensorem, de Regno Bohemiae, ad Concilium Generale in Civitate Constantiensi celebrandum in proximo transeuntem, quem etiam in nostram, & sacri Imperii protectionem accepimus, & tutelam; vobis omnibus, & vestrum cuilibet pleno recommandamus affectu: Desiderantes quatenus ipsum quum ad vos pervenerit, gratè suscipere, favorabiliter tractare, atque in his quae ad celeritatem, & securitatem Itineris ipsius pertinent, tam per terram, quam per aquam, promotivam sibi velitis & debeatis ostendere voluntatem; necnon ipsum cum famulis, equis, & aliis rebus suis singulis, per quoscumque portus, pontes, terras, Dominia, Jurisdictiones, Civitates, Oppida, Castra, Villas, & quaelibet alia loca vestra, sine ulla solutione tributi, telonii, aut alio quovis solutionis onere, omnique prorsus impedimento remoto, transire, stare, morari, & redire liberè permittatis; sibi quum opus fuerit, de securo & salvo velitis & debeatis providere conductu, ad honorem & reverentiam nostrae Majestatis. Datum Spirae Anno Domini 1414. Die 7bris 18. Regnorum nostrorum Hungariae 33. Romanorum verò 50.

They are
both burnt

An Ac-
count of
their
Death by
Poggius.

Jerom of
Prague's
Harangue
to his
Judges.

The former of these Martyrs was burnt in the Month of July 1415: The other in the Month of May the Year following.

Poggius the Florentine, who was present at all that passed with Relation to these two Persons, gives an Account of the whole Affair to his Friend Leonard Aretin, in a Letter which he wrote to him from Constance. He there gives the Harangue which Jerom of Prague pronounced before his Judges, who were implacably prejudiced against him. These were his Words:

"Can any thing be more unjust? During 340 Days that I have been loaded with Chains in a dark and stinking Dungeon, deprived of all human Succour, you have constantly given ear to all the Calumnies with which my Enemies have aspersed me, and you refuse to give me an Hour's Audience. They have had all the Time and Opportunity they could desire, to make you believe a thousand false Reproaches: That I am a mad Heretic, a declared Enemy to the Christian Faith, a Persecutor of the Clergy. 'Tis because of these Lies, which ye receive for Truths, that ye will not hear me; and that ye have condemned me, before ye could know whether I really was, what I am accused of being. But ye are not Gods: Ye are but mortal Men, who shall not live for ever; neither are ye infallible, but liable to be deceived and seduced by others. 'Tis given out that all the Light and Prudence of the World is centered here. Your Regard therefore to your own Glory requires, that ye do nothing without mature Deliberation, lest ye commit any Injustice. For my own particular Part, I am but a Man of little Consequence, and though my Life be at Stake, yet it is not so much for my Sake I speak, as that I may, if possible, prevent so many wise and prudent Persons from entering into a Resolution that will prove a Dishonour to them, and a very bad Example.

"This

"This noble Discourse pronounced with a most emphatical Modesty
 "and Eloquence did him no Service. He was condemned to be burnt
 "alive; and he endured the Torment with all imaginable Firmness and
 "Constancy. The Executioner thinking to do him a Favour would have
 "lighted the Pile behind him, that he might not see it. But *Jerom*,
 "suspecting his Intention, called to him to kindle the Fire in his Sight;
 "for, said he, if I had been afraid of it I could have shuned it. Thus
 "continues *Poggius*, this excellent Man died with a Heroism almost incre-
 "dible. I was Eye witness to this cruel Tragedy, and saw every Step and
 "Act in it. I know not whether it was Unbelief or Obstinacy that actu-
 "ated him; but I imagined I saw one of the famous Philosophers of An-
 "tiquity die. *Mutius* burnt his Hand, and *Socrates* took Poison with less
 "Courage than *Jerom* of *Prague* suffered the Fire."

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 CON-
 STANCE.
 His won-
 derful
 Courage
 at his
 Death.

You see here a glorious Testimony rendered to this Martyr, in the very
 Age of Persecution and furious Zeal, by one of the most satirical ill-natur-
 ed *Italian* Writers, Secretary to seven Popes, who some Years after in-
 veighed bitterly both against the Council of *Basil* and against *Amedeus*
 Duke of *Savoy*, whom that Council elected Pope under the Title of
Felix V. in the Place of *Eugenius IV.* and against the learned *Laurentius*
Valla, *Francis Philephus*, *Nicolas Perrot*, *Guarin* of *Verona*: In fine, a Man
 who would have sacrificed ten of his best Friends to his Itch, or rather
 Rage of Wit and satyrical Punning.

Reflexion
 on this
 fine Testi-
 mony of
Poggius.

Here is another Testimony rendered to *John Hus* and to *Jerom* of
Prague, of quite another Consideration than that of *Poggius*. 'Tis the
 Testimony of the learned *Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini*, or, if you will, Pope
Pius II. who thus speaks of them in his History of *Bohemia*. *Johannes*
Hus ætate major & autoritate; Doctrinâ & Facundia superior Hieronymus.
Pertulerunt ambo constanti animo necem, & quasi ad Epulum invitati, ad in-
cendium properarunt, nullam emittentes vocem, quæ miseri animi posset ferre in-
dicium. Ubi ardere cæperunt, Hymnum cecinere, quem vix flamma & fragor
ignis intercipere potuit. Nemo Philosophorum tam forti animo mortem pertu-
lisse traditur, quam isti Incendium.

Other
 Testimo-
 nies by
 Pope
Pius II.

Even the Author of the History of *Wiclefianism* (ascribed by many to
 Father *Maimbourg*) after having blackened these two Persons in the most
 outrageous Manner, was obliged in spite of himself to render Justice to their
 heroic Firmness in Death. See what he says in his Preface. "As these
 "Heretics suffered the cruelest Torments of Fire with an Intrepidity and
 "Resolution of which there have been no such Examples for many Ages,
 "this contributed to justify them in the Opinion of not a few." He re-
 lates the Death of *John Hus* in this Manner. "He neither lost his Judg-
 "ment nor his Calmness, so that if we consider only the Outside of Things
 "hardly could a greater Example of Bravery be produced: None could
 "look upon the most horrible Death with more Resolution and Firmness
 "of Mind: He put on all the outward Appearances of the most stable
 "and solid Devotion: He spoke modestly of the Emperor and the Coun-

And of
 Father
Maim-
bou'g.

The
 Martyr-
 dom of
John
Hus.

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“cil : He forgave the Witnesses who had sworn against him : He prayed to God for them : He made a pathetic Confession to God, which was so much the more moving that it was interrupted frequently by deep Sighs and Groans, and the Fervour of his Soul seemed to be redoubled when the Torch was brought to light his Pile. He ceased praying to hear the Exhortations of the Duke *Lewis* of *Bavaria* and the Count *Papenheim* who were his Friends, and whom he greatly esteemed : He did not interrupt them, but contented himself with answering to them, that his last Regret was, that he could not grant them the Satisfaction they demanded ; but that they must impute it to the Scripture-precept, which ordains that we should obey God rather than Men. The withdrawing of the Duke and the Count was the Signal to the Executioner to set Fire to the Pile, and in a Moment the Flame was so great that it was presumed it had immediately stifled *John Huss* because he was no more heard to speak.”

In the Beginning of the second Part of his History he mentions both the Martyrs in these Terms. “As no Philosopher had ever suffered Death with such determined Resolution, and as so cruel a one did not extort the least Token of Weakness from them, and that the Gentlemen of *Bohemia* who attended them had heard them sing the Praises of God with their last Breath, they held them for true Martyrs.”

Sad Con-
sequences
of the
Death of
these two
great
Men.

This cruel Execution ordered by the Council ; the Rights of Mankind and Laws of Nations which were violated in the Persons of these two Divines, who came to it under the Protection of the Emperor, and with Passes from him, and the Weakness of this Prince in not hindering so crying a Violence, that concerned his Honour and Dignity to the last Degree, were the Motives that stirred up the Followers of these two Men, who were called *Hussites*, to ravage the Country of *Bohemia* and the neighbouring Provinces, and they defeated in nine or ten pitched Battles, under the Conduct of the brave *Zisca*, the Emperor with all the Forces of the Empire.

The
Council of
Constance
deprives
the Laity
of the
Cup in
the Sacra-
ment.

Another Act of this Council, which caused a great Deal of Disorder, was the taking away the Cup in the Eucharist from the Laity, which is found in the thirteenth Session. The Council acknowledged that in the Primitive Church the Communion was administered in both Kinds to the Faithful ; but added, that they thought it better from henceforth to follow the Custom introduced by some Fathers of retrenching the Cup ; and declared that those who would not conform to this Manner of communicating should be reputed Heretics, and rigorously punished as such. Therefore *Jesus Christ* must have been a Heretic according to the Council of *Constance*, and he did not know what he did when he instituted the Sacrament in both Kinds.

No Man-
ner of Re-
formation
performed
by that
Assembly.

As to the Reformation of the Clergy, so necessary at that Time, the Council did not meddle with it ; nor with the Abuses which had crept into Religion, though many learned Men insisted with great Earnestness upon these two Articles. The Cardinal *Peter* of *Aliaze*, amongst others, made

made a very serious Discourse upon the Corruption of the Popes, the Court of Rome, and the Clergy in general. He expatiated very much upon the Abuses of Festivals, and the Invocation of Saints, Prayers for the Dead, Fasts, Distinctions of Food, and other such like Traditions, which he called human, and contrary to the Scriptures: In fine, he complained egregiously of the Tyranny, Superstition, and Numerousness of the Monks, whom he represented as idle Drones. *John Gerson* Chancellor of the University of Paris, presented likewise to the Council sixty five Articles which wanted Reformation, and boldly maintained, "that more Regard was due to the Decision of an honest Doctor, well versed in the sacred Writings, than to the Declaration of a Pope." But the Council would not enter upon any of those Matters, notwithstanding the repeated Remonstrances of many Doctors, well disposed towards the Reformation of the Church.

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C H A P. LI.

Constance. *The grand Sale where the Council met. A Convent of Monks Minors. A Picture of St. Anthony of Padua, and its Legend. The Church of St. Stephen. A remarkable Epitaph. The Church of the Cordeliers. Tomb and History of the Cardinal of Florence. The Church of the Dominicans: Very singular Sculptures. A Description of Constance. Its Fortifications. The Bishop and his Diocese. A Digression concerning the Ecclesiastical Princes of the Empire.*

THE grand Sale where the Council met is 75 Paces in Length, and 36 in Breadth, and they shew Strangers yet the Wicket through which they gave Victuals to the Fathers who composed it. Here is the Inscription over the Door of this Edifice; it is in Gothic Characters of a very particular Kind, with several Contractions.

*Gaude clara Domus, pacem populo generasti
Christicole, dum Pontifices tres schismate vexant,
Tunc omnes abigit Synodus quam tu tenuisti.
Ipse sedem scan. Martinus nomine quintus,
Dum quadringentos numerat post mille salutis
Festo Martini decem & septem simul annos.*

This Building was begun in 1388. according to the Date engraved upon a Marble.

From hence we went to a Convent of Monks of the lesser Order, to see the Place where that Part of the Council assembled which condemned *John Huss* to be burnt alive: It is an old low dark Sale, 80 Foot long and

A Con-
vent of
Monks
Minors
and Pi-
ctures.

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32 broad. I observed in their Church an excellent Picture of the Prophet *Ezekiel's* Vision of the Resurrection of the Dead; but they could not tell us by what Painter; a Head of *Jesus Christ* crowned with Thorns, by the famous *Holbein of Basil*, and a *St. Anthony of Padua*, the Legend of which is to this Effect.

One of St. *Anthony of Padua*, and his Legend. A certain famous Painter being sick, made a Vow to this Saint, who immediately appeared to him (for they say of him in *Italy*, *Exaudit, quos non audit & ipse Deus.*) He promised to cure him if he would paint his Picture as big as Life. The Painter, charmed to obtain his Recovery so cheap, did not hesitate one Moment, but engaged to employ all the Secrets of his Art in doing it to the greatest Perfection, and so he did; for it is an excellent Piece: But what contributed much to render it such is, that the good *St. Anthony* took the Trouble to descend from Heaven to this Painter as often as he desired him, that he might be the surer of hitting his Likeness. There is another excellent Piece besides in this Church: It is the Resurrection of *Jesus Christ*, in Bas-relief, upon white Marble, of most delicate Sculpture.

The Church of *St. Stephen* of here. In the Church of *St. Stephen* is a Picture which they boast very much of here. It represents the Martyrdom of that Saint, and is by an *Italian*, whose Name is not known. But what appeared to me most worthy of Observation was, the Epitaph of a Curate of a Parish, who died of an Apoplectic Fit in this Church, which he had caused to be put here himself 24 Years before his Death: I am sure it will please you so much the better that it is of his own Composition, and you will find in it a Conciseness of Style, and a Play of Words witty enough.

Remark-
able Epi-
taph.

Ab! vita, quàm caduca, labilis, fragilis!

Dum vixi, cecidi cùm vixi

Ut surgam & canam Dea meo laudes.

Pie, quisquis es, accine,

Sic umbram, non umbram collustrabis.

Martinus Millerus Doctor, Capellanus,

Parochus, Fiscalis, Canonicus,

Cinis, Nihil.

Ætatis Anno XLVI.

Certò, incertò moriturus

Sibi, tibi, posuit.

Placidè vide, vive, vale.

Since his Death has been added.

Obiit piè in hac ipsa Ecclesia

Die X. Octob. Anno Domini M.DC.LXX.

Ætatis LXX. & cineribus Matris

Appositus est.

In

In the Church of the *Cordeliers* by the chief Altar is interred quite simply as a private Person the Cardinal of *Florence*, whose Epitaph follows in large Letters, without Diphthongs.

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STANCE.

Anno Domini M.CCCC.XVII. VII. KL. Octobris Constantie. in Concilio. generali. Franciscus Zabarella. Patavinus. Card. Florentinus. Vir. Doctissimus. post. multa. ejus. in Vitis Ecclesie. Vnionem. egregia merita. summo. omnium. cum. merore.

This Cardinal was born at *Padua*, where he had taught the Law with Reputation. Pope *John XXII.* gave him the Bishopric of *Florence*, and afterwards a Cardinal's Hat. It is also not improbable that he would have been Pope had he lived much longer. His Name was *Francis Zabarella* or *Zabarella*, and his Title Cardinal of *Florence*, tho' he was of *Padua*. *Poggius* the *Florentin*, who was at *Constance* when this Cardinal died there, pronounced his Funeral Oration in the Presence of the Fathers of the Council, and exalted him as a Prelate of singular Merit.

There is also an ancient Chapel in this Church, built, according to Tradition, by a Duke of *Suabia*, before *Constance* was founded. This Prince being a Hunting, incountered a famous Dragon, which so afrighted his Horse that he threw him into a deep Marsh; but the Prince recommending himself to the holy Virgin in his Fall, this good Lady made Branches of Willows sprout up there on purpose, which catching hold of him saved his Life. In Commemoration of this miraculous Deliverance he built a Chapel on the Spot, where this Monster met him, and the Marsh disappeared forever.

I did not see any Thing curious in any of the other Churches we visited, except a Piece of gilt Sculpture in that of the *Dominicans*. It represents the Virgin *Mary* in the Agony of Death. Our Saviour sits by her on her Bedside, and gives her his Benediction: *St. Peter* stands near him with a Holy Water-sprinkle in one Hand, the holy Water-pot in the other, and a Chaplet at his Girdle.

Besides the Cathedral, in which there is very little worth Observation, there is at *Constance* a College of *Jesuits*, whose Church is but indifferent; a Convent of *Benedictines*; one of *Dominicans*; one of *Augustines*, one of *Cordeliers*, one of *Capuchins*; two Monasteries of Nuns; four Parishes, *St. Stephen*, *St. Paul*, *St. John*, and *St. Just*. About a Quarter of a League from Town, and on the left Side of the Lake, is a very fine Abbacy of *Augustin* Regulars, which is extremely rich.

Constance, according to *Ortelius*, is the *Harodunum* of *Ptolomy*: It took its Name from *Constantius Chlorus* Father to *Constantine* the Great. The Bishopric, Suffragan of *Mentz* or *Mayence* was translated from *Windisch* hither by King *Dagobert I. Windisch*, which *Tacitus* calls *Vindonissa* in the fourth Book of his History, was burnt by the *Helvetians* or *Swiss* at their Incurfion into *Gaul*, in the Time of *Julius Cæsar*. Some time after the *Romans* rebuilt it; but the

Numb. VII.

S f

Huns,

1705. *Huns*, under the Command of *Attila*, rased it in the Reign of *Valentinianus* III. so that there now remains no more but a little Village called *Windisch*. As to *Constance* it has long been a Republic, and it abolished Popery in 1522. *Charles V.* put it to the Ban of the Empire after he had defeated the League of *Smalcalden*, to which this Town had acceded in 1531. This was the Reason why the greater Part of the Protestants, with their Ministers, retired to another Place. In Procefs of Time it was made an Imperial City; but the Emperor *Rodolphus* II. making himself Master of it, it has always been Subject since to the House of *Austria*. So that *Moreri* very improperly calls it an Imperial City. Marshal *Horn*, the *Swedish* General, besieged it in 1633. but raised the Siege at the Request of the *Helvetic* Body, and of the Duke *de Rohan* Embassador of *France* in *Switzerland*. The Besieged gave out that several Miracles and Apparitions happened in their Favour during the Siege, to which few gave any Credit.

Its Description. *Constance* is as big again as *Lindaw*; but so ill peopled that the Grass grows almost in every Street. The Town-house is a mere Rat-nest, and the Houses in general are low and ill built. The Commerce of the Inhabitants has been long since upon a very indifferent Footing. In former Times the Convenience of the Lake brought a good Deal of Trade to this Place. All I have told is real Truth; yet the *Sieur* of *Rocheport* says in his Travels thro' *Germany* and *Poland*. "That the Town of *Constance* is one of the richest and best inhabited in *Switzerland*, that its Cathedral (one of the forriest to be seen any where) is magnificent in every Respect; that the principal Altar in it is the most sumptuous of all the Altars in the Catholic Churches of *Switzerland*; that no Traveller ought to miss seeing the Town-house."

Fortifications of *Constance*. The Fortifications are tolerably good: On the Land-side are Bastions, Ravelins, Cavaliers, the whole surrounded with a thick Hedge, and a double Ditch full of Water: On the Side of the Lake there is but a simple Wall. The *Rhine* comes out of it not above a Musket-shot below the Town, and runs into the Lake of *Zell* by a Canal on which the Town is situated.

And Bridge. There is a Bridge over it, which is 336 Paces long: This Bridge is of Wood, six Arches excepted, which are of Stone, and at one End of it: Below it is a Mill which moves 16 Mill-stones at once, by several very well contrived Machines.

The Government. Though *Constance* be subject to the Emperor, yet it has a Sort of Senate; it is governed by two Burgomasters, a grand Bailiff, 24 Counsellors, and 18 other Persons. The Citizens, who will not acquiesce in the Decisions of the Magistracy, may appeal to the Chancery of *Innsbruck*, the Capital of *Tirol*.

The learned Men it has given Birth to. The learned *Udalricus* or *Hulrichus Zasius*, one of the most famous Lawyers in his Time, was born in this Town. He studied here likewise, and acquired a great Reputation; but being called to the University of *Friburg*

Friburg in Brisgaw, he made such Progress in his Studies that he soon was looked upon as the greatest Lawyer of that Age. After writing a great Number of Books in that Branch of Learning, he died there universally regretted by all who knew him. The Magistracy erected a magnificent Tomb to his Memory, with this Epitaph:

Hulricho Zasio Jurisconsulto suorum temporum toto Orbe celeberr. Hujus Academiæ Ornamento singulari. In restaurando Jure Municipali jam olim strenuam operam navanti. Aliisque multis nominibus de se benè merito. Magistratus officii memor, fieri jussit. Concessit Naturæ Anno Salutis M.D.XXXV. VIII. Kal. Decemb.

The Bishop of *Constance* now sitting is called *John Francis Schenk van Stoeffenberg*, an ancient Barony in *Suabia*. He is Prince of the Empire, as the other Bishops in *Germany*, and first Director of the Circle of *Suabia*. The Duke of *Wirtemberg* is but the second; so true is it that the Priests have always found means to get the upper Hand of the Laity. This Bishop ordinarily resides at *Merzburg*, a very pretty Town on the Lake: There he has a pretty splendid Court, and keeps a Grand Chamberlain, a Grand Master of the Horse, a Grand Hunter, a Grand Marshal, in a Word, all the Grandeur of the greatest Courts in *Germany*, but in Miniature; and all this *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

His Diocese extends into the Demesnes of the Cantons of *Schaffhausen*, *Zurich*, and *Bern*, in which he has the Collation of several Ecclesiastical Benefices, Protestant as well as Catholic. The Chapter of *Constance* consists but of twelve Canons, and some Chaplains. The Grand Provost, who is at present the Count of *Schallenberg*, has 20000 *German Florins* of Revenue by his Benefice, and each Canon has between 1000 and 1200.

As the Bishop of *Constance* is the last Bishop of *Germany* on this Side, I think it is not amiss before I go into the Protestant Cantons of *Switzerland*, to say something to you of the present State of the Ecclesiastical Princes of the Empire.

The Ecclesiastical Princes are Archbishops, Bishops, or Abbots. The Archbishoprics of *Bremen* and *Magdeburg* having been converted into secular Principalities ought not to be included in that Class, no more than those of *Cambray* and *Besançon*, which are now severed from the Empire. Those of *Mentz*, *Treves*, and *Cologne* are annexed to three Electorats, so that there only remains now the Archbishop of *Saltzburg*, who besides his Seat in the States, is born Legate of the See of *Rome* in the Empire. His Country is almost entirely surrounded with Mountains, and the greater Part of his Revenue, which is very considerable, consists of Salt-pits. This Prince is at the Head of all the Ecclesiastics, whom he governs alternately with the Archduke of *Austria*. These Archdukes having claimed the Precedency of all the secular Princes in the Assembly of the States, on Ac-

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The Bi-
shop and
his Prero-
gatives.

The Ex-
tent of
his Dio-
cese and
Chapter.

I Digression
on the
Ecclesia-
stical
Princes of
the Em-
pire.

There are
three Sorts
of them.

Arch-
bishops.

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B. shops.

count of the great Prerogatives of their House, saw the whole Body in an Insurrection against them; and could find no more honourable Place than that which the Ecclesiastical Princes gave them: The Archbishop of *Salzburg* did not consent to it, but on Condition that he and the Archdukes should have the Precedency by Turns.

There were anciently 30 Bishoprics, which entitled to the Quality of Princes, and to a Seat in the Diet of the States: But some of them have been converted into secular Principalities, and others have been dismembered, or have lost their Right of Suffrage. Here I think is a List of those which retain their Privileges. *Bamberg, Wurtzburg, Worms, Spire, Eichsted, Augsburg, Constance, Hildesheim, Paderborn, Munster, Osnabruk, Passaw, Frissingen, Liege, Trente, Brixen, Basle, Strasbourg.* All these Bishops are Ecclesiastical Princes, and have the same Privileges, and the same Rights and Powers as other Princes: They can make War and Alliances; but though their Quality be equal, yet their actual Strength is very different: Some have large Cities, strong Places, and large Dominions: Others have only the Title of Princes. Among those Bishops, those of *Bamberg, Wurtzburg, and Munster*, are undoubtedly the most potent.

The Bishop of
Bamberg.

The Bishop of *Bamberg* has the Precedency of all the rest, and his Prerogatives are very considerable: He holds immediately of his Holiness the Pope, and recognizes no other Metropolitan, as I already told you in the Article of *Bamberg*: His ordinary Residence is in that City, and the other more considerable Places belonging to him are *Cronach* and *Fortzheim*: He and the Markgrave of *Baireith* are the Directors of the Circle of *Franconia*.

Bishop of
Wurtzburg.

The Bishop of *Wurtzburg* takes the Title of Duke of *Franconia*, which is attached to his Bishopric: That State is extremely well situated in the Heart of *Franconia*, in a most fertile, agreeable Country: The River *Mein* enables it to carry on some Commerce; but it bears the Marks of the War, as most States in the Empire do. I believe I have already told you that the Bishop of *Wurtzburg* has actually ten thousand regular Troops on Foot, the greater Part of whom are in the Emperor's Service.

The Character
of *Galen*
Bishop of
Munster.

The Bishop of *Munster* is also very potent, witness what was performed by the famous *Bernard Galen*, who, by Reason of the Vicinity of his Territory with that of the States-General of the *United Provinces*, had frequent Quarrels with them, and carried on War against them very vigorously. This Prince was active, enterprizing and resolute: He made himself to be feared by his Enemies, and respected by his Subjects, whom he ruled with great Authority. I can't say any Thing positively about the Revenue of this Bishopric; but the Bishop, in Case of Necessity, easily augments it.

Bishop of
Liege.

The Bishopric of *Liege*, which at present belongs to the Elector of *Colagne*, is likewise very considerable; but at present he is overwhelmed by quartering of the Troops of the Allies upon him.

The

The Bishopric of *Osnabruck* lies in the *Lower Saxony*, and is filled alternately by a *Catholic* and a *Lutheran*; its Revenue is sufficient to support a Prince. The Estates of the other Bishops are so narrow that they have barely enough to keep up the Quality of Princes with any tolerable Degree of Dignity.

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The Grand Master of the *Teutonic* Order, and the Grand Prior of *Malta* have likewise each of them a Rank and Seat among the Ecclesiastical Princes. The *Teutonic* Order was anciently very considerable in *Germany*, till the House of *Brandenburg* possessed itself of *Prussia* which belonged to it. Since this Loss it has ever been declining. That of *Malta* has suffered almost the same Revolutions. Both do but just preserve some Remains of their ancient Wealth and Greatness.

The
grand
Master of
the *Teuto-
nic* Order,
and the
grand
Prior of
Malta.

The Abbot of *Fulden* is the first of the Abbot-Princes: He has the Title of Arch-chancellor of the Empress, and even disputes the Precedency with the Electors. This Abbacy is the richest and most potent in *Europe*, notwithstanding all it hath suffered by the preceding Wars. It is very considerable not only by its vast Revenues, but its noble Privileges.

The Ab-
bot-Prin-
ces.

The other Abbays which were originally not so rich as that of *Fulden*, were more easily sunk by the Violences of War; and their Abbots have scarcely a Competency remaining to support their Dignity of Princes: All the Advantage they have by that Title consists in the Rank and Seat it gives them in the Diet of the Empire.

The other
Abbacies.

The Jealousy of the Protestant Princes, who cannot endure that private Gentlemen, raised to the Rank of Princes by Election, should be upon a Footing with them, is a great Obstacle to the Power of the Ecclesiastical Princes, who are every Day losing Hopes of recovering the Riches which has been taken from them. This occasions a great Misunderstanding in the College of the Princes, and makes every Motion there suspected. The Bishops can't digest the Diminution of their Demesnes, which the preceding Wars have authorized. This makes them try all Methods of getting the better of these Usurpations upon them; but the Protestant Princes, whose Interest it manifestly is to disappoint these Schemes of the Ecclesiastics, on their Side take all Methods to break their Measures, and render their Politics ineffectual. Here is all I have been able to learn concerning the present State of the Ecclesiastical Princes of the Empire.

Jealousy
of the
Protestant
Princes
against
the Pre-
lates.

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C H A P. LII.

Lake of Zell. Reichnaw, a remarkable Island in that Lake, and Description of it. A rich Abbacy in this Island. The Church. The Tomb of Charles the Fat. His Epitaph and Portrait. Other Curiosities. Singular Relics. A prodigious Emerald. The Library. The History of this Abbacy. No venomous Beasts in this Island: And why?

Rapid-
ity of the
Rhine.

THERE being no more to see at *Constance*, to Day we set out in a Sort of *Gondola*, and began to go down the *Rhine*, which is very rapid when it issues out of the *Lake of Constance*, and a long Way afterwards. We went at the Rate of two Leagues an Hour, which was much pleasanter than going up this River against the Stream from *Cologne* to *Francfort*.

Lake of
Zell, and
a remark-
able
Island in
it.

It was about Ten o'Clock when we came to a small Island where we were to put in; but a Sort of Mist hid it from our View. A Circumstance which put me in Mind of the invisible Island of *Alcidiane*, which *Gomberville* took for the principal Scene of his Romance of *Polexandre*, and which he makes this poor King of the *Canary* Islands hunt for in vain so many Years thro' Rocks and Tempests. I was just going to order our Boat-men to row on without searching any longer for a little Island, as capricious perhaps as the other, when the Sun appearing, dissipated the Mist surrounding it, and our Rowers plying their Oars as fast as they could, we discovered it, and landed in a little Time after. We went ashore in the most Southern Point of it, without sounding or calling a Pilot, because there are no Sand-banks or Rocks betwixt Wind and Water on its Coasts, which are very clear.

Called
Reichnaw
and, exact-
ly describ-
ed.

This Island is called *Reichnaw*, anciently *Augia*. Its Territory is extremely fertile in Corn, Wine, and Fruit, and all that is necessary and agreeable to Life; in short, it is an earthly Paradise. It has two Capes or Promontories, one to the South, the other to the North, with several Bays and Creeks, so that one may land any where upon it without Danger of running a Ground. As for its Mountains, Forests, and Rivers, I will say nothing of them, for I have not seen them; but as to its Circuit I can assure you it is no less than two large Leagues. We travelled thro' a great Part of it before we arrived at the Palace of the *Bailly*, which is large and spacious in Proportion to the Island. Imagine to yourself *Sancho Panca*, Governour of *Barataria*, the Case is much the same, only the Bailly of *Reichnaw* has no Physician to attend his Person, who by a Touch of his Wand makes the Plates vanish so soon as he begins to eat heartily: On

the contrary this good Bailly no sooner knew who we were, than he set all Hands to Work in the Kitchen, in order to regale us.

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August 6.

After our Repast, he conducted us to a large Abbacy of *Benedictins*, of which the Bishop of *Constance* is Abbot. It being to Day a Festival with them, Divine Service over, we found in a large and pleasant Apartment, in the Middle of four Alleys of Trees which cross the Garden, the Reverend Father Prior, with half a Dozen of his Monks, drinking together a hearty Glass, and ratling the Box and Dice as fast as they could, and to some Purpose; that is to say, the Stakes were no less than Ducats or *Lewis d'Ors*. I was tempted to ask the Bailly what *Dom Japhet* of *Armenia* asked the Bailly of *Orgas* in *Spain*.

CON-
STANCE.
A rich
Abbacy
in this
Island.

————— Bailly, dans le Bourg votre,
Fait-on avec trois os insulte au Bien d'autrui?

But the Prior prevented me, who together with his Companion Monks left their Play so soon as they saw us, to receive us in their Way, *i. e.* make us swallow some Brimmers before they would speak of any Thing else.

After a little tinkling of Glasses, the Bailly having told them we were Strangers who desired to see the Curiosities in their Convent, they led us immediately into the Church, where the first Tomb they shewed us was that of *Charles* the Fat, Emperor and King of *France*, who lies buried here in the simplest Manner. You know the History of this unfortunate Prince, Son to *Lewis* King of *Germany*, who, after the Death of his two Brothers *Lewis* and *Carloman*, was sole Master of all *Germany*, *Italy*, and the whole Kingdom of *France*; but being afterwards deposed in the most shameful Manner, he was reduced to such an Extremity, that he had scarcely Sustainance. 'Twas this same Prince, who after having routed the *Normans* in several Engagements, was at last forced to yield *Neustria* to them, where they settled, and changed its Name into that of *Normandy*. Here is the Epitaph upon his Tomb in *Gothic* Letters.

Tomb of
Charles
the Fat
and his
Story.

Carolus crassus Rex Sueviæ, Pronepos Caroli Magni, Italianam potenter intravit, eamque devicit, Imperiumque Romanorum, ubi Cæsar coronatur, obtinuit, ac mortuo Fratre suo Ludovico, universam Germaniam & Galliam jure hereditario acquisivit. Demùm animo mente, & corpore deficiens, ab Imperio sanè magno cum Fortune ludibrio dejeetus, à suis omnibus post positus, humili hoc in loco jacet. Obiit anno Domini 888. Id. Jan. in cujus memoriam Christophorus Dei gratiâ Episcopus Constant. Augiæque majoris Dominus, Monumentum istud de novo restaurari, & refici curavit anno à partu Virginis 1560.

His Epi-
taph.

The

1705.
August 6.

The Portrait of this poor unhappy Emperor is also painted in Oil Colours, upon the Wall of this Church near his Monument, with the four following Verses underneath.

*Pannonas & Cimbros deverso Marte subegit
Carolus, à crasso corpore nomen habens.
Sed benè quas Juvenis Regni tractarat habenas,
His iterùm Senior dispoliatus obit.*

The
Corpse of
St Mark
and its
Legend.

The second Curiosity they shewed us in this Church, is a Shrine of Silver gilt, in which are deposited the Corps of St. Mark the Evangelist; so at least the Prior swore; for the Monks in this part of the World make no more Scruple of swearing, than those in Spain. The Legend of this Saint bears, that a Bishop named *Rodolphus*, who was likewise Abbot of this Abbey having cured a *Doge* of *Venice*, whose Name is not preserved, of a secret Disease so inveterate, that it surpassed the Skill of all the *Esculapii* in *Italy*; that *Doge* gave him clandestinely this holy Relick in Recompense. It adds, that this holy Bishop having met with some Unbelievers like yourself, put his Hand into a Cauldron of boiling Water in their Presence, to prove that this was truly the Body of St. Mark, and pulled it out safe and unhurt.

At the Hearing of this fine Story, I could not help saying to the Prior, that I would not advise him to maintain that Doctrine at *Venice*; for without Regard to his Character, they would most certainly send him to pay a Visit to the Bottom of one of their deepest Canals, well wrapt up in a Sack; the ordinary Punishment there of those who are too free with the Republic.

That of
St. Janu-
arius.

They shewed us another Shrine of Silver gilt, in which rests the Body of my Lord St. *Januarius*, who suffered Martyrdom under *Dioclesian* and *Maximian*. As for this Corpse, the Prior ingeniously acknowledged that it wants the Head; and had he said otherwise we would not have believed him; for all the World knows that the *Neapolitans*, who have taken this Saint for their Patron and Intercessor with God, boast of having his Body and Head, and a Viol full of his Blood, which liquifies and boils when it is brought near this most holy Head.

Singular
Relicks.

They shewed us likewise, which was a very particular Favour, the Smock the *Virgin Mary* had upon her the Night our Saviour came into the World, (they pretend to have this Shift at *Aix-la-Chapelle*) a Plainer and a Gimblet which St. *Joseph* made use of; a Piece of the Skin wherewith St. *John* the Baptist was covered in the Desert, which is kept in a Silver-box, with some Pairings of his Nails; the Apostle St. *Bartholomew's* Skull; the Sandals the little *Zacheus* wore when he mounted up to the Top of the *Sycamore* Tree to see *Jesus Christ* pass; one of the Vessels used at the Wedding-Feast of *Cana*, much larger than any of those at *Cologne* or *Bamberg*. So that we have already seen three of these Vessels since we begun our Travels. Add to them the three I saw at *Oneille* in *Spain*, at *St. Denis* and at *Angers*

in *France*; and thus I may hope to have seen them all before I return to *England*.

1705.
August 6.

But the greatest Curiosity in this Church, which accordingly they keep for the last Bit, was an Emerald of a gigantic Size that is worth a whole Kingdom. That you may not think I exaggerate, I must tell you that this true or pretended Emerald is two Foot broad, thirteen Inches high, three Inches thick, and set into a Frame of Ebony like a Picture: A Gold Frame would far better become this Queen of Emeralds. Could you imagine there was such a Treasure hid in this small Island, and among a Parcel of Monks?

A very large Emerald.

If we may believe the Tradition the Prior gave us of this Emerald, it was sent from *Constantinople* with several others to *Charlemagne* by the Empress *Irene* Mother to *Constantin VII*. You know that this ambitious Woman was very desirous to espouse that Prince, in order to be Empress of the *East* and *West* at once, and that she took some Steps to satisfy this Inclination: And that perhaps may have given rise to this Tradition, coined to give more probability to the pretended Reality of this huge Jewel. Another Proof of its Value: The Prior assured us, with lusty Oaths, that the famous *Alvarez*, Jeweller and Lapidary to the King of *France*, coming to this Place, a little before the Declaration of War, on purpose to see this great Curiosity, after having carefully examined it, offered twenty thousand Pistols for half a pound of it, if they would allow him to cut it, and to pay at the same Rate if he should cut more than that Quantity; adding, that if it were not split from Top to Bottom no Monarch in the World was rich enough to buy it. If this be true, it is an unanswerable Proof of its Value. Yet I imagine I hear you say, with your usual Scepticism about every thing that favours of the Marvellous:

The History of it.

Credat Judæus Apella. Non Ego.

To tell you my Mind frankly, this boasted of Jewel appears to me to be rather a Composition than a genuine Emerald; so much the rather, that it is of a purer Green and softer Colour than the most perfect ones generally are. As for the Jew's Offer, it has to me entirely the Air of a fine Puff invented by the Prior to gain more Credit to his Jewel. However, they seem to believe in this Abbacy that it is of immense Value, for it is imprisoned in a little Hole dug in the Wall of the Church, which is secured with a double Iron-grate well padlocked. But notwithstanding all the Bustle they make about this pretended Treasure, they have suffered the Surface of it to be much damaged, by allowing several Persons to scratch their Names on it with the Point of a Diamond. The Reverend Father Prior offered us the same Favour very politely, but we did not think it proper to abuse his Complaisance, nor indeed to mix our Names with those Fools, who had not scrupled to eternize (so to speak) their fantastical Vanity.

The Author's Opinion about it.

Numb. VII.

T t

nity,

1705.

August 7.

The Li-
brary.

nity, by inscribing their Names on a Jewel which is looked upon by its Proprietors to be the most precious one in the Universe.

From the Church we went into the Library, which is furnished with a great Number of Manuscripts, the rarest of which is a *Virgil* 8 or 900 Years old. By the way in which we found the principal Persons of this Convent diverting themselves at our Arrival, I can scarcely think they often amuse themselves with turning over these Manuscripts. Father *Mabillon* who lodged here a whole Month, made Use enough of them both for himself and the *Monks* too.

An ex-
traordi-
nary long
Beard.

They shewed us likewise the Portrait of the Father of the present Lawyer or Attorney of the Abbey, named *John Bendul* great Counsellor of *Ravenspurg*, who died in 1677. His Beard was so long that he trod upon it, and the Day his Son took the Habit of a *Monk* he assisted at the Ceremony and the Festival, where in Presence of all who were there, he girded himself about the Middle twice with his Beard, as if it had been a Scarf. In truth, this Gentleman might have said with better Reason than *Damaspus* in the third *Satyr* of the second Book of *Horace*:

— *Tempore quo me*

Stertinus jussit sapientem pascere Barbam.

Other Cu-
riosity.

We also saw in this Library, a Piece of far greater Curiosity than this wonderful Beard; namely, a Chronology of the World, from *Adam* to *Constantin* the Great, in small Miniatures, upon Leaves of Vellum pasted together, and rolled up in the Form of a Cylinder. I observed in it, among other Things, that *Eve* was assisted by two Midwives in bringing *Cain* to Bed; an Authority to support the System of the *Pre-Adamites*.

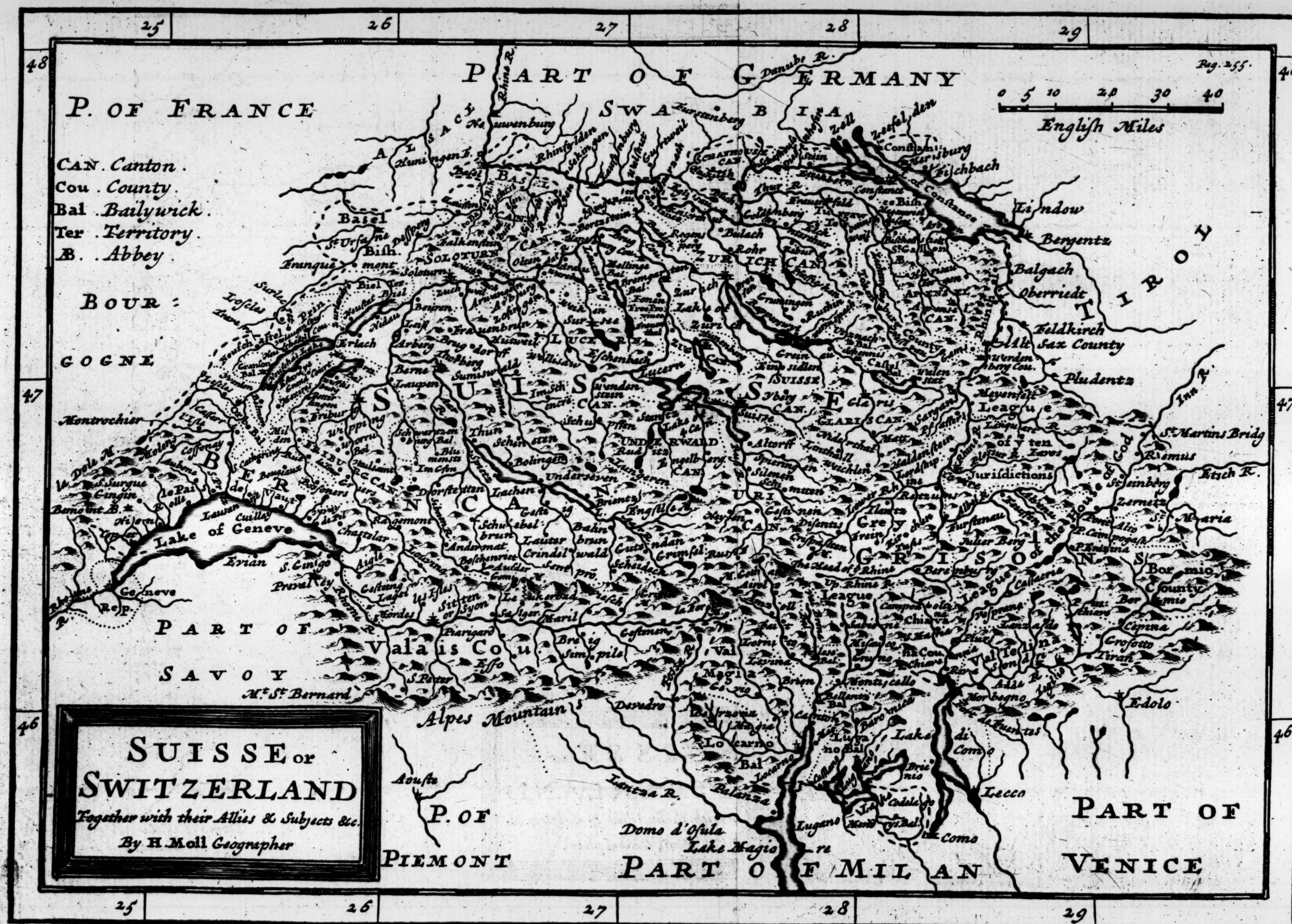
History
of this
Abbacy.

The Abbey of *Reichnau* was anciently opulent and powerful, and had its own Abbot in particular who resided there. It was founded in 724, by *St. Firmin* Bishop of *Milden*. *Charlemagne* made rich Presents to it, among others, of the Town and Territory of *Ulm*, which afterwards purchased its Liberty by a vast Sum; so that this Monastery was one of the richest which the *Benedictines* possessed in *Germany*. History tells us, that the last of its residential Abbots (a true Abbot in every Respect) led a very scandalous Life, and that his *Monks* followed his Example; insomuch that the Bishop of *Constance*, in whose Diocese it is, deposed the Abbot, reformed the Abbey, made himself Abbot, and appropriated the greater Part of the Revenue to himself. This was not done, you may easily believe, without long Informations and a formal Process. The Bailif shewed us the Writings, but they are too prolix to be copied.

St. Firmin
drives all
the vene-
mous
Beasts
out of this
Island.

Another Rarity we were informed of is, that the good Bishop *St. Firmin* Founder of this famous Abbey, so importuned Heaven by his fervent Prayers, that he made all the Serpents, Lizards, Toads, Spiders, and every venomous Beast forsake this Island; so that there are none now to be found in it. Thus *Reichnau* is a second *Ireland*, at least in Miniature: And the

Irish



Irish St. Patrick was not the only one who had the Secret of driving away all Sorts of Vermin. To recompense *St. Firmin's* Trouble and good Service, he was buried in the Church of this Abbacy which he had founded; but not till he had been dead 90 Years: Nay, he was obliged to appear to the Bishop of *Constance* then living, to point out the Place to him where his Body was laid, in a Manner not suitable to his Dignity and Sanctity. So true is it, that Men have been, and always will be, ungrateful, from *Adam* to the End of the World.

1705.
August. 7.

C H A P. LIII.

Towns and fine Country between Reichnaw and Schaffhousen. Mr. Hollander Magistrate of that City Possessor of the Consular Medals of Charles Patin. Reflexion upon those who collect such kind of Curiosities. The famous Cascade of the Rhine described. A surprising History. Schaffhousen described. The Origine of its Name and Arms.

AFTER returning Thanks to these *Monks* for their Civility, and to the Bailif, who had gone to the Extremity of the Island with us, we re-embarked about one 'o Clock. It was a dead Calm; but our Boatmen rowed stoutly, and soon after we left to the Right, at the Bottom of the Cove of the lower Lake the small Town of *Zell*, belonging to the House of *Austria*. About three we passed *Steckborn*, which is upon the left Side, and in the Territory of the Bishop of *Constance*. About five o' Clock we arrived at *Stein*, the first Town in the Canton of *Zurich*, very pleasantly situated, and fortified by a Castle that commands it. We walked through the Town till we had got another Bark ready; for here one finds Relays of Boats, which are managed by *Swiss* Boatmen, whereas in those from *Constance*, the Boatmen are *German*s. Both do their Business with abundance of Ph'egm, i. e. slowly enough. It is at *Stein* the *Rhine* issues out of the Lake of *Zell*, and confines itself in the Channel which it keeps to *Holland*.

Several Towns on the Banks of the Lake of *Zell*.

Stein in the Canton of *Zurich*.

There is no finer Country than this which we see all the Way in our Descent on the *Rhine* to *Schaffhousen*: The two Sides of this River are charming, and the Prospect at a Distance not less agreeable. One sees at a great Distance the Fortress of *Hobentwiel*, belonging to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, who keeps at all times a strong Garrison in it. This Fortress is the most considerable Place in the Duchy of *Wirtemberg*, situated upon a high Mountain, extremely strong by Nature, and of great Importance, commanding the Entry into the Country on that Side. The Wars in *Germany* have rendered it very famous by the long Sieges it stood against several Armies of the Emperor which were not able to take it. We are informed by History that two Brothers, both Dukes of *Wirtemberg*, being engaged

Beauty of the Country along the *Rhine*.

1705.

August 7.

Dieffen-
hofen.

in different Parties, were upon the Point of giving Battle near this Place without knowing one another.

We coasted by the little Town of *Dieffenhofen*, the Inhabitants of which are a Medley, *i. e.* part Catholics and part Protestants; But they live together in perfect Harmony, being much wiser in that Respect than many others that differ in Matters of Religion, and who are ready to cut one another's Throats on that Account. The Prospect does not change to the worse; on the Contrary, new Beauties are ever and anon appearing to the Sight. At last we arrived at *Schaffhousen* about 8 o' Clock.

August. 8.

Schaffhou-
sen Capi-
tal of a
Canton.Mr. Hol-
lander a
polite
learned
Magi-
strate, and
his Curio-
sities.His Me-
dals.How he
came by
them.A Re-
flexion
upon the
Vanity of
those who
amass Cu-
riosities.

To Day we visited a most worthy Magistrate of this Town named *Hollander*, whose House, we had been told, was a great Curiosity. He received us in the Vestible of his House, it not being the Custom here to receive in what you call in *England* Parlours, any other Persons besides the Magistrates. Were I to mention all the Usages that differ from ours, I should everlastingly make Digressions. Hence Mr. *Hollander* conducted us into the Library, which is not large or numerous, but consists of well-chosen Books. There are some Pictures in it which he highly esteems.

But what he values more than his Books or Pictures, is a Series of Consular Medals, and another of the Emperors, from the first *Brutus* to the pitiful *Augustulus*. I wished for you more than once here, that you might have had the Joy this curious Collection of Antiquities would infallibly have given you. As to the Suite of the Emperors and Empreſſes, he collected them all himself with great Labour and Trouble: But the Consular Series he had all at once by a very particular Chance. They are Silver and very fine. I'll tell you how he came by them.

Mr. *Charles Patin*, in passing through *Schaffhousen*, went to see Mr. *Hollander*, and giving him to understand that he wanted exceedingly 3 or 400 Ducats to finish his Travels and return into *Italy*, Mr. *Hollander* offered him that Sum very civilly. *Patin* accepted the Offer, and to make a suitable Return to the Friendship of this Magistrate, would needs leave as a Pledge with him, this Series of Consular Medals, which he had collected and carried about with him. *Patin* died soon after at *Padua*, where he was Professor; and his Widow was not very solicitous about redeeming these Medals; so that they have remained with Mr. *Hollander* for the Sum he had lent to Mr. *Charles Patin*.

Let us reflect a Moment upon this Effect of Chance, which so plainly proves the Vanity of all worldly Things. Men generally have a Passion for collecting with great Labour and Expence, Treasures, Jewels, Medals, Pictures, Books, in a Word, Cabinets of Curiosities—and to what End? To leave them all at once, much against their Will, to Persons who give them no manner of Thanks for them? With how much Industry and Toil had the poor *Patin* accomplished his Desire of making up a compleat Series of Consular Medals? Yet Mr. *Hollander* who never gave him-
self

self any Trouble about them, never stirred one Foot out of *Schaffbousen* to get them, is now Master of this rare Collection for a middling Sum.

1705.
August 8.

Let us return to the Medals. As he seemed to imagine that I knew something of the Matter, he shewed me an *Otho* in large Brass, very much damaged by Fire, and asked me, if I did not take it to be genuine. I was ashamed to own my Ignorance, and acted the *Norman*, i. e. neither said yea nor nay, but shook my Head twice or thrice while I looked on the Medal, which had some Marks of Antiquity. That was sufficient for the Burgomaster to make him fancy me a Judge; and he told me smiling, that I was in the right, but that four or five pretended Antiquaries had been deceived. You see what it is to assume a little Impudence on certain Occasions: Alas! how many are there who have the Reputation of Learned, without possessing one Grain of any other Science, but that of knowing how to put on an Air of Assurance?

SHAFF-
HOUSEN.
A Medal
of *Otho* in
Brass.

The Cataracts of the *Rhine* which are not above half a League below *Schaff-bousen*, being famous over all *Europe*, we would not miss this Occasion of seeing them. This marvellous Cascade cannot be easily described: However I will endeavour to give you a short Account of it. The *Rhine*, after running a pretty while very smoothly over small Rocks betwixt Wind and Water, rushes with a terrible Noise into certain Cavities made by Clusters of other Rocks. Hence it falls with an inexprimable Rapidity, all in white Froth like the Waves of the Sea, between four or five large Rocks of different Heights, which Nature seems to have cut steep merely for the Sake of this Prodigy. This Fall upon the Rocks produces three Cascades thro' three different Canals. The largest and most impetuous of these Cascades is, that which falls on the left Bank of the River between two Rocks (one of which is above fifty Cubits high) that are continually hollowed at the Bottom by the descending Torrent. They reflect a Sort of Rain which raises itself up in the Air, and falls down like a Cloud at the Distance of two hundred Paces from the Precipice. What is most particular is, that the Manner in which the Water falls makes a fine Circle in the Middle of this Cascade. The other two, one of which divides itself into Branches, have likewise vast Force and Impetuosity, and all together they make a deafning Noise. The Place where this River begins to precipitate itself, as it were over five or six Steps, may be about 200 Paces broad, and the Height of the Cascade is between 40 and 50 Feet.

Aug. 9, 10.
The Ca-
taracts or
Fall of
the *Rhine*
exactly
described.

On the right Side, not far from the first Cascade, there is a very considerable Forge which brings in a vast Revenue, where Day and Night a prodigious Quantity of Iron is made that is carried over all *Switzerland*; and it was necessary to raise a Mole of more than a hundred Paces long to convey the Water which moves the huge Hammers in this Forge. It belongs to our Bankers who made us Breakfast in it after the Custom of the Country. During this Repast I imagined myself in *Sicily* amidst the *Cyclops*, in the Patron of the Cuckolds Shop.

A confi-
derable
Forge
near it.

On

1705.
Aug. 9-10.

SHAFF-
HOUSEN.
A dread-
ful Fall
from this
Cascade.

On the left Bank of the River, and on the Top of the Rock, which bounds the large Cascade, is a Castle belonging to the Lords of *Zurich*, who keep a Bailif there, whose Jurisdiction extends as far as the Bridge of *Schaffhousen* on this Side the *Rhine*.

They tell a marvellous Story here of a Boat-man of *Stein*, who setting out with his Boat loaded with Goods about Midnight, in order to get early to *Schaffhousen*, fell into a sound Sleep. This poor Fellow, say they, was carried snoring by the Current of the Water, first under the Bridge of the Town, without his Boats being dashed against its Arches, and then towards the great Cascade, without waking till he was just upon it; so that he made the most terrible Leap imaginable. Who could think that he should not be squashed into Pieces against so many Rocks? But not at all: Neither he nor his Boat suffered the least Hurt: They got over all the Precipices, and escaped safe and sound; nay which is more, not one of his Goods a-board, not a single Cabbage or Turnipe was lost in the Fall; yet a Duck could not pass this Way without being minced into a thousand Bits. See how whatever favours of the miraculous impresses itself upon weak Minds, and then passes current in Opposition to Reason and common Sense for an incontestable Tradition in all Countries whatsoever.

A Description of
*Schaff-
housen*.

Schaffhousen is divided into two Parts by the *Rhine*: The largest Part of the Town which is on the right Side is in *Germany*, the lesser on the left is in *Switzerland*, and a very fine Bridge of Stone makes the Communication. This Town is pretty large; the Houses handsome and commodious; the Streets open and clean, adorned with several Fountains, most of which are embellished with Pillars in the Middle of their Basins, with Statues upon them of *William Tell*, that famous Archer, and of the two other Deliverers of their Country. It has nothing but a simple Wall round it, with a dry Ditch. It is the Capital of one of the four Protestant Cantons, and its Government is like that of *Zurich*, *Bern*, and *Basil*. The Soil is agreeable and fertile in all the Necessaries of Life, but chiefly in Wines.

Origin of
its Name.

There are different Opinions about the Rise of its Name. Some call it *Schaffhause*, which signifies a House or Fold of Sheep, founding their Opinion upon this, that there was formerly here a vast Commerce in Sheep, and that its Arms are a Ram. Others call it *Schiffhause*, that is, a House or Rendezvous of Boats, and derive this Name from hence, that all the Barks which come from the Lake of *Constance* by the *Rhine* are obliged to stop at *Schaffhousen* to unload their Cargoes, which must be carried over Land below the Cascade to be re-imbarked. This appears to me the more probable Etymology; yet the former being the more general and prevailing Opinion, we shall not oppose the Torrent; a Traveller should seldom attempt to disabuse People of their Prejudices. 'Tis wiser for him to do as the learned *Domitius Calderinus*, who as good a Catholic as he was, laughed at Mass, yet went to it with the rest, saying, *Eamus ad communes Errores*. The Roman Catholics at *Schaffhausen* go out of Town to perform their

their Devotions in an Abbey on the other Side of the *Rhine* called the *Paradise*. 1705.
Aug. 9-10.

There being no more to see at *Schaffhausen*, we set out at Five in the Evening. We coasted a while along the Banks of the *Rhine*. We may say that this River is here a true *Meander*; for it makes several Windings to *Eglisaw* a little Town, where we arrived very late, after having passed thro' a Forest, stretching almost to its very Gates. Eglisaw,
Canton of
Zurich.

What a terrible Place is *Eglisaw*! Bad Cheer and worse Beds; I should not choose my Winter-Quarters here. We got out of it early next Morning by a covered Wooden-bridge across the *Rhine* above 200 Paces in length. This paltry Place is in the Canton of *Zurich*; its Inhabitants are Protestants. All the Country between *Eglisaw* and *Bulach*, another little Town in the same Canton, is filled with Vines. August 11.

C H A P. LIV.

Zurich, Capital of a Canton. The Cathedral. The Town-house. The Arsenal, and the Curiosities in it. The public Library very considerable. Divers Manuscripts, and other Singularities. The History of the Reformer Zuinglinus.

WE arrived at *Zurich* a little before Mid-day. Immediately after Dinner we went to see some of the Curiosities in this City, and began with visiting the Cathedral; it is a large Gothic Edifice, with two Spires. They say it was built by *Charlemagne*, a Stone Statue of whom is placed against one of the Spires. It is in a sitting Posture, and wears an open gilt Crown, and across his Thighs lies a drawn Sword. They have preserved the Chapter of this Cathedral with the Revenue belonging to it before the Reformation, it consists of eight Canons, with a Dean, called *Antistes*. They are all Doctors of Divinity, and have about 1000 Crowns of Rent each; but they work hard for it by the Sermons they are obliged to preach, and the other Exercises of Piety they must perform every Day of the Week. All the other Ecclesiastical Revenues have been converted into a Fund for Hospitals and other Charity-houses. Zurich,
Capital of
a Canton
anciently
Tigurum.
The Ca-
thedral
and its
Chapter.

The Town-house is a Building of hewn Stone, three Story high. The Front is about 50 Paces in breadth, with a Portail of a black Marble, with white Veins found in the neighbouring Mountains. On the Top of two Pillars, on the two Sides of the Entry, are two Lions of Brass gilt, holding each in its Claws a Scutcheon, with the Arms of the City. We were told that these Lions cost above 1000 Crowns, tho' they be but of a middle Size. The Chapters and the Bases of the Pillars are likewise of Brass. Over the Port is this Inscription. The Town-
house.

D. O.

1705.
August 11.
ZURICH.
Inscription on its
Gate.

D. O. M.

Patriæ Sac.

Hæc Curia

Jussu & Auspiciis

S. P. Q. T.

E. fundam. extr. et cond. est

Anno Chr. M. DC. XCIV.

et Sept. 22.

At one Extremity of the Front is a Pilaster of Stone, with three Collars of Iron, to which are tied those who have not altogether merited Death, and those who are convicted of Adultery for the second Time. On the Cieling of the Vestible are painted these four Maxims or Precepts.

Dic et fac.

Duc et fer.

Ne quid nimis.

Nosce te ipsum.

Moral
Precepts.

How happy would the World be if Men would practise these excellent Rules, the two last in particular? Would they not by this Means render human Society much more agreeable than it is? It were to be wished, that in order to impress them the better on their Minds, they were written in Letters of Gold upon every thing that presents itself to their Eyes, with these two others which I would join to them.

A vous connoître attachez votre étude.

Dans vos desirs n'ayez point trop d'ardeur.

D'homme qui doit craignez l'Inquiétude.

Et la Misère où s'abîme un Plaideur.

Iron-gate.

At the Top of the Stair-case is an Iron-folding Door, carved in a very delicate Manner. After a certain Hour appointed for the meeting of the Council, the Tipstaffs open it to no Body, not even to the chief Magistrates, if they come but one Minute later than the Hour. To punish their Slowness they lose their Suffrages, if it be a Day of Election, and besides it is a Kind of Ignominy to be thus excluded.

The Hall
of the
grand and
little
Council.

Over the Door of the Hall for the grand Council are these Words in Letters of Gold: *Pax & Justitia*; and at the Top of the Arm-chair in which the President sits: *Initium sapientiæ timor Domini*. Above the Door of that for the lesser Council:

D. O. M.

Numine & Lumine.

This

This last Hall is very fine. The two Burgomasters take their Places at the upper End of it: The President has the right Hand: The Secretary of State and his two Substitutes sit on a Bench immediately below them; and the Counsellors on each Side of the Burgomasters on Benches covered with green Serge. This little Council consists of fifty Persons, the chief of whom are two Burgomasters, four Syndics, two Treasurers, a Secretary of State, a Receiver-General, twenty Counsellors, and others. The Burgomasters have the Title of *Excellence*. The grand Council consists of two hundred Persons; the fifty which compose the little Council making Part of them: The other 150 are chosen out of the twelve Tribes into which the Inhabitants are divided, and each Tribe has a Counsellor and two Tribunes whom they themselves choose.

1705.
Aug. 11.
ZURICH.
Govern-
ment of
the City
and Can-
ton.

There is besides a Chamber of Accompts, the Members of which are drawn out of the little Council: In this Chamber is a large perpetual Almanack, on which are painted the Arms of all the Families who have ever had any Employment in the Republic, to which every one has free Access, in order to see if any of his Family has had that Honour.

Chamber
of Ac-
compts.

The whole Morning was spent in seeing the Arsenal: To have leave to see it one must go to one of the Council, who is Governor of it: He gives you a little octagonal Piece of Silver, about the Breadth of a Sixpenny Piece *Englisch*, but much thicker, with a Cannon on its Carriage, stamped on one Side of it, and the other quite Plain. This Ticket you give to the Keeper of the Arsenal, which is furnished with a vast Quantity of Arms of all Kinds. Besides the Cannon which are mounted on the Ramparts and Fortifications of the City, there are forty Pieces of Brass Cannon in the Arsenal, the largest of which is a forty Pounder, with twenty Mortars. On some of these Cannons are stamped the four Seasons, and on others the Arms of *Sweden*.

Aug. 12.
The Ar-
senal.

The upper Rooms are filled with compleat Armories in very good Case. At the Entrance of the first are the Statues of the three Deliverers of *Switzerland*, armed from Head to Foot, viz. *William Tell*, *Staufacher*, and *Martin Vondermelch*, who freed the *Swiss* from the Yoke of the House of *Austria*. They shew here the Sabre and Cross-bow of the first with which he beat down the Apple placed on his Son's Head, being obliged to this cruel Proof of his Address by the Governor *Gretzler*, whose continued Tyrannies and Violences gave Birth to the Republic of the *Swiss*, in the Year 1308. Here are likewise the Harnefs and other Armours of *Charles the Bold*, Duke of *Burgundy*: There are no other Ornaments upon this Cuirafs, except the Name of *JESUS* on one of the Breasts, and on the other *MRA*, and upon the two Sholders *B.* and *K.* with two Lilies: (These Letters mean *Burgundy* and *Karolus*, according to the Way of writing that Name in those Days.) Here is also his Coat of Mail and the Banner, with the Arms of *Burgundy*, and these Words *JOYAULX* in *Gothic* Characters. In fine,
Numb. VII. U u here

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Aug. 12.

ZURICH.
The
grand
Arsenal.

The Li-
brary.

Rare Ma-
nuscripts.

here are to be seen several Standards and Colours taken in the Wars against the House of *Austria*.

About a Quarter of a League from Town is the grand Arsenal where they keep Chariots, covered Waggon, Cannon-bullets, Carriages for Cannons, Shovels, Pick-axes, &c. but this they never shew, I know not for what Reason. There are in the first Arms for 30000 Men.

After Dinner we went to see the Library, which next to that of *Basil* is undoubtedly the finest and best furnished with Books in *Switzerland*. Mr. *Hirtzel*, one of the City-Counsellors and Library-keeper, assured us there were about fifteen or sixteen thousand Volumes in it. They are well ranged in a fine Room built on purpose. Here is an Account of what we found most curious.

A little *Folio* Manuscript containing three Letters, wrote in *Latin* by the Princess *Jane Gray*, Daughter to the Duke of *Suffolk*, and Queen of *England* for some Days, to the famous and learned *Bullinger*.

A large square Piece of Callico, worked with a Border of black Silk by this Princess herself, and sent to *Bullinger* to be employed at the Baptism of Children.

The Chronicles of *Switzerland*, a *Folio* Manuscript in four Volumes, by the same *Bullinger*.

A Manuscript in *Octavo* by *Zuinglius*, containing the Epistles of St. *Paul* in his own Hand-writing, and translated by himself into *German*, while he was a Papist, with this Inscription at the Beginning.

Hasce
Divi Pauli Apostoli Epistolas
Laboriosissimâ
M. Huldrici Zuinglii
Piissimæ Eccl. Tigurinae Reformatoris
Anno 1517. dum in Papatu
Adbuc viveret,
Ut postrema pagina testatur,
Manu propria conscriptas ;
Anna Zuinglia
Magni illius Zuinglii Abneptis,
Et beatissimæ illius stirpis surculus
Eheu ! postremus :
In perpetuam avitæ Pietatis & virtutis
Memoriam :
Illustri Civium Tigurinorum Bibliothecæ
Sacras esse voluit. Anno 1634.

A short
History of
Zuinglius.

Hulderic Zuinglius, was, as you know, the Reformer of the Church of *Zurich*. This Gentleman born in the County of *Tockenbourg* in 1487. became one of the most learned Ecclesiastics of his Time: He was admired for

for his Sermons at *Basil* and elsewhere, which he preached with great Zeal and Boldness against Indulgences, before *Luther* was heard of. He had many Conferences on that Subject in 1517. with Cardinal *Matthaeus* Bishop of *Sion*, and one of *Paulus Jovius's* Heroes. Having been called to *Zurich*, he bravely opposed the Pope's Emissaries, *Anthony Pucius*, Bishop of *Pistoia* in particular, and he smartly paid off the *Cordelier Samson* of *Milan*, who publicly sold Indulgences. This great Man was in short the chief Cause of assembling a Synod at *Zurich*, which established the Reformation. The Senate invited to it the Bishops of *Constance*, *Coire*, and *Basil*, together with the University of the latter, and the famous Divine *John Feber*, who refused to come. Above 600 Pastors and other Doctors met at this Assembly; but not one being able to refute the *Theses* which were proposed, the Reformation was established in 1524. Images were immediately taken away; and the Year following Mass was abolished, notwithstanding all the Opposition made by the Bishop of *Constance*, upon whom *Zurich* depended in Spirituals. *Zuinglius* had for Fellow-Labours in his Work, *Æcolampadius*, *Megander*, *Myconius*, *Pellican*, *Capiton*, and some other learned Divines. *Laffels* most ridiculously calls the Protestant Religion professed at *Zurich*, the Religion of *Zuinglius*. To conclude, you know this famous Man was killed in the War carried on by the Catholics against the Protestants. After this short Digression I return to the Library, and its Curiosities.

The four Evangelists in *Greek*, in gilt Characters, upon blue Paper, a *Quarto* Manuscript of the 8th or 9th Century.

The Psalms, a Manuscript in *German*, with Miniatures, admirably well painted by a Goldsmith of *Schaffhausen*; and the first Verse of each Psalm set to Music. The Author made a Present of it to the Magistracy of *Zurich* in 1697.

A *Hebrew Bible*, in *Octavo*, of a square Form, and dated 1442.

Two *Latin Vulgates* 400 Years old.

Several Manuscripts of the learned *Heideggerus*, with a very fine Topography of *Merian*, and all the good Lexicons in general.

Here is also a *Copernican* System of forty Years, made at *Zurich* by one named *Fasen*, with an *Astrolab*, by the same Person.

Two large Pieces of Clock-work, representing the Motions of the Celestial Bodies, agreeably to the same System, one made by a Native of *Zurich*, and the other by one of *Basil*.

A Skeleton of a Horse, with one of a Man, mounted on it.

A Table of seven Foot long to five in breadth, with above a thousand Figures on it, by the renowned *Holbeen*.

A Statue of *Mercury*, very antique, of Brass, six Inches high.

Another of a Divinity of the ancient *Tigurini*, with a long Beard.

Another eleven Inches high of a Man in Armour with his left Foot lifted up, a Javelin in his Hand, which he seems ready to throw, and a Sphinx on his Helmet. They say it represents *Oedipus*. The two last are of Brass.

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The Skin of a little bay Horse which lived, they say, forty Years. His Skin is pasted on a wooden Horse of the same Size with the real Horse.

A Geographical Map of the Canton of *Zurich*, done with the Pen and illuminated. It contains all the Boroughs, Villages, Roads, Rivers, Coats of Arms of the Nobles, &c. They say it is so exact that there is not the smallest Error in it; that the Author was thirty Years about it, and that he was a Burgeess of *Zurich* named *Conrad Geyger*.

A fine Series of Consular Medals, with one of the Emperors down to the low Empire, and a great many modern ones. This is a very fine Collection.

Here is all we have seen that is most remarkable in the public Library of *Zurich*, which, once more, passes for the best in *Switzerland*. Doctor *Lassels* owns this; but he adds, that he esteemed it much less than he would otherwise have done, because a Woman kept the Key of it. What a silly Observation! But the whole Book of this poor Priest is stuffed with such Kind of ingenious Remarks.

C H A P. LV.

Zurich. Its Situation very agreeable. A small Island in its Lake called Huttenica, and why. Public Edifices here. The Fortifications, &c. History of this Town; Customs and Manners of its Inhabitants. Luxury forbid by their Sumptuary Laws. The Women very reserved. Bad Politics. The great Men of Zurich. This Canton rich, and the first of the Thirteen. A miraculous and most singular Image of the Virgin, five Leagues from Zurich.

The Situation of Zurich & its Lake.

Limat a River.

Prison for Criminals

Bridges.

THE City of *Zurich* is situated in an agreeable Valley, surrounded with little Eminences, fertile in Wine and Corn. It lies on the Lake of the same Name, which abounds in Fish, and empties itself into the *Limat*, which divides this City into two Parts, called the great and the lesser. This River, in Latin *Limagus*, runs into the *Aar*, five Leagues from *Zurich* and a League below *Baden*. It facilitates Commerce and the Export of Manufactures, the Chief of which are Crape and Calicoes.

A large square Tower built in the Place where the Lake begins to dis-embogue itself, serves for a Prison to Criminals. Those who are convicted of Adultery for the first time, are confined in it eight Days, deprived of all Employments and pay a fine of 50 Florins: For the second time, they are pilloried; and the third, they are capitally punished.

The two Parts of this City are joined by two fine Timber-bridges, one of which serves for a fine Walk to the Inhabitants. To the other is fixed a large Wheel, which draws up and lets down several Buckets of Brass that fetch

fetch up Water, which they empty into a large Bafon, whence it runs Day and Night by seven Pipes to ferve this Quarter of the City.

There is in the Lake of Zurich a fmall Ifland called anciently *Ufnavia*, and now *Huttenica*, becaufe the Learned *Huldricus Huttenus* is interred in it. He was born in *Franconia* in 1488. of the noble Family of *Hutten*, and in a few Years became fo good a Soldier and fo excellent a Poet, that having rendered confiderable Services to the Emperor *Maximilian I.* againft the *Venetians*, this Prince made him Knight in the Prefence of all his Court, and crowned him at the fame time Poet Laureat. He compofed a great Number of Works in Verfe and Profe, and amongft others, fome Satyrs in *Latin* againft feveral Princes and Magiftrates of his Time, againft Pope *Julius II.* in particular, the *Venetians* and Duke *Ulrich* of *Wirtemberg*, who had put to Death the Knight *John Huttenus* his Relation. He had likewise fome Skirmifhes with the famous *Erasmus*, and *Hierom Aleander*. His Poems were firft printed at *Francfort*, in 1538: His other Works at *Mayence*, in 1519. Being fent by the Emperor to the *Swifs-Cantons* in 1523, he fell ill at *Zurich*, and was carried by his Order into the Ifland *Ufnavia* for the Recovery of his Health, but died foon after, and was buried there. Here is the Epitaph made for him by the famous Poet *Fabricius Montanus*.

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Huttenica,
a little
Ifland, and
History of
the Learned
Huttenus.

His Epitaph.

*Hæc quicunque citâ decurris stagna carinâ,
Ponis & hoc nostro littore fortè pedem :
Ingenio fic aura tuo, fic pareat unda ;
Perlege quæ Saxo carmina sculpta vides.
Hoc Equitum decus, hoc vatium Germaniæ Ocellus,
Huttenus jaceo conditus in tumulo.
Ingenio dextrâque potens dum vita manebat,
Mularum fimul & Martis alumnus eram.
Cæfar Apollineâ cinxit mea tempora Lauro,
Idem pro meritis nomen Equeftre dedit.
Sæpè bonos mutare folum Fortuna coegit,
Magna quibus Patriæ poena carere fuit :
Aft mea non alio tantum fe jactat alumno
Francia, nec meritis eft malè grata meis.
Æger ad has veni Legatus Cæfaris oras,
Cum me Mors alias juffit inire vias.
Antè Sepulturæ ferviret ut angulus ifte,
Quam morerer, Sociis juffa fuprema dedi.
Affiduis ubi me lugerent planctibus undæ,
Et gernerent plenis figna refufa vadis.
Sertaque vernarent tumulo nativa fub ipfo,
Et querulæ canerent flebile fæper aves.
Palladis invictus, pariter Mavortis alumnus,
Inclytus ingenio, militiâque fui.
Vade, fed admonitu nêftro fpec contrabe laxas,
Quo minimè credis ftant tua fata loco.*

The

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ZURICH.

Public

Buildings

in Zurich.

Fortifica-

tions and

History of

this City.

The public Edifices at *Zurich* are the Cathedral, the Church of *St. Peter*, the Church of the Holy Ghost, the Convent, the Town-house, the Hospital, the Arsenal, the *Granarium* or Magazine of Corn, the Butchery, the Library, and the College which was a Convent of Nuns before the Reformation, and erected into a College by the Persuasion of *Bullinger*.

The Fortifications are good, faced with hewn Stone, and surrounded with a double Ditch filled with running Water. They consist of 14 strong Bastions, 9 or 10 Ravelins and other Works, as regular as the Situation permitted. This City has often been demolished. The *Swiss* or *Helvetii* burnt it themselves when *Julius Cæsar* made War upon them; and they rebuilt it after their Return into their Country. In the Reign of *Dioclesian* and *Maximian*, the *Germans* ravaged *Switzerland*, and laid desolate *Zurich*: But *Dioclesian* rebuilt it. About the Middle of the Vth Century, *Attila* King of the *Huns* cruelly ransacked it; sometime after *Thuricus* Son to *Theodoric* King of the *Visigoths*, who died at the famous Battle in the *Catalaunian* Fields, rebuilt it. It is from the same *Thuricus*, that in old Registers and in some ancient Coins *Zurich* is called *Thuricum*, and not from another *Thuricus*, who is said to have lived 900 Years before *Christ*. In short, after several Desolations, it was restored in the Reign of *Charles* the Burley or Fat, who granted to its Inhabitants the Privilege of coining Money; but it was not walled or surrounded with a Ditch till the Reign of *Frederic II*.

Zurich hath often changed Masters. It was anciently under the Domination of the *Romans*, afterwards under that of the Kings of *France*; then subject to the Emperors of *Germany*, till it threw off the Bondage of the House of *Austria* with the other *Swiss-Cantons*. There was formerly upon an Eminence in this City near the *Limat*, a large Castle where resided the Governors appointed by the Kings of *France*: But the Citizens of *Zurich* razed it in the Reign of *Frederic II*. and on the Spot where it stood have made a very fine Walk, adorned with beautiful Limes and other Trees.

Customs
and Man-
ners.

The Nobility of the *Canton* of *Zurich* may not engage in Trade without degrading themselves; the Burgesses durst not stir out of their Houses, nor the Peasants enter into the Town without Swords by their Sides; for if they do they must pay a very large Fine. There are two other very particular Customs here. The first is, that the youngest Children have the Right of choosing any Share they please in the Division of the Estate, even the paternal House itself, before the Elder. The other is, that the Executioner of this Town is of the Tribe of the Nobles, with this Difference only, that at the Feasts of the Nobles he eats by himself, but at a Table in the same Hall. This Custom took its Rise from an Attempt made by the Nobles against the Liberty of the People, in which the Latter had the better, and put the Executioner into the Tribe of the Nobles, as a Mark of Ignominy in punishment of this Attempt.

Luxury

Luxury and Vanity do not reign at *Zurich*. Almost all the Men are cloathed in black : The Young only are allowed to wear coloured Stuffs, and these quite plain ; Gold, Silver and Jewels being forbid, as well as long Perukes. When they go to Church, they all wear Bands ; without Church, Cravats or starched Ruffs. Those who are in Mourning wear Bonnets with one little Horn before, not unlike those of the *Presidents à Mortier* in *France*. These Bonnets are made of Past-board covered over with black Crape. No Balls are permitted here. Dancing, even at Marriages, is forbid, or at any Festival whatsoever : If any one would have this Diversion, he must pay a Fine of two *German* Florins for the Permission. If a Bride or Bridegroom take that Fancy into their Heads, they must pay ten. Their sumptuary Laws do not permit serving up at Feasts any thing but Butcher's-Meat, or upon extraordinary Occasions a few Fowls. All Sorts of Venison, Game, Ragouts, Fricassees and refined Dishes, or high Sawces, which only destroy the Health, are banished from their Tables. The *Apicii*, the *Clodii*, and such like Gluttons, would not have liked to have lived here.

You know that these two *Romans* *Apicius* and *Clodius*, the latter of whom was no more than the Son of a *Comedian*, consumed vast Sums on their Tables, and introduced formerly unknown Refinements in Cooking and Eating. They dissolved, we are told, Pearls to put them into their extravagant Ragouts. *Horace* mentions one Pearl of 30000 Crowns in Value, which this Son of the *Comedian* *Æsopus* took from the Ear of his Mistress *Metella* Daughter to the famous *Metellus Creticus*, dissolved it in Vinegar, and swallowed it up in the Presence of the whole Company that sat at Table.

*Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ
(Scilicet ut decies solidum exsorberet) aceto
Diluit insignem baccam ; Qui sanior, ac si
Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve Cloacam.*

Hor. Sat. Lib. II. Sat. 3.

What is exceeding commendable in the sumptuary Laws here is, that the Magistrates and first Persons in the City are not exempted from them ; imitating in this the ancient *Romans* in the first Days of the Republic.

The Women do not converse familiarly here with the Men, and indeed have very little Correspondence except with their near Relations. Strangers only salute them in the Streets by taking off their Hats. And to this Salutation they make no Return, which appeared so rude to us, that we were in Danger of doing these good Ladies the Injustice to think them as savage as the Women at *Nuremberg*, till our Banker informed us, that the Custom of the Place did not permit them to take any Notice of our Civility. The Way of saluting them is to take their right Hand and squeeze it gently, without moving ones Hat.

Among so many good Laws so wisely established, the Gentlemen of *Zurich* will forgive me if I can't help wondering at one very bad Piece of Policy

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ZURICH.

A Reflexion
upon them

Policy among them, in my Opinion, which is, their Rule of not giving the Right of Citizenship but to one Person in a hundred Years, who must besides be a Native of this Canton, or at least originally descended from some Family of it. In this they are more difficult than the ancient *Romans*, who granted this Right to all who had rendered them any good Service, or whom they thought capable of serving them. I imagine that if the Citizens of *Zurich* did the same, the Country being in itself good, the Capital well situated for Commerce, and the Government very mild all these Advantages joined with that of enjoying the same Privileges and Immunities with the Natives of the Country, would certainly attract an Infinity of Merchants thither from several Places, which would contribute not a little to render it more rich and powerful than it now is. 'Tis by this Means that the large Imperial Cities in *Germany* have drawn such great Commerce to them, and by Consequence such Wealth. I am surprized indeed that Persons so intelligent in other Respects, and who so well understand their Interests, have never attended to the bad Effects which appear to me to follow very naturally from their Rule. This proves the Truth of an old Axiom: "That there is no Government however perfect, in which there is not some Default."

Great Men
born at
Zurich.

Besides the Reformer *Zuinglius* and the famous *Bullinger*, *Zurich* has produced several other great Men, as *Bibliander*, *Stukkius*, *Wolphius*, and *Gesnerus*. The last died in 1565, at no more than 49 Years of Age, after having employed his whole Life in the Study of polite Literature, and labouring for the Public. Finding himself attacked by the Plague, and perceiving there was no Hope of his recovering from it, he ordered himself to be carried into his Cabinet, where he expired amidst his Books: Praiseworthy, in desiring to die where he had spent the greater Part of his Life in composing the excellent Works he has left behind him, which will, in all Appearance, preserve his Memory for ever. I had almost forgot the Learned *Hottingerus*, who was unfortunately drowned in the *Limat* by a fatal Accident, when he was just going for *Holland* to be Professor of *Hebrew* in the University of *Leyden*.

Canton of
Zurich
very powerful, and
the first in
the *Helvetic*
Body.

Though the Canton of *Zurich* be of less Extent than that of *Bern*, yet it is very rich and potent: For 'tis affirmed that it can raise an Army of 30000, Men in 24 Hours. As it is the first of the Cantons which received the Reformation, it is likewise the first of the *Helvetic* Body, and its Deputies have the first Rank in the Assemblies, whether general or particular. It is divided into 9 great Bailiwicks and 21 Castlewards; but as the Appointments of the Bailiffs and Castellans are regulated, and not large enough to enrich them, these Charges are not solicited with so much Ardour as in the other Cantons, where they are more lucrative.

Integrity
of the Magistracy
of
Zurich.

In fine, we may say to the Honour of the Magistrates of *Zurich*, that to this Moment Intrigues or foreign Gold have not corrupted them, or made them, for the Sake of private Gain, act contrary to the public Interest of their Country and fellow-Citizens: A Fact which is greatly to their Honour,

nour, and so much the more so, that some others of the Cantons have not always preserved the same rigid Integrity. 1705.
August 12.

I ought not to forget to tell you, that when Persons of Distinction pass through *Zurich*, the Magistrates send them by the City-Serjeants a Present of the best Wines of the Country. This Compliment consists of 6, 8, 10, or 12 large Flaggons, which hold each four Pots, or about an *English* Gallon. This Present is called the *Vin d'honneur*, i. e. the Wine of Honour; but generally Persons of Distinction pay very largely for this Wine to those who bring it, in Drink-money. This, we are told, is the Custom throughout all *Switzerland*. ZURICH.
Wine presented by them to Strangers of Distinction.

It recalls to my Memory my having read in *Bouchet*, (who, by the by, is not so contemptible an Author as some too delicate Critics have represented him) that the same Custom was observed amongst the ancient *Romans*. The Provinces and Cities to which they sent Governours, made these Governours, at their Arrival, a Present of a considerable Quantity of their best Wines, which was called *Vinum Honorarium*, but should rather have been called *Vinum Onerarium*, because it was no small Expence, and by Consequence a sort of Load upon the Towns and Provinces who made that Present to their Governours. The same Custom among the ancient Romans.

Not having had Occasion to mention any Miracles to you since I left *Constance*; I must tell you of a *Madonna* about five Leagues from *Zurich* called *Maria Einsidlen*, i. e. The Holy *Virgin* of the *Hermites*, or of the *Hermitage*. She is become famous in these Parts by an Infinity of Miracles; but more especially for the Talent of rendering barren Women fruitful, without the Help of their Husbands. Here is a fine Miracle, and don't you go about to chicanery and say with your Calvinistical Incredulity in Miracles, that there is nothing surprizing in this, provided their Gallants are allowed to see them: If you do, I will answer, that not only do the Wives here pass for very reserved and modest; but the Husbands have something of the *Italian* Temper, and are not very inclinable to bear with Gallants. A Miraculous Image of the Virgin Mary.

There is a certain Ceremony in the Borough of the *Hermites* which, 'tis said, contributes not a little to the Miracles performed by the *Virgin*. A Ceremony which not a little resembles that in use among the *Romans* in the *Lupercalian* Feasts to assist the Women in Labour. The Custom was to give them some gentle Strokes on the Palm of the Hand with little Scourges made of Stapes of Back-skin. The *Mantuan* has well described this Ceremony, in his Comparison of the *Lupercalia* with the *Romish* Carnivals: See how he expresses himself. Odd Ceremony to help Barren Women, much like that of the Romans.

Roma *Lupercales ludos antiquitus isto*
Mense celebrabat: posita gravitate per Urbis
Compita cursabant stolidi sine veste Luperci,
Et scuticis elicti tractis de tergore Capri.

Numb. VIII.

X x

Pu'sa-

1705.
August 3.

*Pulsabant numum palmas ; quia verbere tali.
Pana Deum faciles credebant reddere partus.
Ista Superstitio, lævis hæc insania nostros
Transiit in mores ; veteris contagio morbi
Haesimus, & quodam simili langore tenemur
Presbyteri, & Laici : subit omnia tecta voluptas,
Nec Nuruum palmas, sed membra recondita pulsat,
Perque domos remanent foedi vestigia Capri.*

Difference
between
the An-
cient and
Modern
Ceremony

The Difference between the two Ceremonies is only this, that the Priest who performs it to the barren Women, is not to lay on his Strokes on the Palm of their Hands, but gives them a few Floggs on the Buttocks, above the Petticoats (to be sure) with a Bull's Pizzle, which with the Assistance of a Prayer or two to our miraculous Lady, fructifies them. This is done for a Month, and the Number of Devotionists who make a Pilgrimage to this marvellous Statue from all the *Catholic* Cantons, and all Parts of *Germany* of that Religion is incredible, amounting, as we were told, to five or six and twenty thousand Persons. I leave you to judge whether the Priests are not very well paid for their Work, and by whom ? Besides, as the Borough called the *Hermitage* has not above 150 Fires in it, and so the greater Part of this Company is obliged to live in Tents, that single Circumstance is enough to make me believe and suspect as well as you, that during this Encampment of a Month, the Galant Pilgrims have more Time than is necessary to fertilize their barren Pilgrimage, without the Help either of Bull's Pizzles or Prayers. And this is all I have to say of *Zurich* and the neighbouring Places.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVI.

A fine Country between Zurich and Baden. Imrapen a large Village, where are the famous Baths of Baden. A Description of them. Baden, where the general Diet of the Swiss assembles. Its Situation and Government. Inscriptions. Mellingen the smallest Republic in Europe. A Description of it, and History. Lintzburg and Aaraw in the Canton of Bern, where the Protestant Cantons hold their Assemblies. Aarberg described. Burgdorf or Bertou.

WE set out from Zurich after Dinner, and coasting the River *Limat* Imrapen where are the famous Baths of Baden. all along through one of the finest Countries in the World, we arrived at *Baden*, which we passed through without stopping, because we had a mind to refresh ourselves in the famous Baths of *Imrapen* a large Village, or if you will, a little Borough about a Quarter of a League from *Baden*. These Baths are famous through all *Switzerland*, on account of the Waters which are very wholesome; but chiefly because scarce any young Woman of any Distinction marries here, without making it an Article in the Contract of Marriage, that her Husband shall take her every Year to the Baths of *Baden*. Besides Diversions of all Sorts, they have there full Liberty of dressing as they please; *i. e.* of wearing whatever is forbid by the Laws of their respective Countries. Accordingly we found such a vast Crowd of People of all Ranks, that it was with the greatest Difficulty we got a Chamber and Bath.

*Sous prétexte de la Santé
L'on voit venir ici Maitresses & Suivantes;
Pour femmes tant soit peu Galantes,
Ce Prétexte jadis fut très bien inventé.
En Suisse il est fort à la mode,
Malheur à l'Epoux incommode
Qui n'y voudroit point consentir,
Car on sçauroit bientôt l'en faire repentir.
Cependant, en tous lieux, Bain ou Pèlerinage
Produit volontiers Cocuage.*

'Tis so true, that the *Fiorentin Poggio*, speaking of the Baths of *Baden* in What one of his Letters to *Leonard Aretin*, expresses himself in these Terms: Poggio has said of them in his Satyr. *Nulla sunt in orbe terrarum Balnea ad fecunditatem mulierum magis accommodata: Innumerabilis multitudo nobilium & ignobilium cò venit, non tam valetudinis quam voluptatis causâ, multæ sæminæ corporum simulant ægritudines,*

cum

1705. *cum animo laborent ; omnibus una mens est tristitiam fugare, quærere hilaritatem : Non de communi dividendo agunt, sed de communicando divisa.* Busbequius likewise calls them, *Thermas conciliatrices Amorum*. And it is perhaps the only Place in all *Switzerland*, where the Husbands dare not appear jealous without exposing themselves to Ridicule, and being made a common Jest over all the Country.

Public
Baths
where
Men and
Women
Bath
naked.

In the middle of this Borough is a large Square surrounded with Houses, which have each a Bath belonging to it, for the Use of those who lodge in it, which is no small Conveniency. The Waters of these Baths are full of Sulphur and Allum. There are two in the middle of this great Square which are called *Fry-Baden*, i. e. Public Baths : These are for the Use of those who are not able to hire Baths for themselves. There one sees Men and Women, Girls and Boys quite naked confusedly mingled. Judge you what may be the Consequence or Temptation arising from hence. All who bath here cause their Shoulders to be cupped in the Baths. The Cupping-machines are large Horns of Rams or Bucks ; and it is a very droll Spectacle to see two or three hundred naked Persons in Water, all with Horns on their Shoulders.

Good
Water
rare and
dear here.

There is another Singularity at *Imrapen* : It is, that one is obliged to buy Water to dress Victuals and for drinking. This may seem a Paradox, after I have told you that the *Limat* runs through this Place : But you must know at the same time that this River is so rapid and so full of Rocks and Sand, that the Water in it is always muddy and thick ; so that Water must be brought from *Baden*, which is a Quarter of a League from hence, or from some Springs on the other Side of the *Limat*, very difficult to pass on Account of its Rapidity.

Horace
speaks of
such a
Place.

This Inconveniency brings to my Remembrance a Town in *Italy*, (*Equotuticum*) in the Road from *Rome* to *Brundisium*, where *Horace* tells us, Water was sold, and whose Name was so unpliant and unharmonious that he could not possibly put it into a Verse in his *Satyr V.* of the first Book.

*Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti & millia rhedis,
Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est ;
Signis perfacile est. Vænit vilissima rerum
Hic aqua : Sed panis longè pulcherrimus : —*

To conclude, these Baths have the Reputation of curing several Distempers. The Effect they had on us was to refresh us and give us a good Appetite.

Baden its
Situation.

We got up early next Morning to see the Town of *Baden*, which has scarce any thing remarkable but its Antiquity. *Tacitus* calls it *Vicum Thermarum*. He adds, *in modum Municipii exstructus est locus, amoeno salubrium aquarum usu frequens*. We may affirm that it is a very pretty Town, though

though its Situation be unequal and rugged. It is in the Middle of the 13 Cantons, and this is the Reason why the *Swiss* hold their general Diets here. It is bordered on one Side by Mountains that are very near it, and on the other by the *Limat*, which comes out of the Lake of *Zurich* and runs into the *Aar* together with the *Rufs*, about a League below *Baden*. These three Rivers go next to mingle themselves with the *Rhine* a little above *Waldsbüt* one of the four Forest-Towns. There were two Castles formerly at *Baden*: One upon a high Rock, but which is so demolished that there remains nothing of it but Ruins: The other, which is also situated upon a Mountain, still subsists. It commands the City to which it is joined by a long Wall: It is the Residence of the Bailif which the eight ancient Cantons send hither every two Years; and it is in one of the Apartments of this Castle that the general Diet meets, which is composed of two Deputies from each Canton, and sometimes more, according to the Exigencies of Affairs and Times.

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BADEN.

And
Castle
where the
Swiss
Diet
meets.

I took notice in the Wall joining the Castle to the City of this ancient Inscription, *Deo Magno Mercurio*, which makes it not improbable that the ancient Inhabitants of this Country had a particular Devotion to *Mercury*. There is another Inscription upon a Fragment of a Pillar before the Bridge in the Castle to this Purpose.

IMP. CAESARI.
DIVI. NERVAE. F.
NERVAE. TRAIANO.
AVG. GERM. PONT.
MAX. TRIB. POT. XX.
COS. II. PP. DES.
III. M. P. LXXXV.

Ancient
Inscrip-
tions.

Tho' the County of *Baden* belongs to the eight ancient Cantons, yet their Bailiff who resides here, and who takes the Voices of the Deputies in the general Diet, has no Authority here, the City having its own Magistrates. The little Council consists of twelve Persons, who not only govern the political Affairs of the Town, but likewise decide in all Causes Civil or Criminal. The great Council is composed of forty, including the little Council. Their President is called *Advoyer*, a Word that is imagined to come from *Advocatus*. He is elected by the two Councils, who likewise choose the Treasurers, and other Magistrates.

The Go-
vernment.

Baden being a considerable Passage, the Portage of Merchandise belongs to it; but the Toll or Custom is paid to the eight ancient Cantons. As to the Inhabitants they are all *Roman Catholics* without Exception. It is in a large Plain not far from this Town, that the *Swiss* or *Helvetians*, who adhered to *Otho*, were defeated by *Cæcinna*, one of the Generals of *Vitellius*.

We left *Baden* at Nine, and after having passed some Mountains which the Sun made excessively hot, we arrived at *Mellingen*, where we stopt to refresh

*Mellin-
gen*, the
smallest
Republic
in Europe.

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MELLINGEN.

Rufs, a River.

refresh ourselves and our Horses. It is a small Town, but a frequented Passage over the *Rufs*, a River which rises from the Mountain *St. Gothard*, runs into the Lake of *Lucern*, and comes out of it to disembogue into the *Aar* a little below *Bruck*. Our Landlord who did not want Sense, as few Inn-keepers in *Switzerland* do, assured us, that all the Inhabitants of *Mellingen* amount to about 800 Persons, including Women and Children, who are all Catholics, and for the most part Blacksmiths, Farriers, or Locksmiths; in a Word, Cyclops, who have not improbably more than one Vulcan among them.

What you will find yet more extraordinary is, that these Imps of *the Husband of Venus* compose a Republic under the Protection of the eight ancient Cantons, but depending upon none of them. Hitherto we have always heard it said, that the smallest Republic in *Europe* is *St. Marino*, roosted on the Top of the highest of the *Apennine* Mountains in *Italy*: But we are told at the same Time that it contains between 4 and 5000 Souls; if so, *Mellingen* is vastly inferior to *St. Marino*.

Its Government.

Be that as it will, this minute Commonwealth has its Town-house, adorned with the Arms of the eight ancient Cantons, its Protectors, and as many Councils in Proportion as *Zurich* or *Bern*. 'Tis true, its grand Council consists but of fourteen Persons, the little Council of ten, and the Privy Council of three, with two *Advoyers*, who are the Heads of this Commonwealth of Cyclops. You may easily believe that the Occupations of these venerable Magistrates do not turn upon the Methods of reconciling *France* with the Allies: The most serious of their Thoughts are, as our Landlord told us, about the Reparations of their only Church, and of the large Bridge upon the *Rufs*, or about choosing a new Bailiff for the Administration of Justice, in a little Village depending on them. The same Author likewise told us a comical Adventure which happened in the Neighbourhood of this most topping Republic. Here it is.

A droll Story.

In the Year 1655. the *Swiss* who had lived very long in perfect Concord, were so foolish as all at once to split on a very trifling Occasion. The Embassadors of *France* did all he could to make up Differences in the Diet of *Baden*: But to no Purpose; so that the Catholic Cantons took up Arms against the Protestant ones. Two Bodies of their Troops happening to meet near *Mellingen*, after a slight Skirmish, in which a little Blood was spilt, such a panick Fear all of a sudden seized the two Parties, that both took to their Heels as fast as they could. What was drollest in this Engagement was that the Cannon of *Bern* remained the whole Day on the Field of Battle, without one single Soul to guard it, insomuch that the People of *Lucern* being at last apprized of it, carried it off, and appropriated it to themselves. Upon which the Canton of *Bern* drew a very powerful Army into the Field to revenge this Affront. But the Duke of *Savoy* found means to accommodate Matters, and to prevent any further Effusion of Blood.

Having heard this Story, we left *Mellingen*, and passed the *Rufs*, on a large covered Timber-bridge a-cross the River. All who pass it pay a certain moderate Toll, which is applied towards repairing it. An Hour after we came to a Town called *Lentzburg*, which is the first Bailiwick of the Canton of *Bern*, and has a very considerable Castle situated on a Rock. About Noon we stoped at *Aaraw* for some Hours.

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This Town is but small but very agreeable, on the River *Aar* whence it takes its Name. It is here the Assemblies or Diets of the Protestant Cantons ordinarily are held. The *Advoyer* of *Aaraw* is always Secretary to those Meetings. Tho' the Lords of *Bern* appoint this Magistrate, *Aaraw* has nevertheless several very noble Privileges and Liberties. The Counts of *Hapsburg*, and afterwards the Dukes of *Austria* their Successors, had formerly here a very strong Castle; but after the *Swiss* were forced by the Tyranny of their Governors to shake off the Yoke of that powerful House, the Inhabitants of *Aaraw* entirely demolished that Castle, and built out of its Ruins the Town-house which still remains.

Aaraw
where the
Protestant
Cantons
meet.

There is a very singular Custom kept up in the Assemblies of the Protestant Cantons which are held there, which is making the Deputies and their Servants eat in the same Sale: They eat at different Tables indeed; but they are both served at the same Time, and with the same Victuals. The Reason alledged for this extraordinary Custom is, that these Servants being Citizens of their Towns as well as their Masters, they may happen sometime or other to be Deputies in their Turn. The Inhabitants of *Aaraw* are all Protestants. We continued our Journey close to the Banks of the River *Aar*, from *Aaraw* to *Aarberg*, where we arrived at Five o'Clock in the Evening.

Odd Cu-
stom in
those As-
semblies.

This Town is consequently situated on the *Aar*, and has a Fortress which passes for the most considerable in the Canton of *Bern*. It stands on the Top of high Rocks which command it, and all the neighbouring Country, and resembles very much the Citadel of *Wirtzburg* in *Franconia*; but the Fortifications here are still more irregular than those of *Marienburg*, because the Rocks on which it is built are more irregular than those on which the other stands. The Magistrates of *Bern* generally keep a good Garrison in it; and we were told that the subterraneous Works are very like those we saw at *Wirtzburg* and *Nuremberg*, that is to say, very well replenished with vast Casks full of the best Wines. This is very credible, for toying is no less in Vogue here than in *Germany*. *Aarberg*, and its Territory, make up one of the best Bailiwicks in the Canton of *Bern*.

Aarberg,
Town and
Fortress.

Continuing our Journey we passed several Rivulets, which the Peasants here call Rivers, and which discharge themselves into the *Aar*, stopt a while at a large Village called *Langenthal*, soon after at another named *Walsterwyl*, and then went thro' the small Town *Burgdorf*, in French *Berthou*, about three Leagues from *Bern*. Anciently it was no more than a Village; but *Berthold V.* Duke of *Zeringen*, enclosed it with a Wall, and

Langenthal
Walsterwyl
Burgdorf.

in

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BURG-
DORF.

in Memory of his doing so, caused the following Inscription to be put on the Gate that leads to the old Market-place.

Bertholdus Dux Zeringæ, qui vicit Burgundiones, fecit hanc Portam.

It is from this *Berthold* very probably that it takes its Name of *Bertou*. From the Dukes of *Zeringen* it fell under the Power of the Counts of *Kyburg*, who sold it to the Lords of *Bern* in 1385. for 40000 Crowns; and these have made a very good Bailiwick of it, which brings a considerable Revenue to him who possesses it. The Castle where the Bailiff resides is at one Extremity of the City, and the Church at the other. There is likewise a little College for the Instruction of Youth.

C H A P. LVII.

Bern, Capital of a Canton. The great Church. A pleasant Piece of Sculpture. A fine Platform. Ditch with wild Bears. The Arsenal well furnished. The Library and its Curiosities. The Town-house. The Government of Bern. The City described. Power, Trade, Corporations of Crafts, Hospitals, learned Men, Soil of Bern. The Bailiffs and their Characters. The Peasants much at their Ease.

Bern, the Capital of a Canton, and its great Church.

THERE is nothing remarkable between *Burgdorf* and *Bern*, the Capital of the Canton of the same Name, where we arrived very late. The first Thing we did the next Day was to see the great Church, which is in the highest Part of the City. It is a *Gothic* Building, very well lighted, the Paintings on which are so exquisitely fine that the People of *Lucern*, it is said, have often offered a great Sum for them. There was formerly a fine Organ in this Church, but *Bern* made a Present of it to *Friburg*, and that thro' a mistaken Scruple, imagining, as not a few *Calvinists* in *England* still do, that an Organ does not suit a Christian Reformed Church. In this an Inscription is to be seen, which I shall mention on Account of an Error of Mr. *Misson*. Here it is.

Inscription in it, and a Mistake of Mr. Misson.

Anno Dom. M.C.XCI. Frid. II. Rom. Imp. Berna Cond.

And a little lower:

In Memoriam Monumentum perpetuæ Bertholdi V. Zeringiæ Ducis fortiss. urbis Bernæ Conditoris Inclitiss. Patris Patriæ Illustris Senatus Bern.

Had our learned Traveller well read this Inscription he could not have said, as he has done, that this City was built by *Berthold IV.* last Duke of *Zeringen*, in the Year 1175. Three Chronological Errors in a very few Words, since according to the Inscription it was *Berthold V.* his Son, who built *Bern* in the Year 1191. and this Prince was the last Duke of *Zeringen*, he dying without Children.

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Over the grand Portail there is a Piece of ancient Sculpture admired by many. It represents the last Judgment, a Pope with his triple Crown in Hell, and in the Company of an Emperor and a King. This Piece of Sculpture existed long before the Reformation, and for that Reason the more remarkable, it plainly supposing the Possibility of a Pope's being damned. I observed besides in this Hell a Devil, who drags and hangs two Souls to a Gibbet.

An an-
cient
Sculp-
ture.

Statues of the wise and foolish Virgins in the Parable adorn the Door of this Church, and the Sculptor has given one of the latter a very Ebony Complexion. Let me tell you by the by, that in baptizing Infants here the Ministers make three Aspersions, that is to say, one for each of the three Persons in the Trinity.

Near this Church is a very fine Platform from which one descends a very delightful Country, with the Cascade of the River *Aar* over a Stone Dike or Dam. At a Distance appear the high Mountains of the *Grisons*, covered with Snow, which are about 25 Leagues off. This Platform is beautified with several Trees which make a pleasant Walk, where the Company resorts in the Evenings especially. Dr. *Burnet* says, that they were obliged to raise it to prop the Church, because the Ground on which it is built begun to shrink; and that it cost more than the Church itself.

The Plat-
form.

It is recorded that a Student after a Debauch mounted a Horse without Saddle or Bridle, which he found on this Platform, and leapt over the Parapet, from which he and his Horse tumbled down from a Height of 200 Foot upon the Roof of a House which he shattered, and from hence into the Street, without any other Damage but breaking one of his Arms. Was he not well off? And does not this strange Accident prove the Truth of the old Proverb, that God takes care of drunken Men and Children, when they fall? This Student, they say, was afterwards a Minister, lived forty Years after that horrible Tumble, and died not above three or fours Years since.

A dread-
full Leap
from it.

We also saw in our Way, the Ditches where wild Bears are constantly kept. There are three of them, and in each they bring up a Male and a Female. These Ditches are an oblong Square, very deep, paved with large square Stones, and faced with the same to the Level of the Street, with a Fence breast-high. Care is taken to plant every Year a Fir-Tree in the Middle of each Ditch, on which these Animals sometimes clamber up to play themselves. Some Years ago one of these wild Bears getting up to the Top of the Tree flung himself all of a sudden into the Street, disfigured several Children's Faces, and bit many Persons, so that they

The
Ditches
with the
wild Bears

Numb. VIII.

Y y

were

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were obliged to shoot him. I observed something very particular in these Animals, which was, that when we threw Pieces of Bread to them, the Females durst not touch them when they saw the Males coming from the furthest Extremity of the Ditch to take them up; their Respect even made them suffer their Males to eat up the Bitts that fell by chance under their own Noses. This Custom of breeding wild Bears at *Bern* takes its Rise from a Tradition, that one of these Animals was caught here when the Foundations of the City were laying. And hence likewise it was called *Bern*, that is to say in *German*, a wild Bear, and its Arms are Gules, Bend, Or charged with a Bear Sable. This Etymology, true or false, seems to be a Copy from that concerning the Capitol of *Rome*.

The Ar-
senal.

The Arsenal is large, and well stored with Artillery of all Kinds, in very good Condition. Over the Door of one of the lower Rooms where the Cannon lie is the following Couplet.

*Felices Populi, meditantes tempore pacis
Quis opes in bello semper, ut illa, parent.*

We counted in this Hall one hundred and ten Pieces of Brass Cannon of all Sizes; and besides them we were shewn two rifled Cannons, the Mouths of which are nine Inches Diameter, taken from *Charles* the Bold, Duke of *Burgundy*: Another that discharges seven Balls at once, or successively, as one pleases; a Culverine of an extraordinary Length, with a Cannon of hammered Iron of ten Feet in length, the Bore of which is 14 Inches Diameter.

In one of the higher Rooms are the compleat Arms of *Berthold* V. last Duke of *Zeringen*, called in the Inscription in the great Church, *Urbis Bernæ Conditorem*. They plainly suppose that this Prince was of a large Stature, for they are of an extraordinary Size. There is here likewise an armed Statue of *William Tell* of *Schwitz*, aiming at the Apple on the Head of his Child, whose Statue is fifty Paces from him. There are besides 170 Muskets, garnished with Mother of Pearl, curiously wrought for the Time they were made, said to have belonged to the Life-guards of the last Duke of *Burgundy*, with a vast Quantity of Ropes found in the Baggage of this Prince after the Battle of *Morat*, which he had brought along with him, in order to hang the *Swiss* whom he expected to take Prisoners at that Battle. The People of *Bern* pretend to have in their Arsenal Arms for fifty or sixty thousand Men.

August 17.
The Li-
brary.

We went this Morning to see the Library, which consists of ten or twelve thousand Volumes, most of them well bound, with a great many Manuscripts, amongst which is a *Biblia Hebræa antiquissima & nitidissima cum Masora*; but the *Pentateuch* is wanting in it. There is likewise the Chronicles of *Froissard*, a Manuscript on Royal Paper, in very large Characters, with
I
fine

fine Paintings in Miniatures. All the Manuscripts that belonged to the learned Mr. *Bongars* are here.

Among other Curiosities they shewed us three Carpets of blue Velvet, embroidered with Gold, and three other very rich ones found among the Spoils of *Charles* the Bold, after the Defeat of *Granson*.

The Portrait of *William Tell* done from the Life. This famous Cross-bow-man was of a brown Complexion, with strong Features.

The Picture of a Country-woman called *Apollonia Schreyer*, who, it is said, was sick from 1601 to 1608. that is, seven Years, and took no Nourishment all that Time, but eat and drank very plentifully so soon as she recovered from that strange Distemper. I shan't say this Story is false; but how many Objections would you make against the Truth of it, had it happened in a *Roman Catholic* Country, and been regarded as a Miracle? You and your Companion-Sceptics laugh at the learned *Lazius*, who in his Genealogy of the House of *Austria* relates such a Story of a young Girl of that Province: She, in a Famine that happened 1348. asked a Bit of Bread from her Mother, and the latter in anger wished she might not eat a Bit for ten Years, which accordingly happened: The Girl, it is said, touched no Kind of Food or Nourishment, except a Drop of Water now and then, all that Number of Years. Now where is the Difference between the two Stories, but that the one is told in a *Roman Catholic*, and the other in a Protestant Country?

There are a great many other Portraits here of Princes, and of famous Magistrates at *Bern*, all by good Hands.

An antique Brass Figure, representing a *Pagan Priest* veiled, who is pouring Wine between the Horns of a Victim-Bull.

A Bust in Wax of *Henry IV.* of *France*, perfectly like him.

The Skeleton of a Highwayman six Foot high, who was beheaded at *Lausanne*.

A Shoe so large that any ordinary Man may put both his Feet into it very easily: The Sole is full of large Nails, and the Shoe weighs about ten Pounds. They say it belonged to another Highwayman called the *wandering Jew*, of a most gigantic Size.

This Library is in a College which formerly belonged to a Convent of *Dominicans*. I shall not mention to you the famous Cheat carried on by these Monks, who in the Disputes they had with the *Franciscans* about the Conception of the Virgin, forged Apparitions cunningly enough to impose upon the Simple in these Days. This Story has been narrated by several Authors in all Languages, especially by Dr. *Burnet*, and an Account given of the Way and Manner in which this Knavery was detected to the Conviction of the Actors themselves, who were burnt in a Meadow on the other Side of the *Aar*, opposite to the great Church in the Year 1709.

The Town-house is a very indifferent Building. The Hall for the Town-grand Council is wainscotted and arched. There is nothing remarkable in it but some Paintings, containing the History of the Foundation and Privileges

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A Woman who fasted 7 Years.

A famous Knavery by the Dominicans.

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privileges of this City, together with the Scrutiny Bason made use of in the Election of the Magistrates much like that at *Venice*. Twenty eight of the Balls which are used in this Election are of Silver, and the rest are black; tho' Dr. *Burnet* says, that they are gilt or silvered over. The Relations of the Candidates to the remotest Degree are excluded, as well as their Creditors from giving their Voices. A Rule that ought to prevent Intrigues and Cabals; yet there are few Towns where there are more than at *Bern*.

The Government
of *Bern*.

The Government consists of a great and little Council: The first is composed of 200 Persons, who must all be Citizens of *Bern* and married. These properly make up the Sovereignty, and there is no Appeal from their Decrees: The other consists only of twenty five, who assemble every Day for the more secret Affairs of the State. The two chief Magistrates are called *Advoyers*, which is the same Office that is called Burgomaster at *Zurich* and *Schaffhausen*. Their Office is for Life, but they preside alternately each a Year. Next to them are four *Banderets*, or Tribunes of the People, and two *Boursiers*, or Treasurers, one for the *German* District, and the other for the Country of *Vaud*, called likewise *Pais Roman*, because its Inhabitants speak a corrupted *French* or *Patois*: The two last are chosen by the Council of twenty five, and they have the Power of assembling the Council of 200 when they think fit; and of accusing any Magistrate they believe guilty of any Crime, the *Advoyers* not expected.

Courts of
Judicature

Besides these two Councils, there are three Courts of Justice, the Judges and Assessors in which are elected by the *Banderets* and Treasurers, and confirmed by the little Council. The first of these take cognizance of petty Injuries, and other lesser Differences amongst the Subjects. The President of this Court is called the grand *Sautier*, a Name they derive from *Satelles*. The second is the Chamber of Appeals for the *German* District, of which one of the Treasurers is Head. And the third is the Chamber of Appeals from the Country of *Vaud*, in which the other Treasurer presides.

Parishes
in the
whole
Canton.

The former of these two Territories contains about 300 Parishes; the other not above 150, and their Inhabitants can't appeal from the Decrees of their Chambers, which are sovereign. What is very commendable is, that the Form of Proceeding in these Courts is short, and that Suits don't last for ever here, as they do in other Countries.

Colleges.

The College for young Students of the ancient Canton, *i. e.* the *German*, is at *Bern*; that of the other, or conquer'd Country, or *Paix de Vaud* is at *Lausanne*; both are supported by the Magistrates of *Bern*; but the Professors in the former have much larger Stipends than those in the latter.

Ecclesiastical Government.

Before the Reformation *Bern* depended as to Spirituals on the Bishop of *Lausanne*; but since, a Consistory hath been established consisting of eight Judges; two from the little Council, who preside by turns two Months; four from the Great, and two Ministers, with a Secretary. This Consistory

story meets thrice a Week to judge of matrimonial Causes; censure the Scandalous, and enforce Ecclesiastical Discipline.

The City of *Bern*, Capital of the Canton to which it gives its Name, is not very ancient; for it is not 500 Years since it was built. At first it did not reach farther than the Tower on which the great Clock stands: But *Peter of Savoy*, a great Friend to the People of *Bern*, enlarged it from that Tower to the *Bear-Ditch*. Afterwards it encreased to its present Bulk, which is not however extraordinary. It is larger indeed than *Zurich*, but the latter is better peopled and fortified. 'Tis true the Magistrates of *Berne* place more Confidence in the Number of their Subjects, than in their Ramparts: For they can, as they pretend, raise an Army of eighty thousand Men in 24 Hours. It is situated in a Peninsula formed by the River *Aar*, in *Latin*, *Arula*, which has its Source in the Mountains of *Leugschén*, which separate the County of *Vallais* from this Canton. And it would not be difficult to make an Island of it, by cutting the Isthmus which joins it to the Land. To the East is a Stone Bridge, with strong Turrets defending it. The highest Parts of the Town are to the South and North. The Houses are not magnificent; but they are neat, commodious, and mostly built of hewn Stone dug out of the neighbouring Quarries. This Stone is white and soft, easy to cut, but it hardens in the Air. Under the Piazzas of the Houses, which are very uniform, one may be sheltered from Rain and Sun: But these Piazzas being low and narrow, have a dark and melancholy Look. Every Street has a little Brook running through the middle of it, which keeps them very clean, together with several Fountains which are a considerable Ornament to the City. The Streets are for the most part broad and well-paved.

The Language of this Country is a rough *German*; but all Persons of Distinction speak *French*, taking Care to send their Children to *Lausanne*, *Geneva*, or into *France* to learn that Tongue. Trade at *Bern* is very considerable. The Inhabitants dare no more stir out without their Swords at their Sides, especially on *Sundays*, than at *Zurich*. They are divided into four Bodies or Corporations, which are Bakers, Butchers, Blacksmiths, and Tanners. Every Citizen is incorporated into one of these Bodies, which he pleases; and they choose each two *Bannerets*, who are second Magistrates of the City. The *French* are numerous enough in this Town to have a Church and two Ministers. I have forgot to tell you that there are two Hospitals, one called the great Hospital, the other the Hospital of the Island; but there is but one Parish in the whole City. Among the Learned this Place has given Birth to, are reckoned *Grineus*, *Sulcerus*, who both died at *Bazil* where they taught publickly, and *Benedictus Aretius* known by his Divinity-works.

The Country about *Bern* is very pleasant, being adorned with many Castles and Pleasure-houses. Throughout the Canton in general the Air is none of the best, because of the Forests and Lakes with which it abounds. This renders the Soil not very fruitful naturally; it is mere dint of Industry that

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History
and De-
scription
of the
Capital.

Language
Trade,
Corpora-
tions of
Crafts,&c.

Adjacent
Country
and Soil.

1705. that makes it so in any Degree. It does not produce much Wine; but
August 17. the People of *Berne* bring Wines from the Country of *Vaud*, and what
 they call here *La Côte*.

BERN.
 Power of
 the Can-
 ton, and
 Character
 of the
 Bailifs.

This Canton is the largest and most powerful of the 13, making almost a Third of *Switzerland*. It is divided into 72 Bailiwics, to which the Lords of *Bern* send Bailifs every six Years, for the Administration of Justice and the Police: 'Tis the Council of 200 that names them, and they are commonly chosen out of their Body. These Bailifs are in Miniature what anciently the Pro-Consuls or Governors of Provinces were among the *Romans*; and in Imitation of them they generally become Tyrants and Leaches to their Subjects in order to enrich themselves, during their six Years Jurisdiction; so it is no wonder that the Citizens of *Bern*, cabal and intrigue as they do to obtain these Governments. A great Part of all the Confiscations and Fines which they impose arbitrarily upon Offenders falls to their Share; whereas at *Zurich* the Bailifs have small fixed Appointments, and only an hundredth Part of the Fines; and hence it is that there is not much briguing at *Zurich* for Bailiwics.

The Pea-
 fants are
 rich.

As to the Country People in *Switzerland*, they are generally speaking at their Ease, many of them are even very rich, those chiefly who trade in Horses, by which they make great Profit. Their Houses are well furnished, not only for the Necessaries, but for the Conveniencies of Life. In short, their Apparel is very decent and neat. As to the Women, whether of Town or Country, they meddle with nothing but Household Affairs, to which they apply themselves very diligently; and this preserves them from Gallantry, which is here so little in Vogue, that a third Adultery is punished with Death. *

* Since the Author's Time, things are pretty much altered at *Bern* in that Respect.

Morat a Town in the Canton of Bern and Fribourg. A Heap of Bones of the Bourguignons, defeated by the Swiss. Great Simplicity of this People anciently, as well as among the old Romans. Avenches an ancient City. Several Inscriptions. A wonderful Hermitage built in a Rock by one Man.

HAVING seen all that is worth taking notice of at Bern, we set out at six o' Clock in the Morning by the Port of St. Christophle, on which stands a gigantic Statue of this Saint, or as others say, of Goliath. About ten o' Clock we passed the Sarine at Gimenen, upon a large covered Timber-bridge. This River discharges itself into the Aar a League from hence. At Noon we came to Morat to dine. This Town, in Latin *Muratum*, and in German *Murten*, is in the County of Romont, stands on a little rising Ground, and looks towards the Lake called, the Lake of Morat. The higher part of the Town is pretty much on a Level, consisting of two broad and handsome Streets. It is surrounded with a Wall flanked by some Towers, with a Castle at one Extremity, which, they say, was built by Lewis the Debonair Emperor and King of France. The Inhabitants of Morat are all Protestants: They have two Churches and only two Ministers who preach, the one in French, and the other in German. In the French Church is a pretty large Bell with this Distich round it.

*Quid toties hominum noster sonus advolat aures?
Si sacra cunctentur solvere vota Deo.*

The German Church is a little way without the Town: On the Wall of it is this ancient Inscription.

D. M.

T. NIGRI.
SATVRNINI.
SATVRNINA.
GANNICA.
LIBETTA. ET.
CONIVNX.
F. C.

'Tis

rance of Luxury among the Roman Soldiers in the ancient Days of their Republic, in these Verses of his XIth Satyr.

1705.
August 18
MORAT.

*Cum tremere autem Fabios durumque Catonem,
Et Scauros, & Fabricios; postremo Severos
Censoris mores etiam Collega timeret;
Tunc rudis, & Graias mirari nescius Artes
Urbibus everfis, prædarum in parte reperta
Magnorum Artificum frangebatur pocula miles
Ut Pæaleris gauderet Equus.——
Argenti quod erat, solis fulgebat in armis.*

In Memory of this Defeat of the Burgundians, they had formerly put upon the Door of the Chapel, where the before-mentioned Heap of Bones lieth, an Inscription, but which was expressed in such bad Latin that the Senate of Bern ordered it to be taken away in 1564, and the following, engraved upon a Plate of Brass, to be set in the Wall.

D. O. M.
*Caroli inclyti & fortissimi
Burgundiæ Ducis Exercitus
Muratum obsidens, ab Helvetiis cæsus,
Hoc sui Monumentum reliquit.
Anno M.CCCC.LXXVI.*

On the Side of this Inscription are six German Verses to the same purpose. Your Doctor Laffels affirms, but very falsely, that there is an Inscription fixed to a Post in the high Road, containing a particular Account of all the Circumstances of this Defeat. I am not surprized at this Blunder in this Author, whose Book is full of Absurdities: But I own that it startles me to find so accurate an Antiquary as Charles Patin, giving the Inscription in the Wall of the Chapel where the Bones of the Burgundians lie, so differently from what it really is. See how he gives it in his Postscript to the Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg.

Errors of
Laffels
and Ch.
Patin.

*Invictissimi atque fortissimi Caroli Ducis Burgundiæ
Exercitus muratum obsidens, contra Helvetios pugnans,
Hic sui Monumentum reliquit Anno M.CCCC.LXXVI.*

Mr. Patin has not only turned this Inscription quite topsy-turvey; but he has left out the D. O. M. at the Head of it: He has put *invictissimi* instead of *inclyti*, *atque* for *&*, *Contra Helvetios pugnans* instead of *ab Helvetiis cæsus*, and *Hic sui Monumentum* for *Hoc sui Monumentum*. Once more, I could not have thought so able a Critic and Antiquary capable of committing

Numb. VIII.

Z z

mitting

1705. mitting so many Faults and that in one single and so short an Inscription
 Aug. 18. as that before us.

MORAT. I will tell you, by the by, with Relation to the Date of this Inscription,
 And of which agrees so exactly with that of *Philip de Commines*, that there must
Philip de certainly be a Chronological Error in that Author; since after having
Commines. placed the Battle of *Morat* in 1476, he says that the Battle of *Nancy*, where
 the Duke of *Burgundy* was killed "was fought on the fifth of *January*, the
 Eve of the Feast of the Kings the same Year." Yet some Months passed
 between these two Battles, and *Commines* Contemporary with both, as well as
 that of *Granfon*, ought not to have been mistaken, as he plainly is.

Epitaph Here is the Epitaph that was made for this unhappy Prince, in coarse
 made for but true Expressions.
 Charles
 the Bold.

*Te pacis piguit, te tædunt atque quietis
 Carole, sicque jaces ; jamque quiesce tibi.*

To conclude, I cannot forbear observing that *Morat* is so ill situated and
 fortified, that it is amazing how it could defend itself against so powerful
 a Prince, and an Army so well furnished with Cannon as that which be-
 sieged it.

Avenches We continued our Journey and arrived at the Town of *Avenches*, the
 Canton of *Aventicum* of the Ancients. It formerly was the most considerable and
Bern, an- largest Town in all *Switzerland*. *Tacitus* calls it the Capital of the *Helvetians*,
 ciently and *Ptolomy*, as well as the Itinerary of *Antonin*, speak of it as of a very large
Aventi- Town. In the Time of *Julius Cesar* it was in its greatest Splendor ; but
cum. the *Swiss* themselves burnt it with their other Cities, and rebuilt it on their
 Return. The Emperor *Vespasian* sent hither a *Roman* Colony, as appears
 by this Inscription in the Corner of the Church, which the Masons when
 they repaired the Building covered over with Plaister. The Minister com-
 municated to me the Copy he had kept of it, which is thus :

Ancient
 Inscrip-
 tion.

IMP. CAES. VESPASIANO. AVG.
 PONT. MAX. TRIB. POT. III. IMP. VIII.
 COS. III. DESIG. IIII. P. P.
 COLON. PIA. FLAVIA. CONSTANS. EMER.
 AVENTICVM. HELVETIOR. FOEDERATA. PATRONO.

It is even believed that the Father of this Emperor, whose Name was *Fla-
 vius Sabinus* had lived here : *Foenus apud Helvetios exercuit, ibique diem
 obiit*, says *Suetonius* in the Life of *Vespasian*.

History
 of this
 Town.

Avenches was demolished by *Attila*, and has suffered many Desolations
 at different Times. We may form a Notion of its ancient Extent from
 the Ruins of Towers and Walls at a Distance in the Fields, which are called
 here *Willisburg* : Now it is but a mean Country Town, very desart,
 with a handsome Castle at one Extremity, and almost the only
 Thing

Thing worth taking notice of. In this Castle ordinarily resides the Bailif of the Territory of *Avenches*. The Town-house is an Inn, and so bad a one, that Travellers choose rather to lodge in another which stands without the Gate of *Payerne*. There is but one single Church in the whole Town, wherein nothing is remarkable but the two following Inscriptions.

1705.
August 18.
Aven-
ches.

NVMINIB. AVG. ET. GEN. COL. HEL.
APOLLINI. SACR. Q. POSTVM. HYGIVS.
ET. POSTVM. HERMES. LIB. MED. ET.
PROFESSORIB.
D. S. P.

Two an-
cient In-
scriptions.

AELIAE. MODESTINAE.
QVAE. VIXIT. ANNIS II. MEN. VI.
AELIVS. CLADAEVS. ET.
CANINIA. MODESTINA. PARENTES.
FILIAE. DVLCISSIMAE.
POSVERVNT.

Two Mullet-shot from the City are the Ruins of an ancient Building, which Mr. *Charles Patin* took for the Remains of a "Triumphal Arch, but not, says he, of the Times of the best Taste, as those of *Augustus* and *Adrian*," — yet two Lines before he had said, that "he found there "admirable Fragments of Sculpture and Architecture." Is there not a Sort of Contradiction in these two Assertions? for if these Remains of Sculpture and Architecture be admirable, they must necessarily be of a Time of good Taste. For my Part, I take these ancient Ruins to be the Remains of a Temple of *Neptune*. I found this Opinion on the Dolphins and Sea-horses, which are to be seen on the Architraves, and a Pillar of the *Doric* Order quite loaded with Shells of Fishes, Ornaments that only suit *Neptune*. What strengthens my Conjecture is, that these Ruins are found pretty near the Lakes of *Yverdun* and *Morat*. Be that as it will, I am persuaded that if the Earth about these Ruins was dug up and moved, other Pieces might be discovered which would set this Matter in a clearer Light. As for Medals, great Numbers are found every Day in different Places hereabouts.

Ruins of
an ancient
Building.

The Situation of *Avenches* is very pleasant; it stands upon a little Eminence whence one has a very extensive Prospect. The Castle is at one End of the Town to the North, the Church in the Middle, which is the highest Part. It was formerly a Chapel dedicated to *Mary Magdalene*, and the Cathedral stood where the Burying-place is now without the Town, but there are no Traces of it remaining. When Christianity was received in the Country of *Vaud*, the Bishopric was founded at *Avenches* depending on the Metropolitan of *Besançon*, but it was transferred to *Lauzane* in the

Situation
of *Aven-
ches*, and
Fertility
of the Soil

1705. Year 600, where it remained till the People of *Bern* became Masters of this whole Country. The Soil hereabouts is very fertile and produces a great Quantity of Wine and Corn, and contains besides an Infinity of rich Meadows near the Lake and other Parts.

Aug. 19.
Description of a
most cu-
rious Her-
mitage.

Monfieur de Mellarde Envoy from the Duke of *Savoy* did us the Honour of a Visit to day, and invited us to go with him to see one of the greatest Curiosities in *Switzerland*. We took Horses, and after riding through a very fine Country for about three Hours, we arrived at a charming Forest through which are cut several High-ways, most of which we crossed. At last Mr. *Mellarde* made us dismount at the Door of an Hermitage, which is undoubtedly the most astonishing Thing to be seen any where; of which therefore I will endeavour to give you some faint Idea.

Built by
one single
Man in a
hard Rock

This solitary Place is three full Leagues from *Avenches*, and one from *Friburg*. It is called the *Hermitage* of the *Magdalene*, and he who inhabits it *Brother John*, not one of *Rabelais's* Heroes, but a Brother *John* of exemplary Piety, very good Sense, and an easy pleasant Temper; in a Word, a true Recluse, who has hit the middle between the insufferable Rigidity of the ancient *Anachorets* in the *Thebaide*, and the Libertinism which prevails in so many Communities of *Monks*. This Man has made himself famous in this Country by an Enterprize that would have discouraged any other Man. At the Age of 30, he began to dig and hollow in a Rock of a prodigious Height, a Chapel of 20 Paces in length and 15 in breadth with a Steeple and Sacristy. At one Side of this Chapel, in two Years time he built for himself a Chamber to lodge in, and afterwards, he gradually cut out four others upon the same Floor, and a large Parlour to receive such as might have the Curiosity to come and view this wonderful Place of Retirement.

The said Parlour is, in my Opinion, a most surprizing Piece of Workmanship. It is 28 Paces in length to 12 in breadth, and 20 Foot in height, with four Openings serving for Windows that are vastly higher and larger than those of your best Houses in *London*: At one End of it is a Cabinet, in which is his little Library and some Curiosities. Besides all this, there is a very convenient Kitchen; the Funnel of its Chimney which pierces to the Top of the Rock slanting all the Way is above 70 Feet in height. Near the Kitchen is a Cellar ten Foot deep, and 25 long; at the Extremity of which is a plentiful Spring of Water, found there by mere Chance, which together with the Freshness of the Rock, makes this Cellar a real Ice-house in the greatest Heats of Summer. This solitary Palace is cut out of the solid Rock, without Mortar, Cement, Wood or Iron. Chapel, Steeple, Altar, Benches, Windows, Floors, Cieling, all in one Word is Rock. The ingenious Architect hath likewise smoothed and polished a large Spot of it which he has covered with Earth, and has made a very fine Garden planted with Dwarf-trees and Fruit-trees of all Sorts set against the Walls.

'Tis

'Tis true he laboured 25 Years in compleating this marvellous Solitude; but when one carefully examines all the Parts of it, he can scarcely help thinking that some Elf or Fairy must have lent him a helping Hand; so like does it look to a Work of Enchantment. The Hermit protested to us, that no Person had assisted him in any Manner of Way, directly or indirectly; and he likewise owned to us, that the Funnel of his Chimney was the Work which had cost him the greatest Labour, having been a whole Year about it, and despairing often to be able to accomplish it.

This most surprizing of all Hermitages looks towards *Friburg*, of which, with the charming Country about it, one has from hence a full View. The *Sarine* flows by the Foot of the Rock on which it stands, and round about it is an Esplanade covered by part of the Forest, I have already mentioned, in which are Roads and Avenues, where one may walk and ruminate in a Shade at all Times. In fine, this charming Place is above all Apprehension; and I acknowledge that during the many Years I have been Knight Errant, I have seen nothing that in the least comes up to this curious Building and delightful Solitude. Nay, I protest I should be mighty glad to pass all the Remainder of my Days in it, provided it were with you and our Books.

While we were examining all the different Beauties in this Hermitage, Mr. *d'Alten* Treasurer, *i. e.* one of the first Magistrates of *Friburg*, came here. After the usual Compliments, Mr. *de Mellarde* begged we would allow him to leave us for half an Hour, having some Affairs of Consequence to regulate with this Magistrate. We might easily see that this Meeting was by Appointment, and that these Gentlemen were upon Business of Importance. Instead of half an Hour they were near two Hours together: But we were so agreeably amused with the Conversation of good Brother *John*, that we did not think the Time long. At last they returned, made their Excuses, and we prepared for going back to *Avenches*. But behold a Table was laid in the grand Hall, and a magnificent Dinner was served up. This not a little surprized us; but we soon discovered that this Repast had been bespoke by Mr. *Mellarde* the Day before, and brought from *Friburg*. There was no resisting the Civility of this polite Gentleman: We sat down to Table where there was every thing for our Entertainment one could desire. Brother *John* said Grace, and for a while did the Duty of House-Steward; but at the second Course he took his Place at Table, and plied his Teeth very heartily, after our Example.

After Dinner we left the most obliging Envoy and Brother *John*, whom we with much ado forced to accept of a small Present, and set out in Company with Mr. *Alten* to make a little Excursion to *Friburg*, which is but a League from this Hermitage.

1795.
Aug. 19.FRI-
BURG.

Friburg Capital of a Canton. A Description of it. Its History and Government. Payerne and Moulton. Some Particulars touching these two Towns. Lausanne Capital of the Country of Vaud. The great Church there. The Town and its Government described. Character of its Inhabitants. A Voyage upon the Lemman Lake from Lauzanne to Geneva.

*Friburg
Capital of
a Canton,
and its
Descrip-
tion.*

FRIBURG is the Capital of a Canton bearing its Name. It is called *Friburg* in *Nuchteland*, to distinguish it from *Friburg* in *Brisgaw*. It stands upon the River *Sana* or *Sarine*; but its Situation is very whimsical, one Part of it being upon a high, rugged and rocky Mountain, and the other in a Valley through which this River flows. The Town-house is upon a hanging Rock where there was formerly a Castle considerable for its Situation and Strength. The great Street, which goes up to the higher Part of the Town is so steep, that it is hard to get up to it on Horseback: All the Houses are of hewn Stone.

*Its great
Church.*

The great Church is very handsome: Its Portail is loaded with Sculptures highly esteemed here; but which in truth are not extraordinary. The Steeple is square and very high, ending in eight Pyramids. In the Choir are ancient Tapestries very well wrought, that were taken from *Charles Duke of Burgundy* at the Battle of *Granson*; and there is scarce one of the Cantons that does not possess some Spoils of that unfortunate Prince, who through his too great Confidence in the Count of *Campobasso* a *Neapolitan*, who betrayed him on all Occasions, utterly ruined himself and his Family.

*Uneven
Situation.*

Whichever Way you go in this Town, you must climb or descend: But what is most singular, in the lower Town without the Gate called the Port of *Berne*, nothing is spoke but *German*, and in the higher Town and the Country about it they all speak *Roman*, or a sort of corrupted *French*.

History.

'Twas *Berthold IV.* Duke of *Zeringen* who built *Friburg* in *Nuitkonibus*, as well as the other *Friburg* Capital of *Brisgaw*, in the Year 1179. After the Death of its Founder and of *Berthold V.* his Son, who died without Children, it came under the Protection of the Empire, and *Frederic II.* favoured it with several Privileges. Afterwards it became subject to the Counts of *Kyburg*, and then to the House of *Austria*, *Rodolph* of *Habsburg* having bought it from these Counts. In fine, during the Wars of *Burgundy* it was received into the Number of the Cantons.

*Public
Buildings.*

Besides the great Church there are several others in this City, which is but of an ordinary Bulk for the Capital of a pretty large Canton. There is likewise a fine College of *Jesuits*, whose different Apartments afford a great Variety of very noble Prospects. They shewed us many Portraits of Gentlemen of their Society, who had distinguished themselves in several Parts

Parts of Science or Literature; or in Piety; and among others, a Picture of the famous *Garnet* who was concerned in the Gun-powder Plot, whom they consider as a Martyr, according to their Maxim of making Saints of the greatest Villains. Besides this *Jesuits* House, there are in *Friburg* four Convents of *Monks*, and as many of *Nuns*. 1705.
Aug. 19.
FRI-
BURG.

The Government here consists of the great and little Council; the former is composed of 200, and the latter of 24 Persons. The first of the Council is the *Advoyer*: There are also four *Banderets*, or Captains of Wards, as at *Bern*; a Treasurer who manages the public Revenues, and four Secretaries. Govern-
ment.

Friburg formerly depended in Spirituals upon the Bishop of *Lausanne*, and its Inhabitants are all *Roman* Catholics. This Canton is divided into several Bailiwicks, the chief of which is that of *Gruyere*, which formerly had its Counts. It is now famous for the excellent Cheese it sends every Year, to the Value of above 100000 Florins into *France*, in exchange of Salt that is imported from thence. The Territories of *Friburg* are surrounded by those of *Bern*. The former are easily distinguishable by the large Crosses which are planted on the high Roads. They produce all Things in Abundance, except Wine, which they are supplied with from the Country of *Vaud*. Religion
on and
extent.

Lassels, according to Custom, makes this wise Remark on this Canton. He says, that "the Villages of the Catholics are intermingled with those of the Heretics, and so resemble a chequered Board with black and white Spots; that the one may be known by a Cross, and the other by Sign-Posts, bearing a Bear, to signify that they are Protestants, tho' they belong to the same Canton." What poor Stuff, does not this Author void every now and then to slander or blacken the Protestants! And how many Falshoods in these few Words! The Villages where one sees the Figure of a Bear are not of the same Canton with those where one sees Crosses, as he asserts, for they all belong to the sole Canton of *Bern*, whose Arms is a Bear. Pitiful
Remarks
of Lassels.

From *Friburg* we returned to *Avenches*, where we spent another Night. The next Day we set out, and a little after we had left that Town we passed thro' another called *Payerne*, in *Latin* *Paterniacum*, and by the *Germans* *Peterling*. It lies upon the River *Broye*, two Leagues from *Avenches*, and four from *Mouldon*, is well built, and encompassed with strong Walls. There are two Churches so near one another that there is nothing but an open Place between them. Tradition says they were built by Queen *Berthe*, not Queen of *France*, as Mr. *Patin* says; but Widow of *Rodolph* King of *Burgundy*, who founded here a very fine Monastery, where she would have herself to be interred, and all her Family. It is added, that in the Time of *Charlemagne*, *Payerne* belonged in Property to one *Guevelin* Count of *Glane*, who is also buried there. Aug. 20.
Payerne,
Canton of
Bern.

This Town has large Immunities and Privileges, and a considerable Revenue. The *Advoyer*, or chief Magistrate, is taken out of the Body of the Citizens, but nominated by the Lords of *Bern*, who have only a Receiver Its Privi-
leges and
Fruitful-
ness.

1705.
Aug. 20.
PAYER-
NE.

ceiver here, instead of a Bailiff, and this Receiver has no Jurisdiction in the Town, but merely over two or three neighbouring Villages. The Territory about *Payerne* produces no Wine, but it is abundantly supplied with it from the Country called *Lavaux*; and instead of Wine they have a vast Quantity of Cheese, Rice, Barley, Oats, and white Pease, famous throughout all *Switzerland* for their Goodness.

Pretended
Antiquity
of this
Town.

The Inhabitants will needs have *Payerne* to be very ancient, because of a certain *Graccius Paternus*, who, they say, commanded here under the *Romans*, and an antique Inscription to be seen on a round Marble on the Bridge over the little River *Broye*, which runs along the Town. The Inscription is in the following Words.

IOVI. O. M.
GENIO. LOCI.
FORTVNÆ. REDVCT.
D. APPIVS. AVGVSTVS.
DEDIC.

But there is no Probability that there was anciently a Town so near *Avenches*, which was then the most considerable in all *Switzerland*. Besides the Marble with this Inscription, may have been brought hither from some other Place. But here is another, and very comical Argument which they formerly used to produce in Favour of the Antiquity of this Town. There was some Years ago hung up and exposed to public View, somewhere near the Town-house, a Saddle which they took care to shew to all Strangers, for a Saddle used by the famous *Julius Cæsar*: But unhappily for them this pretended venerable Saddle had Stirrups; and some Antiquarians having told the Magistrates that Stirrups were a modern Invention, and by no Means in use amongst the *Romans*, they were ashamed of their Ignorance, and the pretended Saddle of *Julius Cæsar* has never appeared since.

Mouldon,
an ancient
Town.

The Country is very beautiful between *Payerne* and *Mouldon*, where we arrived at Noon. While Dinner was getting ready we walked thro' the Town, which is very ancient. *Antonin* mentions it in his Itinerary, under the Name of *Molodunum*, and it is thought to have been one of those the *Swiss* burnt in the Time of *Julius Cæsar*. It has often been demolished by the *Barbarians*. *Conrad* of *Zeringen* rebuilt the Castle under the Empire of *Lotharius II.* and about 1190. *Berthold V.* last Duke of *Zeringen*, repaired the Town after it had been reduced by several Misfortunes to a sad Condition. Now *Mouldon* is reckoned the first of those Towns commonly called the four good Towns of the Country of *Vaud*.

Its Situa-
tion.

It is situated, as I have hinted before, on the *Broye*, but in an unpleasant and inconvenient Spot. The lower Part of the Town is level enough, and has one Church; but the rest lies on the Declivity of a Hill which is very steep in some Places, and surrounded with a Rivulet, which running thro' the

the lower Town under Arches, flows with great Rapidity into the *Broye*.
 In the highest Part of it was anciently a Church dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*, of which nothing remains now but a Tower, or a Kind of a Steeple. There are four Fairs at *Mouldon* yearly, which have been famous for a long Time; but are at present reduced to little or nothing. Its Bailiwick is of the Canton of *Bern*, and comprehends above sixty Villages, and several very fine Land Estates belonging to private Gentlemen. The Village of *Dalliens*, though lying within the Bounds of the Bailiwick of *Morges*, depends nevertheless upon that of *Mouldon*; and the Lord of that Place is of the Family of the *Manlies*, who derive their Descent from the *Roman Manlius*. The Soil of this Territory is but indifferently fruitful, it being very woody, and full of Forests.

1705.
 Aug. 20.
 MOUL-
 DON.
 Fairs, &c.

From *Mouldon* we continued our Journey to *Lausanne*, the Capital of that Part of the Canton of *Bern* where *French* is spoke, and not *German*, as in the other. It is called *Paix de Vaud*, and was formerly conquered by the said Canton from the Duke of *Savoy*. We spent three Days in that City, which is by no Means handsome, and has nothing agreeable in it, except the better Sort of the Inhabitants, who are for the most Part very polite and civil to Strangers; they being pretty much of the *French* Temper, imitating their Manners and Customs as much as they can, and having little or no Business upon their Hands, they generally spend the best Part of their Time in gaming, and other such Kind of Diversions: By which means they gradually very much impair their Estates, and reduce themselves and Families to very low Circumstances. The Children thus brought up in Idleness, and too proud to learn a Trade, are forced to enter into Foreign Services for a small and scanty Maintenance, and seldom have the good Luck of raising themselves to any considerable Station.

Aug. 21.
 Lausanne.
 and Character of its Inhabitants.

The great Church, anciently the Cathedral, and dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*, is the chief, if not the only public Building that deserves any Notice. It stands on a pretty high Hill, and in the most ancient Part of *Lausanne* called *the City*. It is handsome enough and large, has two Towers, one of which is very lofty. Within are a vast Number of stately Columns, several of which are said to be of one Piece. The Choir may be called fine; in it are still remaining several Tombs of the Bishops of *Lausanne*, with their Statues upon them, most of which are much spoilt by Time.

The great Church.

Duke *Charles* of *Schomberg* killed at the Battle of *Marsaille* in *Piedmont*, is buried behind the Quire, without Epitaph or any Ornaments to his Grave.

I observed a Bas-relief which is droll enough, on one Side of the Benches where the Bishop used to sit before the Reformation: it is the History of the *Maccabees* in the Cauldron; the Devil holds the Bellows, and blows up the Fire under it. *Salomone*, their Mother, stands near the Cauldron, and a Bishop in the same Posture behind the Devil, seems to encourage him to blow with all his Force.

Numb. VIII.

A a a

The

1705.
Aug. 21.

LAU-
SANNE.

Surprising
Effect of
an Earth-
quake.

Other
public
Buildings.

Descrip-
tion and
History of
Lausanne.

Its Situa-
tion.

The celebrated *Lassels*, with his usual Impartiality and Learning, declares, that the Person who shewed him this Church, told him very positively, tho' a professed Protestant, that it appeared from the Registers that Mass had been said here above 1300 Years ago. What a Blunder in one who piques himself on his Knowledge of Ecclesiastical History!

To the South of the Quire is a large Window called by the common People *the Rose*, which is of a very extraordinary Fabric. About fifty Years ago an Earthquake cleft it almost from Top to Bottom, and also the Wall into which it is incased; insomuch that those who came to play at Tennis in the neighbouring Square used to stick their Cloathes into the Rent of this Wall. But another Earthquake which happened ten Years after, so joined this same Rent that it was hardly possible to distinguish the Place where it had been for so many Years.

We likewise saw the Castle where the Bailiff resides, the ancient Palace of the Bishops, a Part of which now serves for a Prison; the College, and the great Hospital, or Charity-house, but all this, as I have said before, is very inconsiderable.

This City undoubtedly is the first in Rank and Bigness of the Country of *Vaud*, and indeed of the whole Canton of *Bern*, next to the Capital. Some Historians will have it to have existed even in the Time of *Julius Cæsar*; others are of Opinion, that it was built by the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*; and some by *Aurelian*, out of the Ruins of *Arpentras*, a City anciently situated upon the Lake of *Geneva*, where now stands the Village of *Vidi*; but all these different Opinions are very uncertain. However it be, the Name of this City was not well known till it embraced Christianity, which happened in the Reign of *Dioclesian* and *Maximian*. In that of *Honorius*, *Theodosius* the younger, and *Valentinian*, the Vandals having driven out the Inhabitants, took Possession of *Lausanne*, which afterwards fell under the Domination of the Kings of *France* and *Burgundy*, till by the Consent of the Emperors and the most Christian Kings, the Bishops took the Title of Princes Spiritual and Temporal of *Lausanne*, the Bishop's Seat having been, as I said before, transplanted from *Avenches* to this City; but since the Reformation the Bishops of *Lausanne*, who now may be said to be Bishops in *partibus infidelium*, have always resided at *Friburg* in *Brisgaw*: They are under the Metropolitan of *Besançon*.

It is situated at a long *English* Miles, distance from the Lake of *Geneva*; but not at one Extremity of it, as Dr. *Burnet* says, since the Lake extends four or five Leagues beyond it. He is no less mistaken when he adds, that it goes by the Name of Lake of *Lausanne*; since the *Swiss* themselves, whose Interest would lead them to give it that Name, as Masters of the City, never call it by any other Name but *Jenfferzee*, i. e. the Lake of *Geneva*. Besides, *Lausanne* is built upon three Hills opposite to one another, and partly covered with Gardens and Vineyards. Near it are some pretty agreeable Walks, especially on the Side of the Lake, and towards the Tower of *Ouchi*, where is an Eccho that repeats twelve Syllables.

The Town is almost square, and in it are several Gentlemens Houses tolerably well built, and very commodious; two public Fountains, with two very small Rivulets, which turn a few Mills in two different Parts of the Town, and unite before they run out of it. There are some Ruins of a Convent of *Cordeliers*, where Pope *Felix V.* resided some Years, known before under the Name of *Amedeus VIII.* first Duke of *Savoy*; and when the Council of *Basil* was removed to *Lausanne*.

1705.

Aug. 23.

LAU-

SANNE.

And Def-

cription.

There is a remarkable Privilege belonging to the Inhabitants of one of the largest Streets of this Place. They have the sole Power of judging, condemning, or absolving, as they think fit, any of them that has committed a capital Crime, let the Nature of it be what it will. I own I never heard of such Kind of Prerogative granted to the Citizens of any other Town in the whole World. Wherefore it is no Wonder if, on this Account, the Houses sell and let at far higher Rates in this Street than in any other. For the meanest Inhabitant has as good a Title to a Vote, in all those Cases, as the richest. Witness a Cobler, who, five or six Years ago, having the casting Vote, in a most important Affair, thought fit right or wrong to absolve the Criminal.

Privilege

of the In-

habitant

of one

Street.

In the highest Part of the Town one sees the Castle, an ancient Building, formerly the Bishop's Palace, and now the Residence of the Bailiff: The College where Professors in several Sciences daily read Lectures. After the Conquest of this Country, the Lords of *Bern* erected at *Lausanne* a Sort of University, and handsomely endowed it for the Maintenance of the Professors.

The

Castle and

Academy.

As to the Government of *Lausanne* there are two Councils, the little and the great, the former of sixteen, the latter of two hundred Members. The Head of them is called Burgomaster, and the most considerable after him are, the Treasurer and the four *Banderets*; none are qualified for these Employments but Burgeses. The Bailiff has his Jurisdiction a-part, and his yearly Income is very considerable. In fine, this Town is about ten Leagues distant from *Geneva*. I wonder that Mr. *Patin*, who had no doubt seen it, does not so much as mention it in his Travels.

Govern-

ment.

The Weather being this Day very fine we set out from *Lausanne*, and chose rather to go to *Geneva* by the Lake than by Land. At first we kept in the Middle, soon after on the Coast of *Savoy*, and this being four or five Leagues distant from the opposite one, we could have but an imperfect View of that beautiful Tract of Land in the Country of *Vaud* called *La Côte*. It consists of a vast Number of rising Grounds, small Towns, and Villages at the Right of the Lake. We passed by the Towns of *Evian*, anciently *Aquinum*, and *Thonon*, both belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*. It is between the latter and *Morges* on the opposite Bank, that the Lake has its greatest Extent, it being there no less than five or six Leagues broad.

Aug. 24.

The Le-

man Lake

or of Ge-

neva.

Tho' I took a great Deal of Pains to examine whether it be really true, as several Authors have asserted, that the *Rhone* passes thro' the Middle of this Lake.

Falfe No-

tion about

this this Lake.

1705. this Lake, without mixing with it, I could not perceive the least Symptom
 Aug. 24. of it, no more than in the Lake of *Constance*, where the same is said of the
Rhine.

Ammianus Marcellinus cited. It is *Ammianus Marcellinus* whom I consulted, who has led most People into this Mistake. Hear how he speaks of it: *A Poeninis Alpibus effusore copia fontium Rhodanus fluens, & proclivi impetu ad planiora digrediens, proprio agmine ripas occultas, & paludi sese ingurgitat, nomine Lemano, eamque intermeans nusquam aquis miscetur externis, sed altrinssecus summitates unde præterlabens segniores, quæritans exitus viam sibi impetu veloci molitur. Undè sinè jacturâ rerum per densa paludium fertur, & sequanos; longèque progressus Vienne sem latere sinistro perstringit, dextro Lugdunensem; & emensus spatia fluctuosa, Ararim, quem Sauconnam appellant, inter Germaniam primam fluentem, suum in nomen adsciscit; qui locus exordium est Galliarum, &c.*

How many Authors have affirmed this Story upon the Credit of this Historian? And how many, fond of the Reality of so extraordinary a Thing as the *Rhine's* passing thro' the Lake of *Constance*, and the *Rhone's* passing thro' that of *Geneva* without mingling, have affirmed it, tho' they never were here to examine into the Truth of the Assertion? So certain is what *Papyrius Masson* observes, that *Sæpè conficta fabula, mortalium aures ita penetravit, ut nunc quoque evelli ex plurimorum mentibus non possit.*

And confuted.

I assure you *Ammianus Marcellinus* had never seen these two Lakes, whatever he may say, or he had never examined the Matter with such Attention as I have done. Perhaps a gentle Breeze, as sometimes happens, curling the Surface of the Waters in some Parts of these Lakes, while the rest remained smooth, may have made some imagine these curled Parts were the Water of the River. Be that as it will, it is not only with Respect to the *Rhine* and *Rhone* that this Author has intended to palm Falshoods on his Readers; for which Reason the learned *Lewis Vives* could not forbear passing this Judgment on him. *Ammiani Marcellini quod super est opus, nec oratoris omnino, nec Historici.*

Yvoire.
Nerny.
Hermance
 in *Savoy*.

The Heat being very violent, and our People rowing very gently that we might carefully search into the Matter, we suffered a good Deal upon this Lake. At about One we passed by the Castle of *Yvoire*, anciently called *Aquaria*, where the Duke of *Savoy* keeps a few Gallies; sometime after by the little Town of *Nerny*, and next by that of *Hermance*. This latter was formerly a very handsome Town; but the People of *Geneva* destroyed it during their War with *Charles III.* Duke of *Savoy*. Some Remains of the ancient Walls, together with some Towers, are yet subsisting. They are at above half a League from the Town, which had formerly the Title of Barony.

Arrival at
Geneva.

About Six o'Clock we doubled the Point of *Bellerive*, on which stands a large square Castle that jets into the Lake: Soon after *Geneva* appeared fully to our View, as a very beautiful Amphitheatre. In fine, we entered the Port, which is very handsome, at least for a Place that is not a maritime Town.

Brundisium longæ finis chartæque, viæque.

I have

I have already observed in the Preface, that the Author spent 16 Months at Geneva, and employed the greatest Part of that Time in compiling Memoirs for a History of that Town and Republic. So that the Reader will not be surprized to find so long an Interruption in his Journal. He now resumes the Thread of it, to give us an exact and full Account of his Travels through Italy, which make not only the largest, but incomparably the most curious Part of his Work.

C H A P. LX.

Departure from Geneva. Several Towns on the Road to Soleure. Description of this City, and Capital of a Canton. The great Church. The Jesuit's House, and its Magnificence. The Town-house, and its Pictures. Government, Inhabitants, Arsenal and Situation of Soleure. Journey from that City to Basle.

AFTER a very long Stay at Geneva, we resolved to set out for ^{1707. Jan. 1.} Italy, the principal Object which they who make what is called the ^{Rout from Geneva to Soleure.} Grand Tour of Europe, generally propose in their Travels. Our shortest Road was by Savoy and Mont-Cenis, but the French being possessed of that Pass, and the Road through the Country of the Grisons being the worst of all, we were obliged to go by Tirol.

Soon after we had left Geneva, we arrived at Versoy, a tolerably hand- ^{Versoy.} some Village belonging to France, which is a kind of a Thorn in the Foot of the Governments of Bern and Geneva, especially in time of War. From thence we went on to Copet, a little Town lying on the Border of the Lake, ^{Copet.} with a Castle belonging to Count Dhona, who accordingly takes the Title of Baron of Copet. Then to Nion an ancient City. Some Inscriptions ^{Nion.} which are built into some of their Walls prove that the Romans had a Colony there. It is situated upon a rising Ground, has a Harbour upon the Lake, and is the Residence of a Bailif from Bern, who has under him the Barony of Copet, Prangin, and about 50 Villages. It is said that it was formerly a large City, called Novodunum. Rolle, through which we passed ^{Rolle.} soon after, was likewise a City called Rotulum, but at present it is only a long Street. It has however the Title of a Barony, and the Baron of the Place has there a tolerable good, though old-fashion'd Castle.

From Rolle we arrived at Aubonne a handsome Town, situated upon a ^{Aubonne.} rising Ground not far from the Lake. It is also a Barony, which formerly belonged to the famous Traveller Tavernier, and then to the Marquis Du Quesne. He sold it to the Government of Bern, who has improved it into an excellent Bailiwick, upon which they have built a very handsome Castle. Leaving Aubonne we came to St. Prex, a nasty Hole, though one ^{St. Prex.} ^{Plantin}

1707.
Jan. 1. *Plantin*, who has wrote a kind of an Abridgment of the History of *Switzerland*, calls it a *very handsome Town*. Hard by there is a Spring of Mineral Waters which draws to it some Company. This little Place is singular in having only one Gate. *Morges*, which we next meet with, is on the contrary a very handsome and modern Town, with large open Streets and a good Trade, on account of its Harbour on the Lake: Here is the Residence of a Bailif, and a College for educating Youth. This whole Tract of Land between *Nion* and *Morges*, is called *la Côte*, and produces White Wines, which are famous among the Inhabitants of that Canton, who never find the least Inconveniency, to whatever Excess they drink them.
- Lausanne*. From *Morges* we arrived at *Lausanne*, where we made no Stay. The Whole Country betwixt *Geneva* and this Place is very beautiful, and we seldom lost Sight of the Lake. The Soil in general is fertile, full of Towns, Boroughs, Castles, Vineyards, Corn and Meadow Grounds. On the Side of *Savoy*, our View is terminated with high Mountains covered with eternal Snow, interspersed however with very well cultivated Vallies. From *Mouldon*. *Lausanne* we arrived in a few Hours at *Mouldon*, into which we entered by a handsome Stone Bridge about 50 Paces long, thrown over the *Broye* a small River, but by its Inundations in the Winter Season, it sometimes does a great deal of Damage.
- About a League farther, we perceived the Castle of the Bailif of *Mouldon*, which is a tolerable handsome Building upon a rising Ground. A few *Payerne*. Hours after we came to *Payerne*, another Bailiwick and a pretty Town. *Morat*. We next reached *Morat*, but I shall say nothing of either of those two Places at present, because I have spoken of them upon another Occasion. We met with nothing worth mentioning betwixt *Morat* and *Aarberg*, except *Bienne*. a distant Prospect of the small City of *Bienne* and its Lake. No Country in the World has so great a Collection of these kind of Waters. Every *Aarberg*. Canton has its Lake, and some more than one. We entered *Aarberg* by a Stone Bridge upwards of 100 Paces in length, and covered over with Timber-work of an extraordinary Make and Solidity. This Bridge lies across the River *Aar*, which, when it is a little swelled, runs quite round the Town. *Aarberg* though but small, is one of the best Bailiwicks in the Canton of *Bern*.
- Buren*. *Buren* is the next Place we meet with upon leaving *Aarberg*. It is likewise one of the Bailiwicks of *Bern*, but without any thing remarkable in it, except the Bailif's House; the Front of which is painted with the Representation of the four Seasons and the four Elements, and the Side facing the City Gate, with the History of *Curtius* the famous Roman Knight, who plunged into a Gulph to save his Country. Under this History they have put up the following Inscription.

Omnia si perdas famam servare memento.

That is: *Though you lose every thing, remember to keep your Reputation.*

An

An excellent Precept indeed; but very improper for the House of a Bailiff of *Bern*. These Bailiffs are generally a Set of People, who have so little Regard either to their own Character or to the Good of their Country, that they employ the six Years of their Government in amassing Wealth by the most illegal Means, to be able afterwards to make a Figure in their own Capital.

1707.
Jan. 2.
Character
of the
Swiss Bailiffs.

The Subjects of *Switzerland* are said to enjoy more Liberty than any People of *Europe*: But this is far from being the Case, for perhaps no People are so much preyed upon by a great Number of Tyrants, at least in several of the Cantons, especially in that of *Bern*. Their honourable Bailiffs, who are often Fellows of no Birth, Education or Knowledge, are so many Leeches, who suck the best Blood of the poor People, and who exactly resemble those Governors of Provinces whom *Juvenal* lashes so strongly in his eighth *Satyr*.

Character
of the
Swiss Government

*Inde Dolabella est, atque hinc Antonius; inde
Sacrilegus Verres; referebant Navibus altis
Occulta spolia, & plures de pace Triumphos.*

But the greatest Hardship of all upon these poor *Swiss* is, that every six Years they have fresh Tyrants sent them; so that they are subjected to a perpetual Rotation of Oppression.

From *Buren* we reached *Soleure* in three Hours. Here the *Aar* is pretty large, and divides that City into two Parts, but the Communication is preserved by two Bridges. This River, in Latin *Arula*, rises near the Mountain called *la Fourche*, and passes by *Meringen*, and *Undersewen*, disembogues into the Lake of *Thun*, and from thence it emerges and flows by *Thun*, *Bern*, *Aarberg*, *Buren*, and *Soleure*, below which it is increased by the small River called *Emma*, and continues its Course by *Aarwangen*, *Aarburg*, *Olten*, *Aaraw*, *Bruck*, below which it is joined by the *Rufs* and the *Limat*, and all together discharge themselves into the *Rhine* betwixt *Zurzach* and *Waldshut*.

Soleure.
Aar River,
and
its Course.

Soleure, the Capital of this Canton, is situated in a beautiful and fruitful Valley. Its Fortifications are regular, and all its Bastions, Half-moons, and Ravelines faced with large, square, hewn Stones, and surrounded with a good Ditch full of Water, the whole very fine and finished at a vast Expence. Over the second Gate, through which we entered, we saw the Arms of the Empire and those of the City. The last of which are party per face, Gules and Argent, with the following Latin Verse.

The Capital of
the Canton, and
its Fortifications.

*Sanguine parva fuit, floret candore Libertas.
S. P. Q. Solod.*

Upon

1707.
Jan. 3. Upon entering the City, I remarked a Fountain with a Pillar rising from the middle of its Basin. On the Top of this Pillar is the Statue of *William Tell* in Armour, discharging a large Musket, which he holds bended to his Eye, and a small Bear betwixt his Legs. When I asked the Meaning of this Bear * nobody could give me any Account of it. Adjoining to the Inn where we dined, is the famous *Tower of the Sun*, pretended by several Authors to be a Proof of the great Antiquity of this City, which contends to be as old as *Treves*. The following Distich is put under the Dial-plate of the Clock on the Tower.

SOLEURE
The Statue of *W. Tell*, and the Tower of the Sun.

*In Celtis nihil est Solodoro antiquius, unis
Exceptis Treviris, quarum Ego dicta Soror.*

That is: *Among the Celti nothing is more ancient than Soleure, excepting Treves, of which I am called the Sister.* Mr. Charles Patin and Mr. Misson, in their Copy of this Distich, have both of them put *Soloduro* for *Solodoro*.

The great Church.

The great Church of *Soleure* is dedicated to *St. Urse*, *Sanctus Ursus*, and not to *St. Urge*, as Mr. Misson has it. Its Legend tells us, that it was founded by *Bertha* Queen of *Burgundy*. It is a very dark, old Building, and said here to be erected upon the Ruins of a Temple of *Mercury*, which formerly stood upon the same Place. As we entered, we were shewn two antique Pillars of the *Tuscan* Order, which we were assured were taken out of the Ruins of the ancient Temple. Its Treasury consists in a vast Quantity of Relicks, which would only disgust you should I describe them.

The Jesuit's Church.

The *Jesuit's* Church, is indisputably the most magnificent and the finest in the whole City. The present King of *France* *Lewis XIVth* gave a hundred thousand Livres towards building it, so much was he afraid of disobliging that dreadful Body of *Ignatians*. It is wholly built of hewn Stone, with the following Inscription in large Gold Letters upon the Freeze of the Front.

Ludovici Magni Regis Christianissimi munificentiae Monumentum.

This is a Proof of their great Dexterity in offering Incense to those Princes, for that Gold which they have the Address to bubble them of. The high Altar is tolerably handsome, and the Picture on it, which represents the Assumption of the *Virgin*, is very much esteemed. We see there that Arch-Patriarch *Loyola*, on his Knees above the Prophets and the four Doctors of the Church, with a Book open in his Hand, on which we read the following Words in black Letters: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The Pretence that cloaks all the Actions, either good or bad, of your

* It very probably has an Allusion to *St. Ursus*, who seems to be the tutelar Saint of the City.

right-bred *Jesuits* ! But whatever Zeal they may express for the *Glory of God*, they are sure never to forget the Profit of their Society, which they spare no Pains and leave no Method untry'd to advance.

1707.
Jan. 4.

They have set up in their Church the Pictures of three of their Fraternity whom they regard as Martyrs, but who, in Reality, were three of those *Russians* who, to gratify their Avarice and Ambition, enticed three Princes of *Japan* their Proselytes, to rebel against the Emperor their Sovereign, and thereby occasioned the Loss of upwards of three hundred thousand Men, and the absolute Ruin of all the Christians in that large Empire. Nay, they have carried their Profanation to such a Pitch, as to put one of these villanous Incendiaries in Parallel with *Jesus Christ*, by representing him as fastened to a Cross betwixt two others, and a Soldier piercing his Side with a Lance, as good *St. Longinus* did that of our Saviour's betwixt the two Thieves.

SOLEURE
Three of
their pre-
tended
Martyrs.

These Reverend Fathers were but ten when they first settled at *Soleure*, and had only a thousand Livres of Income to subsist upon; and yet they would not have been suffered to have stayed there, but upon Condition that they should never exceed that Number. Their Circumstances are much altered since that Time, and at present they are very numerous and powerful through all the Popish Cantons. Their Church and College in this City are so magnificent, that we were told they will cost upwards of four hundred thousand Livres before they are finished, and then they will be the finest modern Edifices in all *Switzerland*. As to their present Revenue, I believe no body besides the Superiors of the Convent can give any distinct Account of it, but it is doubtless vastly improved since their first Settlement.

The
Terms on
which
they were
received
at *Soleure*.

The Town-house is a very ordinary Edifice, yet its winding Stone Stair-case is of a pretty remarkable Structure. The Council Chamber is wainscotted and gilded, with some Pictures in the Pannels, one of which represents the Battle of *Morat*. The House-keeper made us observe in that Picture, a General in the Duke of *Burgundy's* Army, who rushing into the Lake after the Battle in a compleat Suit of Armour, and upon a Horse compleatly caparisoned, made a Vow to *St. Ursus* of *Soleure*, for whom this *Burgundian* entertained a particular Devotion, that if he would deliver him in that Danger, he would hang up at the Feet of his Statue all his Armour, with the compleat Set of his Horse's Harness. The Saint instantly appeared to him, and conducted him by the Hand, together with his Horse to the opposite Bank of the Lake. The *Burgundian*, who was neither an *Italian* nor a *Norman*, punctually performed his Vow; and the whole is now preserved in the Arsenal of *Soleure*. His Master, Duke *Charles*, fell upon a more sure Expedient for saving his Life, when he saw he had lost the Day; for he threw himself into the same Lake, in hopes that a very stout Battle Horse which he had under him, would be able to swim it over. But looking behind, he perceived that one of his Pages had fast hold with

The
Town-
house
and a re-
markable
Picture.

1707.

Jan. 5.

So-
LEURE.

both his Hands of the poor Creature's Tail, and hung a dead Weight upon his Swimming. The Duke, without thinking of recommending himself to any Saint, either He or She, immediately drew one of his Pistols and shot his Page through the Head, otherwise perhaps they must all three have gone to the Bottom. The Horse, thus lightened of his Load, swam with more Vigour than before, and, at last, carried his Master safe to the opposite Side of the Lake.

Other
Historical
Pictures.

The other Pictures in this Chamber represent the History of the Emperor *Frederic II.* besieging *Soleure*, for taking part with his Enemy *Lewis* of *Bavaria*, and some Battles gained by the *Swiss* over the *Austrians*. In another Room of the same Town-house, are the Pictures of all their Advoyers, who are as it were their Burgomasters, with their Names, Surnames and Arms, down to those who are now possessed of that Dignity.

The Go-
vernment
and Inha-
bitants of
Soleure.

The Government of *Soleure* consists of thirty six Magistrates, of whom the two Advoyers, the *Banderet*, and the Treasurer are the Principal. The Inhabitants are generally looked upon as very superstitious and bigotted, but their People of Fashion are esteemed the most polite of all the *Swisses*, and generally speak *French*.

Descrip-
tion of the
Town and
Arsenal.

This City, which is likewise the Residence of the *French* Ambassador, is pretty well built, adorned with many handsome Fountains, and some tolerably magnificent Houses. As to its Arsenal it is but very indifferent, without any thing in it answerable to the Goodness and Beauty of the Fortifications. It contains but a few Cannons, a great many small Arms, and old Arsenal Furniture which are now quite out of Fashion. It is true, the surest Arms, and the strongest Fences of *Soleure*, are the high Mountains which surround and divide it from *Franche Comté*, and which nevertheless by, as it were, lowering their Tops more here than in any other Place in *Switzerland*, have thereby greatly contributed to the easy Course of the Waters, the Pleasure of the Prospect, and the Conveniencies of Life.

Jan. 7.
Departure
from So-
leure and
several
small
Towns
upon the
Road to
Basil.

Having satisfied our Curiosity at *Soleure*, we set out to Day from thence, and after travelling some Hours we passed by the little Town of *Wielichbagb* belonging to the Canton of *Bern*, and then by *Basil*, a small Borough in that of *Soleure*. Beyond that, we were detained for some time by the Steepness of the Ways, and betwixt 11 and 12 in the Forenoon, we had quite crossed the Mountains, by passing through *Babendorff*, an indifferent Place and a Bailiwick depending on the Canton of *Bern*, where is a Castle, the Residence of the Bailif, and which shuts up and commands the Pass of the Mountains. About three in the Afternoon we went through *Liechstal*, which is a pretty Town belonging to the same Canton. At last, after crossing a large Forrest upwards of two Leagues in length, we past the little River *Birs* upon a wooden Bridge, near the Place where it discharges itself into the *Rhine*, and arrived at *Basil*.

C H A P. LXI.

Basil. Switzers in general are great Drinkers. The public Library very considerable. History of Reuchlin, or Johannes Capnio. Several Manuscripts. History of Holbein the Painter, and some of his best Performances. Collection of Medals. Representation of a Dance of the Deaa. Short Account of the famous Council of Basil.

WE had no sooner entered the Hall of our Inn, than our Landlord and his Servants came to give us welcome in their Country Fashion by taking us by the Right-hand, which they shook with all their Force. As soon as we had sat down, the Master hearing that we were English, came in a formal Manner, bareheaded to present us with a Health to the Queen of England, in a great Silver Mug upon a large Stand, and surrounded with 13 small ones, which they call the 13 Cantons. This brave jolly Fellow in a very short Time emptied them all one after another. But as we were neither able nor willing to follow his monstrous Example, each of us pledged him in one of the smaller Cups. This Rummer with its 13 Supporters swallowed up in honour of a Lady, somewhat resembles the ancient Custom of drinking as many Glasses of Wine to the Health of their Mistresses, as there were Letters in their Names.

The
Swisses
great
drinking.

A whim-
sical In-
stance
of it.

Nævia sex Cyathis septem Justina bibatur. Martial.

This puts me in Mind of an Epigram made by a Modern, which perhaps you have not seen, and is as follows.

A fine
Modern
Epigram.

* *Sæpè meæ nomen simul inter vina Puellæ,
More jubes prisca temporis, Aule, bibam.
Tu Violentillam potas, mihi Claudia septem
Dat Cyathos, & jam frigida fugit hyems.
Quid faciam, sicci cum terga Leonis adibit
Phoebus, & ingratus faucibus æstus erit?
Ergo meæ propter nomen breve cogar Amicæ
Ferre sitim? tanti nulla Puella mihi est.
Non tamen hanc Dominam mutabo, sitimque levabo:
Quid facies igitur? quæris: amabo duas.*

* The Point of this Epigram lies in the Author's having a Mistress with a shorter Name than that of his Friend's Mistress, and therefore that he might have drinking enough to quench his Thirst, he was resolved to love two Mistresses, so that their two Names might furnish Letters sufficient for a greater Number of Glasses.

B b b 2

This

1707.

Jan. 9.

BASIL.

This Epigram is certainly very fine, and therefore you perhaps will take it into your Head to think that I have a mind to pass an ancient Production upon you: for a Modern one, contrary to what was done by *Muretus*, who actually did pass upon *Scaliger* the younger, some Verses of his own for an ancient Composition. At which, (though in my Opinion a very innocent Imposition) the famous Descendant of the Princes of *Verona* was so incensed, that he launched out these two most virulent Verses against his Friend *Muretus*:

*Qui flammæ rigide vitaverat antè Tholose,
Rumetus fumos vendidit ille miki.*

That is: *Muretus* who escaped the Flames of Tholouse, sold the Smoke of these Flames (meaning his Verses) to *Scaliger*: Brutishly alluding to *Muretus* having been accused and condemned for Sodomy at Tholouse; but it was the common Method of *Scaliger*, and a great many more of his learned Contemporaries, to revenge themselves by personal Defamation. As to the Latin Epigram before cited, it was wrote by a Modern called *Lotichius*, a German and a good Poet: Perhaps no other than a German could have succeeded so well in a Piece whose Subject was Drinking.

The
public
Library.

As we had got Letters of Recommendation to Mr. *Reboulet*, one of the Ministers of the French Church at *Basil*, we went to pay him a Visit. We found him a well-bred polite Gentleman, and he waited upon us to Mr. *Werenfels*, who is a very learned Professor of Theology, and Author of the most ingenious Treatise, entituled, *Logomachia Eruditorum*, which he has dedicated to Dr. *Burnet*, Bishop of *Salisbury*. He was so kind as to attend us to the public Library, to shew us its Curiosities. It contains upwards of 16000 Volumes, besides Manuscripts.

The Bux-
torffs
Books
added
to it.

The University has besides lately augmented it by a large Collection of Books, all relating to the Oriental Languages, which had belonged from Father to Son to the celebrated Professors *Buxtorff*. The last of these great Men, who understood and freely spoke so many Languages, especially the Oriental, has left an only Son behind him, who is not able to speak so much as a single one, he being unhappily born dumb. This Misfortune determined his Widow to sell those Books for 1000 Crowns to the University. A Catalogue has been printed of this curious Collection, and the Gentlemen of the University have acted very commendably in adding this Ornament to the public Library, which is unquestionably the best in all *Switzerland*.

Several
Pictures.

The Building itself is well laid out, and the Cornice is adorned with the Picture of Pope *Pius II.* so famous before his Accession to the Pontificate by the Name of *Aeneas Sylvius Piccolominus*, who founded the University of *Basil*, in the Year 1460. Besides this Picture there are many others of famous Professors

Professors in all Kinds of Learning; particularly that of the famous *Reuchlin*, otherwise *Joannes Capnio*.

This learned Man was born near *Spire* in the Year 1450. and learned Hebrew at *Basil*, where he came to be Professor. He finished himself in the Knowledge of that Language at *Rome*, under a Jew named *Abdias*. It was there he fell acquainted with, and likewise studied under *Argyropilus*. He one Day desiring *Reuchlin* to expound a certain Passage in *Thucydides*, the latter did it in so elegant a Manner, and with so graceful a Pronunciation, that *Argyropilus* said with a Sigh, *Græcia nostra exilio transvolavit Alpes*. Sometime after, the Monks having prevailed with the Emperor *Maximilian I.* to oblige all the Jews to bring their Books to the Inquisitors that they might be burnt; *Reuchlin*, who had more Knowledge than all the Ecclesiastics of his Age, represented to this Prince that it was sufficient to cause to be burnt all such Kind of Books, as were expressly wrote against *Jesus Christ*; but that all the others ought to be preserved, especially those upon Grammar and Medicine. This Representation had its desired Effect, and was punctually observed. By this Behaviour he drew upon himself the Hatred of the stupid Clergy, and by his having condemned their Superstitions and pious Frauds, which he called the *Nervi Regni Monastici*. To be revenged of him they accused him of Heresy; but he was acquitted by the Bishop of *Spire*. They appealed to the Court of *Rome*, where *Erasmus* and *Peter Galatin* having wrote in his Favour to *Leo X.* and some Cardinals, he was again acquitted by Cardinal *Grimani*. At last, upon *Luther's* Revolt, the Monks, to whom he had given sufficient Employment, troubled him no farther, and he died in the Year 1522. and the 72d of his Age. Amongst many other Writings, he left behind him a Book, entituled, *De Arte Caballistica*, and two others, the *Speculum Oculare*, and the *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*, both of them against the Monks. Their Eagerness to cause all the Jewish Books to be burnt, puts me in Mind of Pope *Gregory VII.* who burnt the Writings of a great many Ancients, especially the Works of *Varro*, the most learned of the Romans, giving this ridiculous Reason for his Conduct, that *Augustin* might never be accused of *Plagiarism* for having stole from this Author the greatest Part of his Book *De Civitate Dei*.

In this Library we saw a great Number of Manuscripts, but chiefly the Writings of the Fathers, a great many Homilies and Legends, and a great Variety of Authors who lived in the dark Ages. Mr. *Werenfels* told us, that most Part of these Works were brought to *Basil* by the several Doctors who assisted at its famous Council, and were placed in the publick Library at the Time of the Reformation, with all the Books which the Monks were not able to carry off. The greatest Curiosities shewn us by this Gentleman were as follows.

A Greek *Thucydides*, in Quarto, from which *Camerarius* printed his Edition.

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The History of *Reuchlin*, or *Joannes Capnio*.

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A *Greek* New Testament upon Vellum, which he assured us was upwards of a thousand Years old: The Letters are all Square, with the Accents, the Aspirations, and the Points.

The four Gospels in large *Greek* Characters, but very ill shaped and incorrect, with the Concords at the Bottom of the Pages.

The Works of *Gregory* of *Nazianze*, in very neat Red Letters, with handsome Drawings in Miniature, and the Commentaries of *Elias Cretensis*, wrote in black Letters.

A *Latin* Bible, in two large *Folio* Volumes, with two Columns in each Page, and as old as the Age of *Charles* the Great.

A very handsome *Virgil*, but very modern, and not very rare, as Mr. *Misson* says.

A *Horace* of a very old Date, with Notes wrote by the Monk who had copied it. When I opened this Manuscript I happened to cast my Eye upon a very comical Passage in Ode ix. of Book 3. beginning *Donec gratus eram tibi*, &c. where instead of the Words *Quid si prisca redit venus*: The Monk boldly and merrily reads *Nunc me prisca riget venus*; and insists in his Notes after his Fashion, *Riget, id est, rigidum facit*. This no Doubt was some merry Monk who knew other Things than reading his Breviary.

The Alcoran of *Mahomet* in *Arabic*, upon a very beautiful *Chinese* Paper, and extremely well wrote.

The *Officiale Durandi*, printed at *Mentz* by *John Fustius*, in a large *Folio* of two Columns, and upon very fine Vellum, the Date *Octob. 6. 1459*.

The four Letters which *John Huss* wrote to the *Bobemians* two or three Days before he was burned alive at *Constance*. These Letters are very simple, but perfectly beautiful as to the Subject.

The Cabinet of Curiosities and History of *Holbein* the Painter.

In a large Cabinet on one Side of the Library, are a great many Originals of the famous *Holbein* in Oil, with *Crayon*, and with the Pen. This excellent Painter acquired all his Skill and Knowledge in that Art without any Master. He was a Native of *Basil*, a little given to Tipling, and so very poor, that he had not often wherewithal to get a Dinner. They shew to this Day at the Corner of a blind Street a House, which in his Time was a Tavern, the Outside of which was all painted with his Hand, as we are told, to discharge the Scores which this poor Painter had run up there for Victuals and Drink.

Erasmus, touched with his Misery, perswaded him to go to *England*, and furnished him with Letters to his Friend the Chancellor Sir *Thomas Moore*. *Holbein* was highly pleased with leaving his own Country, both to avoid the Scoldings of a She-friend whom he had married, and to make himself better known in the World. The Chancellor received him very handsomely upon the Recommendation of *Erasmus*, and presented him to his Master *Henry VIII.* who employed him; and perceiving the Extent of his Genius, not only honoured him with his Esteem, but soon raised him to an Estate. *Holbein's* good Fortune upon this made him often have this Reflexion

flexion in his Mouth : *Is it possible that ever I have been so poor as to be obliged to paint the Walls of a Tavern for a Dinner.*

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The most remarkable of his Pictures which were shewn us in the Library are as follows.

Several of his Performances.

A *Venus* and *Cupid*, which an ignorant Monk once took for the Virgin *Mary* and the Child *Jesus*.

A *Lais* of *Corinth* drawn with a large Piece of Gold before her.

Two last Suppers of *Jesus Christ* and his Disciples, and a Flagellation.

A dead *Christ* extended in a Shroud, very much esteemed, and for which they tell us a great deal of Money has been offered.

The Picture of *Holbein*, together with that of his Wife and two little Children, almost all in Rags.

Two Pictures of the famous *Erasmus*, the least of which is thought to have the strongest Likeness of that great Man of any that was ever drawn. It is a half Length, and occasioned the following famous Epigram.

*Ingens ingentem quem personat orbis Erasmus
Hic tibi dimidium picta Tabella refert.
At cur non totum? mirari desine Lector,
Integra nam totum terra nec ipsa capit.*

That is, *Why does not this Painting represent only Erasmus in half Length? The Reader will be satisfied when he is told that all the World is not sufficient to contain a full Representation of him.* In the first Line Mr. *Misson* writes *Orbis* for *Orbis*, and in the last *Integra non totum* for *Integra nam totum*.

Mr. *Werenfels* shewed us besides in a large wooded Coffin of an antique Taste, ornamented with old Sculptures, and which formerly belonged to *Erasmus*, some Manuscripts, together with the following Curiosities.

Curiosities that had belonged to Erasmus.

Erasmus's Will and Testament, wrote with his own Hand in very awkward Characters, like those of most other learned Men. His Seal, which is at the Bottom, represents the God *Terminus*; his Dagger, his Knife, his Bodkin, together with *Holbein's* Dagger; both these Daggers are pretty handsome, and of Silver gilt.

But what, no doubt, you would chiefly value in this Library, if you should happen to see it, is several compleat Sets of Consular and Imperial Medals, both in Silver and Brass, besides a vast Quantity of Modern ones. The most rare of the Ancient are a Gordian of *Africa*, Silver; a *Plotina*, Wife to *Trajan*, Gold; and a *Crispus*, *Constantine* the Great's Son.

Collection of Medals.

To Day we went to see the famous Dance of the Dead, which is painted upon the Wall of the Church-yard belonging to the French Church, formerly the *Dominican* Convent. This Piece represents the Figures of about sixty Persons of all Ages and Stations, from the Pope and Emperor down to the Beggar. Every Figure is attended with that of a *Death*, each in a different Attitude, and has upon its Face all the Expression of Terror which

Jan. 8. The celebrated Dance of the Dead.

1707.

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BASIL.

frightful an Object can inspire. But Mr. *Misson* is mistaken when he tells the World that this Picture is a Kind of String of People of all Ranks, holding one another by the Hand, and Death leading up the Dance; for all these Figures are detached from one another, and each is accompanied by a Death.

In my Opinion the two most remarkable of the whole Set are, that of a fat jolly Cook, in the Appurtenances of his Profession, whom a Death holds fast by the Hand, and carries a-cross her Shoulders, like a Musket, a Spit with a Capon ready larded, which the Cook looks upon with a very wishful Eye, as if he regretted his being obliged to set out before it was quite roasted. The other Figure is that of a blind Beggar led by his Dog, whom his Death snaps up with one Hand, and with the other cuts the String by which the Dog was tied to his Master's Arm.

As the Wall whereon all these Figures are painted is very much exposed to the Weather, many of them are quite effaced, and the whole has lost its Lustre, which made the Government resolve to have it retouched by a Painter whom they imagined to be capable of repairing the Ravages of the Air and Rain; but his Execution was so miserable that they had much better have let it alone than to have had it so wretchedly bungled.

Not
painted
by *Holbein*
as gene-
rally
thought.

It is generally thought that this Dance of the Dead is painted by *Holbein*, and I have been always told so; but our Conductor assured us, that a great many of his Acquaintance in that City, who are Men of Learning and Credit, maintained, that all these different Figures had been painted during the Council held there in the Time of the Emperor *Sigismund*, who was himself represented among them, as they said, to the Life. If this is true it is impossible that it can be *Holbeins*, for he was not born at the Time of that Council. However it be, this Picture is a very mortifying Object to Christians; and 'tis impossible to look upon it without being affected with Reflexions on our latter End.

Council of
Basil.

Many Circumstances concur to render this last mentioned Council too famous not to be taken some Notice of in this Place. Pope *Martin V.* who had been chosen by the Council of *Constance*, in Opposition to three others who had usurped the Title of Pope, seeing that *Alphonfus* King of *Arragon*, was intriguing to have *Peter de Luna*, one of the three Antipopes deposed at *Constance*, re-established by that of *Sienna*, found means to dissolve the last mentioned Council. And that it might not seem as if he declined those general Assemblies of Christian Doctors, he appointed another at *Basil*, and sent *Julian Cesarini* Cardinal of *St. Angelo* to preside in it in Quality of his Legate. This Council began to sit the seventh of September 1431. but was so far from reforming Abuses, that they created new Errors, and occasioned a fresh Schism; for *Martin* dying at *Rome* the same Year, his Successor *Eugenius IV.* was so scandalized at the Council of *Basil* for having deemed it as an Article of Faith, that General Councils are above the Pope, that he summoned another at *Bologna*.

The Emperor *Sigismund*, the Princes, and the other Prelates, resented this Proceeding so highly that they ordered him instantly to repair in Person to the Council of *Basil*, and in Case of Refusal they threaten'd to proceed against him as a Rebel. *Eugenius* intimidated by these Menaces, issued his Apostolical Letters, confirming this Council, and granting free Access to all who wanted to repair to it; but this Fit of Condescension soon went off on second Thought, and he removed the Council to *Ferrara*, on pretence that the *Greeks* had pitched upon that City, to treat there in a Council about their Re-union with the *Roman Church*. On the other Hand the Fathers of the Council exhorted the *Greeks* to pass the *Alps*, and repair to *Basil*, threatening to depose *Eugenius* if he should refuse to obey.

But the Authority of the Council received a great Blow by the Death of the Emperor *Sigismund*, which happened in the Year 1437. and made the Pope so insolent that he went to *Ferrara* next Year, where he had called together his Anti-council. The Emperor *John Palaeologus* the Son of *Manuel*, *Joseph* Patriarch of *Constantinople*, and a great Number of Bishops, with the greatest Part of the *Greek Nobility*, went at the same Time to *Ferrara*; but the Plague having infected that City, *Eugenius* removed the Assembly to *Florence*, where, after many Debates, the *Greeks* agreed with the *Latins* upon some controverted Points; but could never be brought to admit of the Doctrine of Transubstantiation, nor to acquiesce in the Pope's Dictates as to the Election of a new Patriarch in the Room of *Joseph* who died at *Florence*. Alledging that it was unlawful for them to nominate a new Patriarch in any other Place but in the Church of *St. Sophia* at *Constantinople*, and at a General Assembly of all the *Greek Clergy*. This Obstinacy of theirs was a little mortifying to the Pope, who was in Hopes of causing a Patriarch to be elected at *Florence*, who being approved and confirmed by him, would be for ever dependant upon the See of *Rome*.

While all this passed at *Florence*, the Council of *Basil* proceeded juridically against *Eugenius*, and deposed him from the Pontificate. The following is an Abridgement of his Sentence, as it is found at length. *Seff. 34. in Litteris datis 7. Calend. Julii, Anno Domini 1439. Basileæ deturbatur à Sede per Consilium Eugenius; damnaturque tanquam contumax, & præceptis Ecclesiæ universalis inobediens, in aperta rebellione persistens, pacis & unitatis Ecclesiæ Dei perturbator notorius, Universalis Ecclesiæ scandalisator, insignis Simoniacus, perjurus, incorrigibilis, Schismaticus, à fide devius, pertinax Hæreticus, Dilapidator jurium & bonorum Ecclesiæ, inutilis & damnosus in administratione Romani Pontificatus. Prohibet præterea Synodus omnibus fidelibus, sub pœnis Schismatis & Hæresis, obedire aut favere Pontifici notorio Schismatico, Perjuro, & Hæretico. Pronunciat denique Synodus omnes ejus Constitutiones, & alia ejus instituta, prorsus haberi debere irrita, &c.*

After this Condemnation the Council chose in his Place *Amedeus* Duke of *Savoy*, who took the Name of *Felix V*. On the other Hand, *Eugenius* used all Means to render the Council of *Basil* despicable; and to strengthen his Party made at one Time eighteen Cardinals, and notified to all the

Numb. VIII.

C c c

Christian

1707.
Jan. 8.
BASIL.

The
Councils
of Ferrara
and Flo-
rence.

Pope Eu-
genius de-
posed by
the Coun-
cil of
Basil.

Amedeus
Duke of
Savoy,
chosen in
his Place.

1707. Christian Princes in *Europe* that he intended to call a General Council at
Jan. 8. Lateran.

BASIL.
 Eugenius
 Abuses
 the Coun-
 cil.

He likewise caused his Secretary *Poggio* to abuse the Council of *Basil* in the following gross Terms. *Quis ignorat qualis fuerit illa inquinatissimorum hominum manus? Quis non novit quales viri, quàm nefarii, quàm scelesti in illa sentina nequitiae fuerunt versati? Apostatae, fornicarii, incesti, raptores, transfugae, blasphemæ, Deo & suis superioribus rebelles, fæx denique pretio & mercede conductæ, illa colluvies fuit quæ Basileam profecta est ad explendas varias libidines, & impunitatem suorum scelerum consequendam. Aderant suis decretis Coqui, Lanii, Sartores, Piscatores, Stabularii, Medici, & omnis illarum gentium barbaries spurcissima, quæ Spiritum Sanctum veluti dormientem suis clamoribus excitarent; illum ex Tabernis & Coquinis excitatum invocabant ad rem profectò piam, ut Schisma introducerent in Populo Christiano. Egregium sanè opus, & Amedæo illius satore præcipuè laudandum; non Concilium, sed Domicilium Seditiosorum, Diversorium iniquitatis, Perfidie domus, Conventus ac Concurfus hominum perditorum, ut si quis illam multiplicium scelerum Colluvionem diffinire velit, Meretricum & Lenonum, sordidorumque hominum conventum rectissime appellet.* All the rest of this virulent Invective is wrote in the same Stile: Yet that Council had been called by Pope *Martin V.* and the Emperor *Sigismond*, Cardinal *de St. Angelo* the Pope's Legate, many other Cardinals, and the most considerable Bishops of *Europe* had assisted at it: But this is the Spirit of the Vicars of *Jesus Christ*.

His Endeavours
 to dissolve
 it.

Besides all this, *Platina* himself in the Life of that Pope assures us, that he employed open Violence to annul and dissolve the Council of *Basil*. *Bella ita amavit, Eugenius*, says that Author, *quod mirum in Pontifice videri debet, ut præterea quæ scripsimus ab eo in Italiâ gesta, Delphinum Caroli Regis filium, composita prius inter Regem & Ducem Burgundiæ pace, cum magno equitatu in Basilienses concitaverit, ad dissipandum Conventum illum. Author quoque fuit Eugenius ejus belli infaustissimi, quo ab Amurathe victus & occisus est Rex Ladislaus, & uno prælio inter Hadrianopolim & Danubium ad triginta millia fidelium fusa sunt atque cæsa.*

End of
 the
 Schism.

This Schism which began under *Eugenius IV.* did not however end with his Death, which happened in the Year 1447. His Party chose in his Place *Nicolas V.* and it was not till two Years after that *Felix* renounced the Pontificate at the Persuasion of the Emperor *Frederic IV.* on Condition that he should be a Cardinal, Legate in *Germany*, and in his own States, and that all the Cardinals of his Creation should preserve their Dignity. After this Resignation *Nicholas* approved of the Council of *Basil* by a Bull dated 1449. though it had subjected Popes to the Authority of General Councils.

C H A P. LXII.

Basil. *The Cathedral. Tomb and Epitaph of Erasmus. Three other remarkable Epitaphs of as many learned Men. Those of the famous Printers Froben and Isingrinus. Tomb and Epitaph of the learned Amerbachius. The Platform of Basil. Cabinet of Curiosities. The Town-house, and its Singularities. History, Description, Government, and Inhabitants of this City.*

WE passed part of this Day in seeing the Cathedral, and the Curio-
sities it contains. It is a large *Gothic* Building of hewn Stone, with two Spires of very curious Workmanship. The Hall where the Consistory or Vestry assembles at present is the same where the famous Council was held.

Instead of a magnificent Tomb which ought to have been erected to the Memory of the famous *Erasmus*, who died in this City, nothing is to be seen in the Cathedral but an Epitaph, in a very confused perplexed Stile, engraved upon a Marble Table, set up against one of the Pillars of this Church. *Dr. Burnet* is pleased to call it a *Grotesque Inscription on a large Brass Plate*. The Epitaph is as follows :

Christo Servatori. S.
Des. Erasmo Roterodamo
Viro omnibus modis maximo.
Cujus incomparabilem in omni Disciplinarum genere
Eruditionem pari conjunctam Prudentia
Posteris & admirabuntur & prædicabunt.
Bonifacius Amerbachius. Hier. Frobenius. Nic. Episcopus
Hæres, & nuncupati supremæ suæ voluntatis vindices.
Patrono optimo
Non Memoriae quam immortalem sibi editis Lucubrationibus comparavit.
iis tantisper
Dum Orbis Terrarum stabit superfuturo
Ac Eruditis ubique Gentium colloquuturo.
Sed Corporis mortalis quò reconditum sit ergo.
Hoc Saxum posuere.
Mortuus est IIII. Eid. Jul. jam septuagenarius.
Anno à Christo nato M.D.XXXVI.

Epitaph
of Eras-
mus.

Upon the flat Tomb which covers the Body of this great Man, are the following Words : *Desiderium Erasmus Rotterdamum Amici sub hoc Saxo condebant IIII. Eidus. Jul. Anno M.D.XXXVI.*

1707.
Jan. 10.
BASIL.
Mistakes
of Dr.
Burnet,
and Omis-
sions of
Mr. Mis-
son.

You may easily remark by the Words *hoc Saxum posuere* in the first In-
scription, that it is not engraven on a large Plate of Brass, as Doctor Burnet
says; that the *Hæres* mentioned in the said Inscription can only be meant
of *Amerbachius*, and what follows for the two others, though that is not a
distinct Way of writing. I should have rather chosen to have said thus,
*Bonifcius Amerbachius Hæres; Hieronymus Frobenius, Nic. Episcopus nuncu-
pati supremæ suæ voluntatis vindices.* Mr. Misson, who says that he has co-
pied this Epitaph with great Exactness, has however taken no Notice of
the God *Terminus*, the Device and ordinary Seal of *Erasmus*, which are re-
presented above the Epitaph; neither has he said so much as one Word
of those of the two *Buxtorffs* Father and Son, nor of a great many others
which are worthy of some Notice.

Several
other Epi-
taphs of
learned
Men.

In the Cloisters of the same Church, several other Epitaphs of celebrated
Men are to be seen, and in particular that of *Cælius secundus Curio*, of his
Son *Leo Curio*, of the two *Grinæus*, of *Amandus Polanus*, and a great many
more learned Persons: But I shall only mention four, the three first of
which are upon the same Pannel indented into the Wall. The first in the
Accusative, the second in the *Nominative*, and the third in the *Dative Case*.
They are ranged in the following Manner, and all three in Capital Letters.

Those of
J. Meie-
rus, Job.
Oecolam-
padius and
Simon
Grinæus.

Deo Opt. Max. & Christo Servatori S.
Dominum Jacobum Meierum
Hujus inclytæ Urbis
Consulem prudentis-
simum, consultissimum-
que, Pietatis sanæ
cultorem ac promo-
torem primarium,
omnis honestatis
quod in ipso fuit
instauratorem dili-
gentissimum, lapis
subjectus contegit.

D. Io. Oecolampadius
Professione Theologus,
trium Linguarum
Peritissimus, Author
Evangelicæ Doctrinæ
in hac urbe primus,
& Templi hujus verus
EPISCOPVS & Doc-
trina, sic vitæ Sanc-
timonia pollentissi-
mus, sub breve Saxum
hoc reconditus jacet.

Domino Simoni Grinæo
Almæ hujus Academiæ
Rectori, & laude &
memoria sempiterna
ob linguarum latinæ,
Græcæ & Hebraicæ
Peritiam, omnisque
Philæ ad miraculum
usque cognitionem,
ob Theologiæ veræ Sci-
entiam & usum digno,
Monumentum hoc dica-
tum est.

Anno salutis M.D.XXXXII. FF.

Below these Epitaphs are the two following German Verses in large Go-
thic Characters.

So Eer. Gut. kunst. Hulfend Inn Nödt.
Wer keiner von Diesen Dryen Todt.

That is to say; that if Wealth, Honours and vast Erudition could be of any
Assistance in our last Moments, not one of those three great Men would have
ended their Lives.

The fourth is that of *Froben*, the famous and learned Printer and Publisher of so many beautiful Editions of Books. It is likewise in Capital Letters, and, in my Opinion, rather better than that of *Erasmus*, who by his last Will named *Froben* one of his Executors.

1707.
Jan. 10.
BASIL.
That of
Froben the
famous
Printer.

D. O. M. S.
Hieronimo Frobenio
Joan. F. Typographo Clariss.
Inter initia Foed. Helvetii
Basileæ nato,
Sincerae Relig. & Æquitalis
Observantiss.
De Rep. Liter. optumis Autorib.
Emendatè atque Eleg. edendis
Præclarè merito.
Humanitate ac Beneficentia
Domi forisque omnibus
Charo.
In acerbiss. ac diuturnis stomachi
Cruciatib. quibus & extinctus est.
supra fidem
Ad extremum usque Patientissimo.
M. S. Ergo
Ambrosius & Aurelius Filii
Parenti longè chariss.
H. M. PP.
V. annos LXI. M. VII.
D. VII.
Obiit Anno Christi Servatoris
M.D.LXIII.
III. Eid. Mart.

At the Top of the Marble Table with white Veins, on which this Epitaph is engraved, are the Arms of *Froben* upon one Side, and upon the other the *Caducæus* of *Mercury*, which is generally seen on the Title Pages, and at the End of the fine Editions published by this celebrated Printer.

Not far from *Froben's* Tomb, is that of another famous Printer of *Basil*, named *Michael Isengrinus*, who is interred, together with his Wife and Son in Law, in the same Tomb. His Epitaph, which is very long, has nothing in it extraordinary; I shall only give you the four last Verses of it which are far better than the former.

And of
Isengri-
nus of the
same Pro-
fession.

En Socerum, Socrum, Generum lapis obtegit unus,
Quos vivos Christo junxerat una fides.
Quid ni speremus quin rursus Christus eosdem
Jungat in æthereæ luce, simulque beet.

The

1705.

Jan. 10.

BASIL.
The
Tomb &
Epitaph
of the
learned
Amerba-
chius.

The learned *Bonifacius Amerbachius*, a famous Lawyer and intimate Friend of *Erasmus*, who made him his Heir, is buried in the Church-yard of the *Chartreuse*, where he ordered his Tomb to be made eighteen Years before his Death. He was born at *Basil* in the Year 1495, and died in the Year 1562, aged 67. The following is the Epitaph inscribed upon his Tomb, into which, in his own Life-time, he caused the Bones of his Father, his Mother, his two Brothers, his Wife and his two Daughters to be removed.

*Quo nullus suo saeculo fuit, cum in excudendis libris nitidior,
quod sumptuosae dexteritatis est, tum in iisdem ad veterum
Exemplarium fidem restituendis diligentior, quod eruditio-
nem & laborem requirit, Johannes Amerbachius hic cubat,
cum Barbarâ Ortenbergiâ, singularis pudicitiae foeminâ, ac
Brunone, Basilioque filiis, praeproperè quidem hinc ereptis,
sed tamen eruditione sua trilingui per laboriosissimam Hie-
ronymianorum operum recognitionem, quibus docti ubique
gentium fruuntur, orbi toto commendatâ. Bonifacius
Amerbachius Parentibus & Fratribus optimis, sed &
Marthae Fuchsiae Uxori suae, Christianarum virtutum do-
tibus incomparabili, cum Ursula ac Hestere duabus filiis
hic quiescenti: Item sibi ipsi, liberis suis superstibus, Fau-
stinae, Basilio, Juliana, posterisque in fragilitatis memo-
riam F. C. Parentibus Fratribusque jam olim, uxore verò
in ipso aetatis flore cum filiis haud ita dudum hic ex-
pectandi censorii novissimi Diei ergò collocatis anno 1544.
Cal. Feb.*

The Plat-
form and
the famous
Lime-tree
of Basil.

When we left the Cathedral, we went to a Platform which is hard by, from whence we saw a very beautiful Landskip; in the middle of it grows a Lime-Tree of a prodigious Extent, and forming a very agreeable Shade. It is surrounded by a Terras with a Border of hewn Stone, on which is engraved the following Verses:

*Julius Ecclesiae dum praefuit ecce secundus,
Dum sceptrâ Imperii Maximilianus habet.
Hoc opus excisum, quo Rhenum cernere amoenum,
Quo nemora & campos, monticulosque potes.
Quo geminas turres & mœnia conspicias Urbis;
Concentus audis dulcisonosque modos. An. D. 1512.*

Errors of Mr. *Misson* concerning it. Mr. *Misson*, who likewise speaks of that famous Lime-tree in his Article of *Basil*, begins the fourth of those Lines by the Words, *Quo nemora & Pontes*; though the Inscription, has *Quo nemora & Campos*. He says that the

he Terras is covered or supported with Planks, and that the Verses are cut upon or round these Planks; whereas they are cut upon a Stone Border, which both supports and encloses this Terras. He likewise says after a great many other Writers who have spoken of this Lime; that its Trunk is at least six foot Diameter, which no doubt would be a very extraordinary Thickness for a Lime-tree; but after carefully examining it, I plainly observed that instead of one Lime-tree, there were seven or eight, planted so near one another, and so closely linked together, that to one who does not observe very nearly, they all together appear to be one and the same Tree.

Some Years ago, a Scholar of this City fell from the Top of the Plat- form into a Garden on the Banks of the *Rhine*, without receiving the least Hurt, though it be a frightful Precipice. In a Nich of the Wall flanking this Terras stands a Statue, which is said to be that of *Charles the Great*, raised about 10 or 12 Foot below the Parapet on the Out-side. Not long ago another Scholar was rash enough to lay a trifling Wager, that he would go and kiss three times the Mouth of this Statue, if he were let down along the Wall by a Rope. He accordingly won the Wager; but was nevertheless a Mad-man in venturing to loose his Life, especially for such a small Consideration.

We were likewise shewn from this Terras, the Plain where Mr. *Villars* some Years ago gained the Battle of *Frisingen* against the *Imperialists*, who attempted to penetrate into the Heart of *France* through *Alsace*. In fine, from hence we saw the Quarries whence the *French* brought all the Stones for building the famous Fort of *Huningen*, which we can easily discern from the Windows of our Apartment. The King of *France* knew so well how to lull the *Swisses* with his *Louis-d'ors*, that they suffered him to erect, at the very Gates of *Basil*, this Fortrefs, which consists of six Royal Bastions and a great many Horn-works. It is situated upon the *Rhine*, with a Wooden Bridge a little below this City in the *Suntgouw*: As nothing commands it in the least, and its Magazine being Bomb proof, it is reckoned the strongest Citadel in *Europe*.

To Day we went to visit the fine Cabinet of Mr. *Fesch* Secretary of State, a Man of the greatest Learning and Politeness. He received us very handsomely, and shewed us all the principal Curiosities of his Collection; among which are a good many Gold, Silver, and Brass Medals, some of them extremely rare, as a Greek *Otho* in Bronze, a *Pertinax*, a *Pescennius Niger*, together with an antique Marble very well preserved with the following Inscription.

D. M.
LABERIAE. TRENÆ.
V. A. XI. DIEBUS. XXVII.
VETVRIVS. HELIX. ET. LABERIA.
SYNTICHE. FILIAE. PIENTISS.
FECERVNT.

Inscrip-
tion on an
antique
Marble.

He

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BASIL.

He very justly puts a great Value upon a Cup of Oriental *Agathe* of one single Piece, Octogone Form, and upwards of half a Foot in height. Among his Antiques, I took Notice of a *Cornelian* Stone, of the finest Kind, on which is engraved the Rape of *Proserpine* by *Theseus* and *Pyritheus*. He likewise shewed us the Skin of a Calf which had two Heads, Minerals, Crystals, Petrifications, and a great Quantity of all kind of Shells; the Portrait of the famous Count *Tilly* very finely engraved in Wood; three Volumes in *Folio*, of Designs and Prints, by *Albert Durer* and *Holbein*, the most curious of which are a Crucifixion, with the *Virgin Mary* and *St. John* on each side of the Cross, and *Magdalen* at the Foot. *Durer* himself had engraved this same Design on the Pommel of *Maximilian* the First's Sword, which was formerly kept at the Castle of *Ambras* near *Innsbruck* the Capital of *Tyrol*; but it was since removed, as a very valuable Curiosity, to *Vienna* in *Austria*.

His Li-
brary.

Mr. *Fesch* has likewise a very fine Library, with a great many *Greek* and *Latin* Manuscripts, and amongst others one of the most ancient *Christian* Poets, namely, *Coelius Sedulius Retus*, who lived in the IVth Century, and was Cotemporary with *Claudian*, under the Emperor *Honorius*. The Poem of this Author, which is in the Library of Mr. *Fesch*, is a pretty large Volume wrote upon Vellum, and entituled *De festo Paschatis*, beginning with the following Verse.

Plurima Niliacis tradunt mendacia Biblis.

Sedulius,
an old
Christian
Poet, and
his Works.

This *Sedulius* was also Cotemporary with *Ausonius*, *St. Ambrose*, *Gregory of Nazianzen*, and *Gregory of Nice*. He is not to be confounded with another *Sedulius* who lived at the Beginning of the VIIth Century, and was Cotemporary with the venerable *Bede* the *Anglo-Saxon*. Besides this Poem *De festo Paschalis*, the *Sedulius* I speak of, wrote a Volume of *Latin* Verses and Epistles upon several Subjects; *De vita Christi*, Lib. 2. *Annotationes in omnes Pauli Apost. Epistolas*, printed at *Basil*. *Hymnus de Servatore ad Theodosium Cæsarem*: In *Donati Editionem* Lib. 1: In *Prisciani volumen*, Lib. 1. *Exhortatorium ad Fideles liber unus*, and some other Works.

A beauti-
ful Por-
trait of
Erasmus.

After having shewn us all his Curiosities, Mr. *Fesch* made me a Present of a Portrait of *Erasmus* cut in Wood, the finest and most beautiful of any thing I ever saw of that Kind, it being done by *Holbein*, who, like *Albert Durer*, was an excellent Engraver, as well as an able Painter. *Erasmus* is there represented at full Length, in the Habit and Bonnet of a Doctor, holding a Book open in one Hand, and with the other resting upon the Figure of the God *Terminus*, which he chose for his Emblem.

To conclude, this Library of Mr. *Fesch*, after the Death of each immediate Possessor, is to descend to a learned Man of the same Family, when any such can be found, and in Default of that, it is to be joined to the public Library: But probably this will not soon be the Case, for Mr. *Fesch* the present Proprietor, is Grandson to *Rodolph Fesch* Burgomaster of *Basil*, who

who after being married sixty Years, saw before his Death one hundred and sixty five Children, descended of himself, his Sons and Grandsons, a great many of whom are yet alive.

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Having fully satisfied our Curiosity in this Cabinet, we went next to the Town-house, which is a Building of a very singular Form. On its Walls we see the Remains of some Painting and of a very good Hand; amongst others, the *last Judgment*, where Devils are painted dragging a Pope, some Cardinals and other Ecclesiastics to Hell. We are told by Tradition, that the Council of *Basil* having condemned and deposed *Eugenius IVth* as a Heretic, and guilty of many atrocious Crimes, the Magistrates from an over Zeal, caused that Pontiff to be represented in this manner upon the Walls of their Town-house with several Cardinals, Bishops and other Ecclesiastics of his Faction.

BASIL.
The
Town-
house and
old Pic-
tures.

At the Foot of the Stair-case is to be seen, a Stone Statue of *Munatius Plancus* in Roman Armour, with a Scepter in his Left-hand, and standing upon a large square Pillar supported by a Pedestal, whereon is the following Inscription.

The Sta-
tue of *Mi-
nutius Pla-
ncus*, and
its In-
scription.

*Honori & Virtuti L. Munat. L. F. L. N. L. Prone.
Planci. Cos. Imp. iter. VII. Viri Epulonum. Qui triumph.
ex Rætis. Ædem Saturni F. ex Manub. Agros divisit in
Italia Beneventi. In Gallia Colonias ded. Lugdunum atque
Rauricum. Civitas Basiliensis ex Bellicosissimâ Gente Alle-
mannorum. in Rauricorum fines transductâ. Simulacrum
hoc ex Senatus auct. dicendam Statuendamque curavit
Anno sal. Christianæ CIO. IO. XXC.*

The Council Chamber is very low and dark. They shewed us there, a Piece representing the Passion of *Jesus Christ* in eight Compartments, all of them by the Hand of *Holbein*. It is the most valued here of all his Works, and indeed it is a Master-piece, the Colours being so fresh and lively, that to look at this Piece alone would be sufficient to convince us, that *Holbein* excelled in that Part of Painting. A Counsellor of the City, who was present, assured us, that the late Elector of *Bavaria* offered the Magistracy of *Basil* thirty thousand German Florins, or fifteen thousand French Crowns for this Piece.

The
Council
Chamber.

An excel-
lent Paint-
ing of
Holbein.

We were likewise shewn the Portrait of the famous Arch-Heretic *David George* drawn from the Life, who came from *Delft* in *Holland* to reside at *Basil* with all his Family, in the Year 1544. This Man, by an unconceivable Frenzie, called himself *the true Christ and Messiah, the well-beloved Son of the Father*; and gave it confidently out, that he would rise three Years after his Death. Notwithstanding the stupid Extravagance of this Fana- tic, he had a vast Number of Followers, so true it is, that the most absurd Opinions will find Abettors. His Bones were taken up and burnt, together with his Effigy.

Picture of
*David
George* a
famous
Arch-He-
retic.

Numb. IX.

D d d

Having

1707.

Jan. 11.

BASIL.

The His-

tory of

Basil.

Its Bishop.

Having related the chief Curiosities of this City, I am now to give you a short Description of it. *Basil*, anciently known under the Name of *Augusta Rauricorum*, was erected into a *Roman* Colony by the Emperor *Augustus*, and the Settlement was made by *Munatius Plancus*, whose Statue stands in the Town-house. At present it is the Capital of a Canton, which entered into the Confederacy with the others in the Year 1327. Its Bishop before the Reformation, was suffragan to the Archbishop of *Besançon*, but since that Period he resides at *Poirentu*, and his Chapter at *Friburg* in *Brisgaw*. Though he be a Prince of the Empire, yet he is not suffered to reside in his Episcopal Palace at *Basil*, which is let into Tenements; and he comes once every Year to receive the Money which the City is bound to pay him in lieu of his Rights, but he must be gone as soon as he has received it. The *Carthusians* had likewise a fine House there with a Church, which the Protestants have appropriated to their own Use. We are told that when these Fathers were obliged to quit it, they went out of the City in Procession, singing the 79th *Psalm*, which begins, *O God, the Heathens are come into thine Inheritance, &c.* for which they had almost been torn in Pieces by the Populace.

The University.

The University, which was founded by *Pius II.* in the Year 1460, has rendered *Basil* famous by the Number of its learned Professors. And what is most remarkable, the present ones have all been chosen out of the Body of their own Citizens.

The Bigness and Richness of Basil.

It is indisputably the largest and finest City in *Switzerland*, though its Houses are in general plaistered over on the Out-side. It has commonly been accounted, by those who have wrote of it, the richest too, but I have been assured by People of Credit, that in this Respect it was inferior to *Zurich*; and indeed *Basil* is not populous in proportion to its Largeness; and though it has admitted a great many *French* Refugees, who have set up Manufactures, yet several Parts of the Town, both within the Walls and in the Suburbs, are still empty.

And Description.

The *Rhine*, which is pretty wide and forms the greatest Elbow there of any in its whole Course, divides the City into two Parts, which are joined by a great Wooden Bridge, and not as Mr. *Misson* says, by a fine Bridge of Stone; for, excepting six Stone Piers which supports the End of it on the Side of the *Little Basil*, the whole is of Wood. That Part of the Town which goes by this Name, makes only about one fourth of it; but the other called *Great Basil*, is incomparably the finest. It stands upon a rising Ground, and from the Bridge it appears like an Amphitheatre. Though the formidable Fortrefs of *Hunningen* lies at its very Gates, and is a very strong Curb upon it, yet it has no Fortifications, being only surrounded by a plain Wall, which is flanked with some old-fashioned Towers. But the chief Strength of *Basil* consists in its Alliance with the other *Swiss* Cantons. Its Arms are a Field Argent, a Fleur-de-lis, Sable reversed.

Privileges of the Citizens.

The Burghers of *Basil* enjoy very advantageous Privileges, which they will not grant to Strangers; and that Stiffness, in my Opinion, does great Hurt

Hurt to the Commerce of this City, as well as to that of *Zurich*, where the same Partiality obtains, by hindering a great many substantial Merchants from settling among them. I am convinced, the true Means of drawing a great Number of Inhabitants from *France*, *Germany* and other Places to both those Towns, would be to establish different Degrees of Burghership; allotting the first and most honourable to their ancient Families both Patricians and others, who in Virtue of that Right should be in a Capacity of discharging public Offices; and as to the other and inferior Class, that their Privileges should be communicated indiscriminately to all Strangers who were desirous of settling among them. Should those Regulations take place, there is no doubt but the Trade of those two Cities would be infinitely more flourishing than it is at present.

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BASIL.

The Magistracy consists of two Burgomasters, who rule alternately, and in two Chiefs of Tribes, who change and govern in the same Manner. Their Power is for Life; and as the Town is divided into sixteen Tribes, or different Companies, each of which choose four Delegates to sit in the lesser Council, this Assembly is composed of sixty four Members.

Its Government.

The great Council consists of more than two hundred, and these Heads of their Tribes very nearly resemble the *Tribunes* of the People among the ancient *Romans*. In other Respects the Government is much the same in all the Cantons, excepting some insignificant Differences; such as calling the Advoyer *Burgomaster* in one, and *Amptman* in another, or the different Appellations of *Treasurer* and *Purser*, so that in the main they come to the same thing.

It is a curious Thing to see these Magistrates sitting in Council, most of them wearing long Beards, starched Ruffs, high crown'd Hats, and other like out-of-the-way Accoutrements. But for all this whimsical Fashion, I never met in all my Travels, a Set of Men more truly venerable in all Respects, but especially on account of their excellent Sense and Honour. And as Governors are generally imitated by the Subjects, I own I scarce ever saw a more virtuous, honest Sort of People than the Inhabitants of *Basil*. Not to say, that many of them are fond of Learning, and cultivate polite Literature in a very high Degree. Oriental Languages, in many Respects so useful, have been in particular vastly improved at all times among them, especially by the famous *Erasmus*, *Amersbach*, *Grineus*, the two *Buxtorffs* Father and Son, by *Munsterus*, *Mutius*, and many other learned Men born in this Town, or who taught there for many Years with great Reputation.

Habit of the Magistrates, and Character of the Inhabitants.

I must not pass over another Singularity of *Basil*; their Clocks go an Hour too fast, and when they strike and point at Twelve, it is only Eleven in the Country. Some refer the Original of this Custom, to the Council that was held there in the Time of the Emperor *Sigismund*, and pretend that it was to hasten its Meetings, and shorten its Sittings; others again say, that it is owing to a certain Conspiracy, which would have been carried into Execution at a precise Hour, but that the Government being apprised

Irregularity of their Clocks.

1707. of it, gave Orders privately that the Clocks should be put an Hour forward,
Jan. 10. to prevent its taking effect, and that this has continued ever since.

BASIL. They make a great Noise here, about a hellish Invention of a Gunsmith,
 The Dia- who invented Wind-Guns and Pistols. Some of them contain Air enough
 bolical In- to make ten successive Explosions, or may be discharged all at once, and thus
 vention of kill many People in an Instant. This Invention may be truly called Dia-
 a Gun- bolical, and the Use of it ought to be forbid on Pain of Death; nothing
 smith. being more abominable than an Art of murdering People in a clandestine,
 silent Manner, which can neither be foreseen, prevented, or guarded
 against.

A fine The Landskip round about *Basil* must of Course be exceedingly beauti-
 Landskip, ful during the Summer Season. The Town itself, as I have already hinted,
 &c. standing upon a rising Ground like an Amphitheatre, produces a most
 charming Object, when seen, especially from the Bottom of it near the Ri-
 ver. That Part of the *Rhine*, in particular, where the *Salmon* comes up
 against the Current to spawn, is, in my Opinion, well worth the Observa-
 tion of a curious Traveller. The Fishermen know exactly the Time of
 their coming, how long they will continue, and when they go away, and
 consequently are never disappointed. The Nature of the Sand, and Bits
 of Gold that are now and then found, plainly demonstrate, that there must
 be some Gold Mines in the Neighbourhood, but hitherto undiscovered.

Ruins of At two short Leagues Distance from the Town, is a Village called
 an ancient *Augst*, which they say gave *Basil* the Name of *Augusta Rauricorum*. Near
 City. it are to be seen the Ruins of an ancient City, among which have been
 found several Pieces of Antiquity, such as Medals, Rings, Instruments the
Pagans used in Sacrifices, and others of the like Nature. This City seems
 to have been of a great Extent, both because the Ruins lie wide, and that
 the *Romans* never gave the Name of *Augusta* but to Capital Cities. Be-
 sides, it is highly probable that they had made a considerable and power-
 ful Settlement in these Parts, in order to obviate and repulse the Incur-
 sions of the *Germans*. Be that as it will, we see here an Aqueduct, and another
 Building, which the learned *Amerbachius* thinks to have been anciently a
 Theatre, consisting of four Towers, separated each by a Stair-case.

To conclude this long Article of *Basil*: The whole Canton consists of
 no more than six Bailiwics, of so small an Income, that each Bailif barely
 receives a thousand or twelve hundred of that Country Livres a Year.
 Those of the Canton of *Bern*, as I have observed before, are upon quite
 another Footing, being able by their absolute and tyrannical Power to raise
 a very considerable Fortune in their six Years Administration.

1707.
Jan. 12

C H A P. LXIII.

Departure from Basil to Inspruck. Several Towns and Boroughs upon the Road; especially Aaraw, Schaffhousen and Ulm. The great Church of this last, and other public Buildings. Its Fortifications exactly described. Government and History. Other Towns, Guntzburg, Augsburg, Schongaw, Mittenwald, Shernitz, &c.

AFTER we had left *Basil*, we passed again through *Lichstal*, and *Departure* *Lausel* a Town of the same Canton, till we arrived at a Village, of *from* which I have forgot the Name. The Road is not only bad, but frightful *Basil* beyond expression, till you come to *Olten* a small Town of the Canton of *Soleure*, situated upon the *Aar*. Hard by is a Convent of *Augustins*, extremely magnificent. In a few Hours after, we arrived at *Aaraw*. There *Aaraw in* is a Canal from the *Aar*, which I had not observed before : It passes near one of the *the Can-* Town Gates upon a small Stone-bridge of three Arches. This Canal *ton of* runs quite through the Town, and having supply'd several Mills, goes and *Bern* waters the neighbouring Meadows. There is no Bailif at *Aaraw*, but an Avoyer or Burgomaster chosen from among the Burghers by the Lords of *Bern*. The Language made use of here is broad *German*, but the better Sort speak *French*. The Country round about affords plenty of Game, for it every where abounds with wild Beasts.

Two Leagues from *Aaraw* we came to *Lentzburg*, a pretty good Town : *Lentzburg* Its Streets are large, and the Town-house tolerably handsome. The Cita- *in the* del, which is built on an Eminence, is seen at a great Distance. The *same Can-* Town and Territory together make up one of the principal Bailiwics of the *ton* Canton of *Bern*. Two Leagues from it we again crossed the *Rufs* at *Mel-* *Mellingen* *lingen*, a great Ferry over that River, and sometime after we got to *Baden*, *Baden* and from thence to *Keyserstal*, a small Town also of the Canton of *Bern*, but *Keyserstal* subject to the Bishop of *Constance*, both in Spirituals and Temporals ; for he appoints there a Civil and an Ecclesiastical Magistrate. It is the ancient *Forum Tiberii*, of the *Romans*. The People appeared to us quite stupid and ignorant ; for we could learn nothing particular from them, in relation to the Town. The *Rhine* washes Part of its Walls, and one goes over it to *Schaffhousen* by a wooden Bridge.

This is what we likewise did, and afterwards passed a good many little Towns and Villages, some of them belonging to the House of *Austria*. We were told that all this Country is very beautiful in Summer, producing a great deal of Corn, and full of Copses which harbour a vast Quantity of Game. The Cold is so excessively sharp in Winter there that we found their Vineyards covered with Straw. A little way from this, we again drew near to the *Rhine*, which we coasted for some time, and had

1707. had for the second time sight of its famous * Fall. The Merchants of
Jan. 12. *Shaffhouse* are obliged to cause all their Goods which they bring from Ger-
 The Caf- many by the Lake of *Constance*, to be unloaded a little above the Place
 cade of where the Declivity of the Current begins, and to re-load them on board
 the *Rhine*. of other Barks a little below the Cascade. This is very inconvenient, but
 then the Inconveniency is well compensated, by the great Advantage which
 the Inhabitants make by taking Salmons, which swim up the River in great
 Shoals, but never can get above the Cascade.

Shaffhou- We stayed but a short time at *Shaffbousen*, since we had before seen its
sen, and Curiosities. The public Library, which they were prudent enough not
its public to shew us the first time of our being there, is scarce worth mentioning ;
Library. for it consists only of about 3000 Volumes, in very pitiful Plight, and very
 inconsiderable in themselves, and a few Manuscripts of very little Value.

An The Librarian shewed us some Writing, the Letters pretty well shaped,
 extraordi- of a young Lady who is quite blind, and whom we had very often seen at
 nary In- *Geneva*. She is really a Prodigy, the Daughter of Mr. *Waldkierk* of *Shaff-*
 stance of *bousen*, and Mistress of several Languages both Ancient and Modern. She
 a young has studied Theology and Philosophy, sings like an Angel, and plays very
 Woman finely upon several Instruments ; in short her Sweetness, joined to the Know-
 quite ledge and Wit she discovers in Conversation, is quite ravishing.
 blind.

Paintings To return to the Library ; we saw there a Chronological Suit of Por-
 in the traits of several Magistrates of the City, and were likewise shewn that of
 Library. *Zimprecht Vooght*, its first Protestant Minister, a Man of a gay Turn of
 Wit, especially in roasting the *Monks* : And we were told, that he used al-
 ways to preach with his Sword by his Side.

Citadel of There is a kind of Citadel, situated upon the highest Ground within this
Shaffhou- Town, but remarkable for nothing besides the Thickness of its Walls, two
sen. Wells, a small Arsenal, and Lodgments under Ground Bomb-proof, large
 enough to contain 2000 Men. It commands the City and all the Emi-
 nences round about, excepting one.

Hobent- When we left *Shaffbousen*, we marched along the Fortrefs of *Hobentwiel*,
wiel. one of the Keys of *Wirttemberg*, and soon after we passed the River *Acht* at
 The River a little Town named *Singben*, belonging to the House of *Austria*. This
Acht. River discharges itself into the Lake of *Constance*, a little below the Town
 of *Bellingen* in that Bishopric. We then came to *Stockab*, which not long
 ago was burnt by the *French* and *Bavarians*, a Town depending on the
 House of *Austria*, and the Capital of the Landgravate of *Nellembourg*, and
 is now beginning to be re-built. We then passed by *Pfullendorff*, one of
 the smallest Imperial Towns, and after crossing a Forest two Leagues in
 length, we arrived at *Meengen*. In the great Church here, we were shewn
 a *Virgin Mary*, which they say, in the Time of *Gustavus Adolphus*, shed
 many Tears, a Prodigy, continue they, that so astonished the *Swedes* as to
 deter them from executing their Intentions, which were to have destroyed
 the Town.

Pfullen- dorff.
Meengen, and its Miraculous *Virgin*.

Half

Half a League from this Town we passed the *Danube* at *Riedlingen*, where this River is not very large, but forms a very beautiful Cascade, which falls with a prodigious Noise. Some Hours after, we repassed it at *Marchtal*, a large Town with a handsome Castle, and then arrived at *Ebingen*, a small Town depending on the Bishopric of *Constance* as to Spirituals, but on the House of *Austria* as to Temporals. Its great Church is tolerably well furnished, and its Altars covered over with Carvings, Painting and Gilding. At last, having for a long time travelled along the Side of the *Danube*, we entered the Imperial City of *Ulm*.

1707.
Jan. 12.
Riedlingen
Ebingen.

Its great
Church.

Its great Church is a very fine Building, and one of the highest in all *Germany*. We were assured that the very Shell of it, without Windows, Altars, or any other Ornament, cost 600,000 *French* Crowns. And what is more remarkable and almost incredible is, that the Citizens themselves were at the whole Expence in the Year 1300; and that every Company of the Trades gave it a magnificent Window with the Arms of the Corporation. This Church is 365 Feet long, and its Height is equal to its Breadth.

U.L.M.
Its high
Church.

The Tabernacle, which formerly contained the Holy Sacrament, is said to have cost a *Patrician* of those Days, whose Statue is represented on its Knees against a Pillar which is on the Side of the Tabernacle, named *Johannes Ebinger*, a hundred thousand Florins. It is a very fine, tho' *Gothic* Piece of Work, of a very singular Kind of Marble, and ornamented with abundance of Statues very well executed for the Age in which they were done. The Pulpit and Organs are likewise worth notice. They keep to this Day, the Picture which was put up above the great Altar before the Reformation. It represents a last Supper, and is an old Piece very much esteemed here, though we thought it but very indifferent. The Benches which run along the two Sides of the Choir are loaded with Carvings, representing a great Number of historical Passages in the Old and New Testament. But what is most valued about this Church are six Windows in the Choir, one of which we were assured cost 3000 *German* Florins, and represents all the Posterity of *Abraham* down to *Jesus Christ*, the whole in very lively Colours exquisitely painted; the five others are likewise perfectly beautiful.

Its Curio-
sities.

They likewise put a great Value upon a Portrait of *Luther*, which they shewed us in their Sacristy, as being a great Curiosity. This Portrait is drawn with a Pen, and its Hairs being composed of small Characters contains all the 37th Chapter of the Book of *Ecclesiastes*, or of *Jesus* the Son of *Sirach*. It is probable that the People here have not seen a great deal of the World, because one may find in a thousand Places Pieces of Writing of that Sort infinitely more curious than these Hairs of *Luther*; yet this did not hinder us from making the Church-warden a pecuniary Acknowledgment; for we can't see any thing here for nothing, any more than in *England*. I know no other Country but *France*, wherea contrary Custom prevails.

A Fanci-
ful Por-
trait of
Luther.

1707.

Jan. 12.

U.L.M.

Other

Churches.

The Mar-

quis of

Blainville

buried in

the Bene-

dictin

Church

there.

The Ar-

senal.

The

Town-

house.

The

public

Library.

Descip-

tion of

Ulm.

Iſſer a Ri-

ver, and

its Courſe.

Besides the great Church, the *Lutherans* have two Churches here for their Service, and the *Roman Catholics*, though they are but very few in Number, have two likewise; viz. that of the *Teutonic Order*, and that of the *Benedictins*. The Marquis de *Blainville*, Son to Monsieur *Colbert*, is buried in the latter: It was he who so nobly defended *Keyfersweert* against the Allies. Having passed the Black Forest by Roads which were before thought impracticable, he was the first who joined the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops; and afterwards upon the surprising of *Ulm*, being made Governor of this City, he was carried thither after the Battle of *Hochstett*, and died, much lamented by the *French*, of the Wounds he had received in that celebrated Action.

The Arsenal is large and well vaulted, but poorly furnished: We saw in it only one piece of cast Cannon, of 48 Pounds, and some of 24, three of wrought Iron, and some lesser Pieces: The rest of the Furniture consists of old Cuirasses, Musquets with Rests, and such other Fripperies of an Arsenal; amongst others I observed a Musquet twenty Foot long, without being very weighty. They say, that the *French* carried off whatever was most valuable here before the Battle of *Hochstett*, and in this they acted wisely.

The Town-house is a wretched little Building, without any thing remarkable about it, and not worth the Pains of seeing.

The public Library is very inconsiderable likewise, consisting of three or four thousand very common Volumes, few or none of them good Editions, and no Manuscripts worthy Notice; yet it is divided into three Parts, and in three private Houses.

These are the most remarkable Objects in the Imperial City of *Ulm* in *Suabia*, which is scarcely so large as the Half of *Augsburg*, but better peopled. Both of them formerly were very rich, but they are now almost ruined by the different Wars in *Germany*: And as their Territory, I mean that which properly depends upon the Cities themselves, is pretty much confined, it is with Difficulty they maintain themselves upon the Trade arising from their Manufactures.

A learned Inhabitant of *Ulm* pretends that this City is that of the ancient *Alcimeans*; but be that as it will, its Houses for the most part are of Timber-work and Plaister, and very ill trimmed on the Outside: Their Streets in general are neither handsome nor wide, and its Squares mean and very irregular. It stands upon the *Danube*, which there receives the *Iſſer*, in Latin *Ilarus* and *Ilargus*, a pretty good River arising from the Confines of *Tirol*, crosses part of *Suabia*, runs by the City and Abbey of *Kempten*, and at *Ulm* discharges itself into the *Danube*, which there begins to carry Boats, to assume that noble Appearance, and flow with that resistless Rapidity, which distinguishes it as the first River in *Europe*.

The

The Plain on which this City stands is one of the most fertile in all *Sua-* 1707.
bia: It is said to be six Miles and near a half in Circumference, and is un- *Jan.* 13.
doubtedly the best fortified Place of any in that Province. Its Figure is *U.L.M.*
an Undecagon, that is, it has eleven Sides, eight of which are perfectly And For-
regular, and face the Country: The three other Sides are defective, and tification.
consequently irregular: All the Bastions and Curtains are double. The
inner Fortification, which is made in the Manner of a Retrenchment, is
all of Earth, covered with a firm Turff, and the Parapet made without
Embrasures, so that the Cannon fire over it. The outer Fortification is
lower, and faced with Stone, as high as the *Cordon*; the upper Part with
the Parapet is of Earth, well rammed, and covered with Turff: The
whole of it built according to the System of Count *Pagan*, that is, with
the Flanks very oblique, and open to the Field. The Top of this last
Work is almost on a Level with the Top of the covered Way, and conse-
quently fit to raze the Esplanade. It may be properly enough named a
false Bray of Earth running along all the eight Sides.

The Ditches are fine, and extremely broad, every Part of them seen
from the Place, and well defended: They are double almost every where,
and on one Side of the Town the *Danube* runs thro' them with great Ra-
pidity; on the other they are kept full of fresh Water by Sluices: These
two Waters are kept separate in the same Ditch by a small Dike of Stone.

The covered Way is very regular, and in excellent Repair, and has a
Glacis, which slopes so imperceptibly, that it is to appearance level with the
Field. There are no Out-works, excepting before the Gates, every one
of which has a half Moon sufficiently large to cover it; their Ditches,
Counterscarps, and Covered Way, are made in the same Manner as those
of the Place.

This Place is a little commanded on two Sides. On that Side where
the commanding Ground lies the nearest, they have raised upon the oppo-
site Bastion a large Cavalier of Earth, which overlooks and batters all that
Eminence; but this is but a weak Defence, for as they can only fire with
Cannon, the Fire of the Besiegers must always be much stronger than that
of the Besieged. They are much better covered against the other com-
manding Ground, tho' at a much greater Distance from them: They
have there raised a great Horn-work at a proper Distance from the Body
of the Place (that is, within Musket-shot) with its half Moon in the Mid-
dle, and its Ditch well seen and defended. The whole being according to
the most exact Rules of Art.

Its weakest Part is that along the *Danube*, which serves it for a Ditch.
It however is defended by Flanks, and three small irregular Bastions; but
the best Part of the Defence is a large half Moon of Earth, covering the
Gate and the Bridge, which runs across as far as the City: This Work is
well palisaded, and has a good Ditch at the Extremities of its two Faces.
Here are two other half Moons which they call Redoubts, because they
are built only of Palisades, with a small Parapet behind. Yet these must

Numb. IX.

E e e

necessarily

1707. necessarily be taken before the great Work, faced with Stone, of an irregular Form, can be attacked. This Work compleats the covering the
 Jan. 14. Bridge, scours the Country, and commands the half Moon, and would
 ULM. go far to ruin any Lodgements which might be made upon it.

Ulm ravaged by the French and Bavarians. You know that the Elector of *Bavaria* began to break with the Empire by surprising this City, which thereby suffered a great deal. The second Day the *French* and *Bavarians* were Masters of it, they made the Inhabitants pay 200000 *German* Florins for their Welcome, and as long as it continued under their Government squeezed other large Sums of Money from them; so that this poor Imperial City will smart for a long Time from the injurious Usage it then received.

Its Government. Both the Magistrates and most Part of the Inhabitants are of the *Lutheran* Persuasion: It is governed by two *Elderherren*, who are the Heads and Presidents of the Council, four Burgomasters, who enter upon the Execution of their Magistracy every Year alternately; twenty four Patricians or Senators, and twelve Plebeians. Its Garrison consists only of 700 Soldiers, of which 300 mount Guard every Day with 100 Burghers.

And History. I learned from an old Chronicle of *Ulm*, belonging to my Landlord, that, in the Time of *Charles* the Great, this City was only a Borough which that Emperor made a Present of to the Abbey of *Reichnaw*. That afterwards *Lotharius* II. who had granted it as many Privileges as any other City in its Neighbourhood enjoyed, took, pillaged, and entirely ruined it, for having refused, in very outrageous Terms, to open its Gates to him; but that the Inhabitants after the Death of that Prince having rebuilt it, it was matriculated, upon paying a large Sum of Money, among the Imperial Cities. The *Germans* commanded by General *Tbungen*, retook it from the *French* and *Bavarians* in the Year 1704, soon after the Battle of *Hochstett*. *Gregory Horstius*, who died in the Year 1636. is reckoned among the learned Men of this City.

Jan. 22. We left *Ulm* by a large Stone-bridge which is thrown across the *Danube*, a little above the Conjunction of that River with the *Iler*. Three Hours
 Lipheim. after we passed by the small Town of *Lipheim*, the last Place of the Territory of *Ulm*. Here is a Castle where the Bailiff resides, enclosed with a plain Wall, and flanked by some antique Towers: All the Inhabitants are *Lutherans*; and the Country produces a vast Quantity of Hops. After
 Guntzburg. this we arrived at the City of *Guntzburg*, which is a good deal larger than the former. It belongs to the House of *Austria*, and is situated upon the little River *Guntz*, which discharges itself into the *Danube*; and as our Road lay from *Ulm*, we entered the Town thro' a pretty long Suburbs. It
 Its Castle demolished. formerly had a magnificent Castle, where Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* resided for five Years, the neighbourhood being a fine sporting Country; but the *French* burnt this Castle a little before the Battle of *Hochstett*. There are two Convents in *Guntzburg*, and several other Churches, but very inconsiderable. All the Inhabitants are *Roman Catholics*, and its Magistracy consists of three Burgomasters, and twenty four Counsellors.

Upon leaving this City we entered a Forest three Leagues long, by a ^{1707.} very troublesome Road, which conducted us to a pretty large Town called ^{Jan. 23.} *Zumershausen*, in the Diocese of *Augsburg*. Very near this Place the Mar- ^{Zumer-} *shal de Turene, Wrangel, and Konismark* defeated the Imperialists and Ba- ^{shausen.} *varians* in the Year 1648. At last, after a tedious Journey of twelve Ger- ^{Augsburg.} *man* Leagues, we arrived at *Augsburg*, where we spent some Days in seeing our Friends. After this we bargained with our Drivers to convey us in Chaises, with all our Baggage, free of all farther Expence, to *Venice*.

From *Augsburg* we came in two Hours to *Hautsteten*, a large Town, with ^{Hautsteten.} a Castle depending upon the Abbey of *St. Ulrich*. Afterwards coasting the *Lech*, which runs thro' a vast Plain, almost as far as we can see, we came in the Evening to a very little Village named *Kirkheim*, near to which ^{Kirkheim.} is a Convent of Capuchines, with a very fine Church. On the Top of its Steeple is a large Lanthorn, which serves to light the Drivers in the Night-time.

After this we passed thro' a Country, which indeed is pretty level, but not very fertile, being diversified with Woods of Firs, and Fields and some Villages interspersed, each of which generally has its Castle. Afterwards we stopped for an Hour at a Kind of a Town called *Asch*, belong- ^{Asch.} ing to the Count *de Mokental*. In proceeding on our Journey, we entered into a large Forest of Firs more than two Leagues in length. After passing it we observed some Part of the Mountains of *Tirol*, and the Beginning of the *Alps*. The distant Prospect of which resembles the foaming Billows of the Sea.

At length we arrived at *Schongau*, a pretty little Town, with about six ^{Schongau} hundred Houses, situated upon a small Declivity, at the Foot of which runs the River *Lech*. Its great Square is handsome, and adorned with three Foun- ^{Its Square} tains of a Kind of Marble, the Product of that Country. The middle ^{and Foun-} Fountain has a large Column arising from its Basen; on the Top of which ^{tains.} is a large gilded Statue of the Virgin, as big as Life. The two others which are placed at the two Extremities of the Square are ornamented, the one with the Figure of *Jesus Christ*, and a Globe in his Hand, the other with an Angel, both which Statues are likewise gilded.

There are eight Churches in *Schongau*, but most without any Thing re- ^{Churches.} markable about them. The largest is pretty handsome, very well enlightened, with a fine Steeple over it, in the Shape of a Dome. Its high Altar is very much gilded, and loaded with Carvings. The Pulpit is very beautiful, supported by an Angel, in a very good Attitude. We there see *Jesus Christ*, the four Evangelists, and a great many other Figures, very finely carved: This little Town lies in *Bavaria*. In Spirituals, it is subject ^{And Go.} to the Bishop of *Augsburg*; and in Civil Affairs, to four Burgomasters and ^{vernment.} eight Counsellors. It is only two *German* Leagues distant from the Lake of *Ammerzee*, and three from that of *Wormzee*.

To conclude, two hundred and thirty *Bavarians* defended it not long ^{The fine} ago against six thousand Imperialists, who assaulted it three Times without ^{Defence it} Success, ^{made.}

1707. Success, tho' it is surrounded only with a plain Wall, and some old fashioned Towers. Nor did they surrender till they were forced to it by the Inhabitants, who were alarmed by fifty Bombs which had been thrown into their Town.

The River
Lech.

Beyerfoa,
a large
Abbey.

The Ri-
vers Am-
ber and
Iser.

Raiten-
puch.

The Ab-
bey of
Etal.

Parten-
kirk.

Mitten-
wald.

Its
Churches.

We went out of *Schongaw* by a large wooden Bridge across the *Lech*, which tho' narrow and shallow in Winter, grows large and impetuous in Summer, by the melting of the Snows. At last we entered upon the Mountains, and after, as it were, scrambling a long while among Forests of Firs, Rocks, and Snow, we passed hard by a *Benedictine* Abbey named *Beyerfoa*, as large as a little Town. From thence we descended into a small circular Valley, bordered by a Number of Firs rising in the Form of an Amphitheatre. The little River *Amber* winds thro' the Middle of this Valley, and after running into a Lake of its own Name, it emerges from thence to discharge itself into the *Iser*, which rises near *Inspruck*, and running by *Munich* and *Freisingen*, receives the *Amber* a little below *Mosburg*, till both loose themselves in the *Danube*.

We dined at *Raitenpuch*, a small Town in *Bavaria* likewise. The Houses here are extremely elegant in the Inside; and tho' this Country has been entirely ruined by the Allies, yet a great Deal of handsome Furniture, especially Plate, is to be seen in their Houses. In our Journey we passed near another *Benedictine* Abbey called *Etal*, which has very handsome large Apartments. Sometime after we descended the Mountain by a Road so steep, that it was railed in to prevent Travellers from falling down those frightful Precipices. At last, after very great Fatigue, we arrived late at *Partenkirk*, anciently *Parthenium*, a pretty large Town in the Bishopric of *Frisingen*. We there had a Ragoût which we found extremely delicate, dressed of a certain Animal's Flesh called *Steinbock*, a Kind of Fawns, which are taken in great Numbers upon the Mountains of *Tirol*.

From *Partenkirk* we were perpetually winding and turning till we came to the Town of *Mittenwald* where we arrived about Mid-day, after having travelled to the Downward for sometime. *Mittenwald* stands in a small Plain, encompassed with very high Rocks, and covered with Snows, which have been there ever since the Creation. It has two Churches, at the two Extremities of the Town, the one new, and the other old. I observed, upon the Wall of the latter a *St. Christopher*, with a little Basket at his Side full of Trouts, with the following *Latin* Verse above his Head.

Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara.

That is, *He who has not tasted the bitter does not deserve the sweet.* A Maxim which you know I have some Reason to wish may be always verified. But be that as it will, I imagine that this Basket of Trouts intimates that they are very often caught in that Place. They eat there extremely delicate, and like Salmon.

In

In the same Church there is a miraculous Crucifix dressed in a Perriwig, like that in the Church of the *Maccabees* at *Cologne*. Would you believe that Luxury and fashionable Drefs had found their Way even into these frightful Rocks? It stands against the Wall, and is furrounded with an infinite Number of votive Pictures, representing the different Miracles wrought by this holy Crucifix, either by curing the Sick in great Numbers, or by delivering from Shipwreck, Robbers, or Precipices, a vast many People who had addressed themselves to it upon those different Emergencies of Danger.

1707.
Jan. 25.
A miraculous Crucifix dressed in a Perriwig.

Amongst a Dozen of Figures of the Virgin *Mary* which we see in this Place, there is but one which condescends to work Miracles; nor does her Virtue extend any farther than curing Beasts, for she is furrounded with nothing but Herds of little Horses, Cows, Bullocks, and Sheep, all in Wax, without a single Vow of any other Species.

And miraculous Statue of the Virgin

After a good Dinner at *Mittenwald* (but without seeing the Bezoar Bullets which Mr. *Misson* mentions, tho' we enquired after them) we proceeded in our Way, and about an Hours time after we arrived at the Fortress of *Schernitz*, where we were obliged to shew our Pass-ports, tho' it contains no more in Garrison than a Serjeant and seven or eight Soldiers. This Fort, which separates the Dutchy of *Bavaria* from the County of *Tirol*, was formerly of very little Importance, tho' it stands betwixt two almost inaccessible Rocks; but when the present Elector of *Bavaria* intended to enter *Tirol*, the *Imperialists* built a new Fort opposite to the old one. It extends from the Top of the Mountain by several Redoubts, directly to the Bottom, where there is a good Bastion and some Ravelins, which shut up the Passage betwixt the Mountain and the left, at the Foot of which there is a Sconce with Retrenchments very well palisaded.

The Fortress of Schernitz.

Its Strength and Situation.

We passed the *Iser*, which is but small, at the little Village of *Schernitz*, which gives its Name to the Fortress; and a little after we left on one Hand the Castle of *Schloßberg*, which is only a Kind of a large Tower, with some Pallisades. From thence we immediately entered the Village *Seefeld*, where there is a large Convent of *Augustines*, who preserve in their Church a Number of miraculous Things, very much celebrated in that Country. Amongst others is a large Host, all bloody, which was taken in that Condition, and all chewed, out of the Mouth of a Lord of *Schloßberg* named *Milser*. But as we wanted that Night to be at *Innsbruck*, we did not think proper to stop at *Seefeld* to see all these fine Rarities, which no doubt greatly helped to make these honest Clergymens Pots boil.

The Village of Schernitz. Seefeld.

A wonderful Host, and other Curiosities.

It is but half a League (and not two long Leagues, as Mr. *Misson* calls it) from *Seefeld* to where we begin to descend the Mountain: And the descent is still continued for two long Leagues before we arrive at a deep Valley, thro' which the River *Inn* winds. They have been even obliged to cut part of the Road one hundred common Paces out of the Rock, to open the Passage into this Valley. As the Snow had risen to an extraordinary Height, we were longer in descending than we thought of; so that

1707.

Jan. 26.

Czierl

belonging

to the

House of

Austria.

we were obliged to stop that Night at a large Borough named *Czierl*. About four Years ago the *Bavarians*, as they were returning from *Tirol*, entirely burnt this Town; but at present it is rebuilt a-new, and more beautiful than ever. In our Descent, a little before we came hither, we passed under some Ruins, which are pretty entire, of a large Castle, standing upon the Top of the Mountain; from whence, from time to time, large Fragments of Stone and Rock roll down, which expose Travellers in that narrow dangerous Passage to be crushed to pieces. The hindermost of our Chaises, in coming down the Mountain, was within three Paces of being buried under one of these Fragments.

Feb. 3.

Cere-

mony

used in

the Inns

of *Tirol*.

This Morning as we were making ready to get into our Port-chaises the chief Maid-servant of the Inn, where we lay last Night, came with a great Deal of Formality to present each of us with a Nosegay of Artificial Flowers, done up with Tinsel. These Nosegays were very handsomely ranged in a large Copper Basin; and before she gave each of us one, she went thro' a long Harangue in her Gibberish, in which she was not at all sparing of the Title of *Heer Graaff*, i. e. My Lord Count, accompanied with a hearty Kiss and a Hug. This is another Custom which we were obliged to humour, by giving a large Drink-gilt (Drink-money.)

A fright-
ful Preci-
pice.

About half a League from *Czierl* we saw the great steep Rock, so famous for the Adventure of the Archduke *Maximilian I.* I viewed this Precipice with Attention, and it is next to impossible to believe that the Eagerness of a Chase could carry a Man to ride down a Part of it, considering the frightful Precipice which presents below. With all due Defiance to his Serene Highness, this Adventure did not prove him to be a very wise Man: And if he was ever guilty of such another, he deserved the Title of Arch-fool, rather than Archduke of *Austria* and Emperor, as he afterwards was. A Passion for Hunting becomes a Kind of Frenzy, when it prompts People to despise the steepest Precipices, to be ripped up by a wild Boar, like the brave Count *de Serin*, and a great many others; or to be gor'd by a wild Bull, like the *Spaniards*. In the Place where the Archduke stopped, and from which he was obliged to come down by the Help of Machines, because he durst not venture to come back the same Way he came down, they have hollowed a Nitch into the Rock, where a great Crucifix is placed, with a Statue on each Side.

An Ad-

venture of

an Arch-

duke of

Austria.

C H A P. LXIV.

Inspruck, Capital of Tirol. The Palace of the Archdukes. The Manege and University. Church of the Cordeliers. Splendid Tomb, and twenty eight beautiful Brass-Statues. Other Tombs. Jesuits House and Church. Pretended Gold Tiles. Ridiculous Stories concerning them. Description of Inspruck, and Etymology of its Name. Earthquakes frequent here. Mines, Salt-pits, and Fertility of the Country. Its Inhabitants used with great Lenity by the Court of Vienna.

TWO Hours after we arrived at *Inspruck*, having almost all along *Inspruck*, coasted the River *Inn*, upon which this City is situated. There is *situated on the River Inn.* however a small Part beyond the Bridge, where some Years ago they have built very fine Houses, and a Church which they call the Church of the States, pretty much resembling that of the Lutherans at *Amsterdam*, upon the Cingle. Like that, its Doom is covered with large Plates of Red Copper. After passing the Bridge we went down to the Golden Eagle, a famous Inn, where we took some Repose; and afterwards went to the House of one of the City Magistrates, for whom we had Letters of Recommendation, and whom we found a very well bred Man. He was pleased to attend us in Person, to shew us all the Curiosities in the City.

We began with the Palace, which formerly was that of the Archdukes. *The Palace of the Archdukes.* It is pretty large, and contains a good Deal of Lodging-Room, but the whole may be called a Piece of Patch-work, having been built at different Times, so that we must not here expect Regularity. Count *Fuggers*, Director of the Emperor's Privy-council in this City, has an Apartment in it, but all the rest is empty and unfurnished; tho' we were told that it will soon be fitted up for Prince *Charles* of *Newburg*, Brother to the Elector Palatine, and the Bishop of *Augsburg*, whom the Emperor has made Governor of *Tirol*, and who is expected at *Inspruck*. The late Duke of *Lorraine*, who had the same Government, passed many Years there with his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland*.

The great Hall is magnificent, with the whole History of the Labours of *Hercules*, painted in *Fresco*. It is a Loss that a great many Places of it *The great Hall and Gardens.* is cracked and rent by the Earthquakes, which are very frequent in this Country. The Gardens are pretty large, but kept in ill Order. The most remarkable Thing to be seen in them is an excellent Equestrian Statue in Brass of Archduke *Leopold*, and twelve other Figures as large as the Life, representing River-Gods, and Nymphs. All these were designed as Ornaments to a magnificent Fountain, which was intended to have been made in the Middle of the Gardens, but has never been yet executed.

Adjoyning

1707.
Feb. 3.

Another
Palace.

The Ma-
nege.

The
Theatre.

And Uni-
versity.

The
Church of
the Corde-
liers.

The
Tomb of
the Empe-
ror Maxi-
milian I.

Several
Brafs Sta-
tues.

Adjoyning to this Palace there is another but not near so large, built of Wood, and very slight, into which the Governor and his Court retire upon the first Shock of an Earthquake, because the Danger of being crush'd or maim'd is less here than in the other Palace, which has five covered Galleries, leading to five different Churches where they end.

The Manege, which is not far from the Palace, was built about fifty Years ago by the Archduke *Ferdinand Charles*, but is yet unfinished. It is a spacious high Building, and one of its Extremities ends in a large Theatre, which must have been very fine had it been compleated. The Boxes on both Sides are numerous, and tolerably handsome.

Not far from the Manege there is another Building called the University, erected by order of the late Emperor *Leopold*. We came in at the End of a public Lesson; but were surprized to see only four or five Students in blue Gowns, and Mr. Professor in a Scarlet Cloak; so that he only wanted a Sword and Feather to make him pass rather for an Officer than a Professor.

The Church of the *Cordeliers* is one of the most considerable in *Innsbruck*. Here is the magnificent Tomb of the Emperor *Maximilian I.* surrounded with an Iron Balustade, and adorned with twenty four Pannels of white Marble, containing the principal Actions of his Life in Bas-relief, of admirable Sculpture, by the Hand of one *Alexander Colin* of *Mechlen*, who cut it in the Year 1565. The Brazen Statue of *Maximilian*, who is upon his Knees on the Top of the Tomb, is likewise very good.

There are also twenty eight Brazen Statues larger than the Life in this Church. Mr. *Misson* is mistaken when he says, that these Statues were made by Order of the Archduke *Friderick Empty-purse*: For our Friend the Magistrate and the Guardian of the *Cordeliers* assured us, that *Ferdinand I.* Brother of *Charles V.* caused this Convent and the Church to be built, and placed those twenty eight Statues there, the Names and Order are as follows:

1. *Albertus Archiduc Austriae. Rex Hung. & Bobemiae.*
2. *Fridericus III. Imp. Pater Maximiliani I.*
3. *Ferdinandus I. Imper.*
4. *Carolus V. Imp. Rex. Hisp. & Indiarum.*
5. *Leopoldus Archidux Austriae*
6. *Fridericus cum vacuo Marsupio, Dux Austriae, qui tectum aureum fecit.*
7. *Albertus Primus Austriae, hujus nominis Imperator.*
8. *Gothofredus Bullion. Rex. Hierof. cum coronâ spinæâ.*
9. *Elizabetha filia Sigismundi Regis Hungar. uxor Alberti I. Imper.*
10. *Maria Caroli Audacis filia, uxor prima Maximiliani I.*
11. *Margarita Ducissa Stiriae, Carinthiae, & Tirolis, nupta Duci Bavariae.*
12. *Elizabetha soror Maxim. I. Imper. nupta Ernesto Duci Bavariae.*
13. *Ferdinandus Rex Hispaniae. Maritus Isabelle.*
14. *Johanna Fatua filia Ferdinandi & Isabelle **

* This mad Woman should not have been placed in such an August Company.

15. *Phi-*

15. *Philippus bonus Dux Burgundiae.*
16. *Carolus Audax, filius ejus *.*
17. *Kimburgis. Avia Maximil. I. mulier mirae fortitudinis, quae nuces Italas cum duobus digitis frangebatur †.*
18. *Elizabetha filia Maximil. I. quae nupsit Duci Sabaudiae.*
19. *Maria Blanca filia Max. Sforstae Ducis Mediolan. secunda uxor Maximil. I.*
20. *Sigismundus Dives, Archidux Austriae.*
21. *Arthur Rex Britanniae, cum Thorace cooperta Draconibus, à Patre Uterpandragon.*
22. *Theodoricus Comes Hapsburg.*
23. *Ernestus ferreus, Dux Austriae, Maritus Kimburgis, avus Maximil. I §.*
24. *Amelus II. Rex Italiae Gothus, occisor Parentis sui in praelio ||.*
25. *Albertus sapiens Dux Austriae,*
26. *Rudolphus comes Hapsburg. Imper. Auctor Domus Austriae.*
27. *Philippus Pulcher, Archidux Austriae, Pater Caroli V. & Ferdin. I.*
28. *Clodoveus I. Rex Galliae Christianus.*

Most of these Princes are: *Armati ferro, & Cristis capita alta corusci.*
Virg. Aen. ix.

The same *Ferdinand I.* caused 23 other brazen Statues to be erected in this Church, representing so many Princes and Princesses of the House of *Austria*; each is but two Foot high. We were likewise shewn an Image of *St. Anthony of Padua*, found entire in the midst of the Flames which reduced the Town of *Czriel* to Ashes, in the Year 1661. This Image has still some Marks of Burning upon its Face and Neck, with this Inscription.

Other Statues, and wonderful Image of *St. Anthony of Padua.*

In medio Ignis non sum aestuatus.

In a Chapel there is a Marble Tomb of the Daughter of a considerable Merchant of *Augsburg*, whom *Ferdinand* Arch-duke of *Austria* married on account of her Beauty. The Statue of this Lady lies all along the Tomb, with this Inscription betwixt two Bass-reliefs.

The Tomb of an Arch-Duchess of *Austria* Daughter to a Merchant of *Augsburg.*

*Ferdinandus, Dei Gratia Archidux Austriae,
Dux Burgundiae, Comes Tirolis. Philippinae
Conjugi charissimae fieri curavit. Obiit xxiv.
Mensis Aprilis, Anno Salutis M.D.LXXX.*

In this Chapel stands likewise, the Tomb of *Ferdinand* the Generous, Duke of *Austria* and Count of *Tirol*, Cotemporary with *Charles* the Vth,

And of *Ferdinand* the Generous, who lived 110 Years.

* He was a Kind of *Don Quixote*, well deserving to be confined to a Madhouse.

† A wonderful Qualification in the Grandmother of an Emperor.

§ This Iron Man was wonderfully well matched with that famous Nutcracker.

|| An Act for which he little deserved a Statue.

107. and who lived one hundred and ten Years. His Statue is of white Marble, and likewise extended upon his Tomb, the whole being enclosed by an Iron Balustrade. By the way, I must take notice, that the Pillars which support the Roof of this Church, are at least three times too long, in Proportion to their Bigness.

The Gate
of the Ar-
mories.

The Gate of the City called *Wapentburn*, that is to say, the Gate of *Armories*, which is not far from the Church of the *Cordeliers*, is all painted over from Head to Foot, with the Arms of the different Kingdoms and Provinces belonging to the House of *Austria*, all distinctly Blazon'd, and the Painter has drawn his own Picture full in the Middle of the whole; with a *German* Inscription under his Portrait signifying, *that* George Kelderer painted this Gate in the Year 1499.

Church
and House
of the
Jesuits.

The Church and House of the *Jesuits* are likewise very fine. The Arch-duke *Leopold*, who built them and died in the Year 1632, is buried in a Vault under the Church, as are some other Princes and Princesses of the House of *Austria*, and the fourth Son of *Charles* the Vth last Duke of *Lorraine*, who was killed at the Battle of *Cassona* in *Italy*. Opposite to this Vault there is another, which serves as a Burying-place for those pious Fathers the *Jesuits*; so that we may say, they are as little in ordinary Company when they are dead, as when they were alive. The Librarian, who speaks five or six Languages, received us very civilly, and shewed us the Library which is very inconsiderable; but to make amends, the House itself is very beautiful. The Front is 200 ordinary Paces broad, besides the Church, and all of it extremely well proportioned.

The Story
of the
golden
Roof ex-
ploded.

As to the famous Roof that is covered with pretended Plates of Gold, which has given Rise to so many Stories, without any other Foundation but Tradition, I have been at the utmost Pains to learn something certain about it, and examined it at great leisure. It is about 16 Foot square, and the Plates which cover it have a pretty near Resemblance to Gold: But our Friend the Magistrate, having stopt one of his Brethren as he was passing by while we were attentively examining it, asked him in our Hearing, whether the Registers in the Archives of the City do not positively assert, that these Plates are of Copper; but that their Gilding and double Gilding cost 20000 Ducats to *Frederic Emptyurse*. It was this same Duke of *Austria*, and not the Arch-duke (as Mr. *Misson* would have him) who helped Pope *John XXIII*, otherwise *Baltazar Cossa* in making his Escape out of *Constance*, after he had been deposed by the Council; and it was for contributing to this Evasion, that this Prince was for a long time afterwards persecuted by the Emperor *Sigismund* and Pope *Martin* Vth, who had been chosen in Place of the three Anti-Popes.

Notwithstanding all this, the People of *Inspruck* would venture their Souls, upon Occasion, that these Plates are all of Gold; so much are weak Minds the Dupes to Tradition, and in this Respect three Fourths of Mankind are of that Number. But as these two Magistrates assured us positively, that

that the Registers in the Archives say, that they are only Copper gilt, I chose rather to believe those public Monuments than any popular Tradition. 1707.
Feb. 3.

But what surprizes me most is, that the Learned Charles Patin has given into another Tradition, which has still less Foundation. His Words, in a Letter wrote to the Duke of Wirtemberg, are as follows: *A private Inhabitant of Inspruck, who did not know what to do with his Money, asked leave of the Arch-Duke to cover part of his House with Gold. Leave was granted; but, said the Prince, though I consent, yet I will not answer for Thieves. This Gallery, which is covered with 2 or 3000 Gold Tiles, is at present in the Possession of the Emperor. I have been told that a Jew offered a hundred thousand Florins for each, a Christian would have offered more, for Jews always make Jews Bargains.* An Instance of great Credulity in Charles Patin.

Mr. Patin was doubtless a very learned Antiquary, but he appears to have been a bad Arithmetician, otherwise he might have calculated that two or three thousand Tiles of Gold, at a hundred thousand Florins each, would amount to two or three hundred Millions of German Florins, which is more ready Money than four of the most powerful Princes in Europe can command. Besides this little Roof of about 16 Foot square, is not a Gallery covered with two or three thousand Tiles of Gold, as he calls it.

The same Magistrates told us likewise, that the House which had this pretended Roof of Gold upon its Vestible, is not the Chancery, as Mr. Misson and some others say it is, but the Chamber of Accounts of the Treasury, greatest part of which was ruined by Earthquakes, as we see by the following Inscription above the Gate of this Building, the Capitals of which mark its Date. Other Errors confuted.

*Resta Vror post horrendos Continuo anno,
& VLtra, perpeffos terræ MotVs.*

The Houses of Inspruck are tolerably handsome, and for the most part built upon Porticoes like those of Bern; but they appear a little disagreeable by the Roofs being all flat, and their Joists placed so as to form a Hollow, so that the Gutter is exactly in the middle of the Roof. This City is none of the largest, since one may easily see from the Middle of the Square its four Gates, which are never shut, in so great Security do the Inhabitants think themselves on account the Fortrefs of Schernitz, which guards the Entry into Tyrol. However the Elector of Bavaria made himself Master of it some Years ago, together with the Town of Inspruck itself, and the greatest Part of the Country. Description of the Houses of Inspruck.

This City has its Name from the River Inn, in Latin *Cœnus*, (which arises from the Mountain *Maloja* in the Alps, and not from the Mountain *Bernina*, as some Geographers affirm, runs across the *Tirolese*, enters *Bavaria*, and disembogues in the *Danube* at *Passaw*) and the Word *Pruck*, which in Etymology of the Name. The River Inn.

1707. *German* signifies a *Bridge*, so that *Innsbruck* is called in Latin *Ænipons*, or *Æni-*
 Feb. 3. *pons*, because it is the common Bridge or Passage over that River.

TYROL.
 Descrip-
 tion and
 Situation.

Innsbruck is the Capital of *Tirol*, and was formerly the ordinary Residence of the Arch-Dukes of *Austria*, as it is at present of the Governors sent thither by that House, to whom it hereditarily belongs. It is but a little, though an agreeable City, situated in a very fertile Plain surrounded by Mountains, the Tops of which are covered with eternal Snow, but their Middle is well cultivated. The River *Inn* runs along the Foot of its Walls, which are weak, without any Flanks, and lower by four or five Fathoms than the Houses of the City. We pass the River by a pretty large Wooden Bridge, at the End of which, as I have already mentioned, there is a Suburbs much better built than the City itself, and which lies along the River. It has no less than twelve Churches, including eight Convents, five of Men and three of Women, and two Suburbs, both of them finely built: In short, *Innsbruck* is a very handsome City.

Much
 subject to
 Earth-
 quakes.

Notwithstanding all that, and its being the Capitol of *Tyrol*, I should not chuse to be condemned to pass the Remainder of my Days there: For this City, as well as all the Bottom in which it stands, being shut up amongst high Mountains, is subject to frequent and furious Earthquakes. Our Conductor told us, that since the New-year came in, they had felt upwards of fifty, one of which had destroyed a great many People and Houses.

Mines of
 Silver and
 Gold in
Tyrol.

There are Silver Mines, and likewise some Veins of Gold near *Innsbruck*, and in other Places of the *Tirolese*; all of them make up a pretty Revenue, together with the Salt-works of *Hall*, another small Town of this Province situated upon the *Inn*, a League from *Innsbruck*.

Hall its
 Saltworks
 and Mint-
 house.

These Salt-works and the Mint-house that has been set up at *Hall*, have rendered it almost as populous as the Capital itself. It is in this Mint-house that they melt and work the greatest Part of the Metals they dig from their Mines, which constantly employ five or six thousand Persons of all Ages and Sexes. All these Particulars I learned from the Magistrate to whom we were recommended.

Fertility
 and Go-
 vernment
 of *Tirol*.

He likewise told me that the Soil of the Country, mountainous as it is, produces great Quantities of excellent Wines, and almost all the Necessaries of Life: That it is governed by three Councils residing at *Innsbruck*; the one having power of Life and Death; the Second, for the Administration of Civil Justice; and the Third for the Imposition of Taxes and Contributions: But that an Appeal from them all is still reserved to the Court of *Vienna*.

The So-
 vereign
 very mild
 to the
 Subjects.

That Court treats the Inhabitants *Tirol* much more gently than those of the other hereditary Countries, and suffers them to enjoy a great many more Privileges. The Reason of this is, because they are naturally fortified among the Mountains; and besides that, as they are the immediate Neighbours of the *Venetians*, the *Grisons*, the *Swisses* and the *Bavarians*, it is to be feared that too severe a Yoke would drive them into the Arms of some of those

those Powers who are the most capable to protect them. This is all that I have to write to you upon the Subject of *Inspruck* and *Tirol*.

1707.
Feb. 4.

As to the Castle of *Amras* and its Curiosities, Mr. *Charles Patin* and many others have been so full upon them, that any Relation of mine would be but a tedious Repetition of what they said before. While we were thanking our Conductor for all his Civilities, we felt the Shock of an Earthquake, which, though not very violent, made us run as hard as we could into the great Square. We walked there with our Friend the Magistrate till Evening, with a firm Resolution early in the Morning to quit a City where the Ground it stands upon seems to be always in a Fit of an Ague. To conclude, it was at *Inspruck* that Queen *Christina* of Sweden first abjured the Protestant Religion, in the Year 1655.

TYROL.
Castle of
Amras.

C H A P. LXV.

Departure from Inspruck. Inscription on the Meeting of Charles V. and his Brother Ferdinand, after a long Absence. Brennenberg a frightful Mountain. Stertzlingen. Two haunted Castles. Inscription and two curious Marbles. Brixen a Bishopric. Its Cathedral. Epitaph of a learned Bishop. Other Churches and their Curiosities. Council of Brixen. History of Pope Gregory VII. Decree of that Assembly against him. Singular Epitaphs of the Emperor Henry IV. and Pope Bonifacius VIII. A merry Pilgrimage.

ABOUT a long half League from *Inspruck*, we entered upon the Mountains, and for four or five Hours we did nothing but ascend and descend through very narrow Roads and frightful Precipices. Sometimes we were level with the highest Rocks, that is, with the middle Region of the Air, and sometimes sunk into Valleys so deep and so narrow, that the Points of the Rocks almost hindered us from seeing the Heaven above us; so that we might apply *Virgil's* Riddle to this Place, more justly than to a Draw-well.

Craggy
Roads
from *In-
spruck*.

*Dic quibus in terris, & eris mihi magnus Apollo,
Tres pateat cæli spacium non amplius ulnas.*

At last, after passing through a large Town called *Matrey*, where are two Churches, we came in two Hours to another called *Steinach*. These two Towns are situated upon a little River, or large Torrent, which winds along this Valley. We stopped to dine at the latter, which we did very forrily.

*Matrey.
Steinach.*

Immediately after, we continued our Journey, always coasting along the little River, till within two hundred Paces of a small Village called *Grufs*, i. e. *Salutation*, because in this Place the Emperor *Charles Vth*, passing

Grufs.

from

1707.
Feb. 4.
TYROL.

from *Italy to Germany*, was met by his Brother *Ferdinand* King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, who came thus far to see him. The History of this Meeting is represented in Bas-relief upon a large Pannel of Brass, and not upon Marble, as Mr. *Misson* says, with the following Inscription.

Imp. Cæs. Carolo V. P. F. Aug. ex Hispaniis Italiaque susceptis imperialibus coronis advenienti. Et Ferdinando Hungar. Boemiæque Regi, è Pannoniis occurrenti. Optimis Principibus, ad perpetuam Publicæ Lætiæ memoriam, quod Fratres ante ann. VIII. digressi, summis inter mortales honoribus, regnis, triumphis aucti. Hoc in loco salvi sospitesque convenerunt Anno salutis M.D.XXX.
*Frid. Franzius à monte niveo * Stenaci Præfekt.*
Mandato Regio F. C.

This brazen Monument is placed upon a large Piece of Rock near the High-way, about 200 Paces from the Village, and within nine or ten Paces of the little River, which was the Spot whereon these two Brothers met and embraced after an Absence of eight Years.

*Brennen-
berg, or
the burn-
ing Moun-
tain.*

We afterwards passed by *Brennenberg*, that is, the *burning Mountain*, a very dangerous Passage, subject to Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, in all Seasons. These Hurricanes often oblige those who travel by this frightful Mountain to wait several Days till they are over. There is here a Place about 200 Paces long, and about a Fathom in Breadth, which the Sun never shone upon. It is enclosed on both Sides by two very high Mountains, and a bare ragged Rock. The eternal Shade formed by these, throws a deep Gloom upon the Waters of the *Adige*, which are very impetuous here, and furiously lashing the Banks of this narrow Passage, create a kind of an almost irresistible Horror, from which one does not recover till he regains the Air, and sees himself amidst other Mountains. These, at first, appear Savage; but notwithstanding the Snow with which they are top'd, they are improved by the ingenious and indefatigable Labour of their Inhabitants, so as to produce plentifully every thing, both for their own and Cattles Sustenance. The Mixture that one sees there in Spring and Autumn, of Meadows, Orchards, Corn Fields, Vineyards, Olive-trees and Kitchen-gardens, presents a very agreeable Object to the Eyes, after leaving that dreadful Passage of *Brennenberg*. And it is equally charming to see the natural Cascades of Water pouring in great Numbers with, as it were, a joyful Rapidity, from the Tops of the most elevated and frightful Rocks.

*Stertzlin-
gen.*

Some time after we arrived, almost benumbed with Cold, at the Town of *Stertzlingen*, through so thick a Snow, that our Chaises and Horses were quite covered with it; and to compleat our Pennance, we could not find a

* The German Name of this Bailif of *Steinach* was *Frederic Franz von Schneberg*.
single

single Stove in the whole Inn, but were obliged to warm ourselves in the Kitchen. There we were regaled with a wretched Broth made of fry'd Barley-meal, and somewhat like a Capon, so lean that its Bones cut the Shin. 1707.
Feb. 4.
TYROL.

I forgot to tell you that betwixt *Schongaw* to *Stertzlingen*, we met with a great many Carts loaded with *Tirolese* Wines, which were carrying to *Augsburg*, and from thence all over *Germany*, and likewise a vast Number of little Carriages with two Wheels, which the Highlanders themselves draw, and are loaded with Salt, which they bring from *Hall* a-crofs so many Precipices. The Drawers of these little Waggon's are generally big, strong Men, some of them with Hats, and others with green, yellow, or blue Caps. Their Cloaths are likewise very singular, and some of them made almost like Women's Cloaths. Trade
with
Wines and
Salt of
Tyrol.

We left *Stertzlingen* at Break of Day, and a long half League from thence we pass'd betwixt two large Castles; that on the Left, which is on the Top of a Rock, makes the best Appearance. The Fortifications of it are not very extraordinary; but as it is the nearest to the Highway, which it scowrs, nothing would be easier than to make a very strong Place of it, and thus to render the Road almost unpassable for an Army. These Castles are named *Brechtenshans*; but though they are in very good Repair, and their Apartments, as we were told, be very fine, they are quite empty, by reason of their being haunted by Spirits or Fairies, who terrify and bruise those who are bold enough to pass a Night in them. But the Fairies which haunt those empty Castles are generally Devils of Flesh and Blood, who have some Views, either of Interest or Diversion, which they take at the Expence of Simpletons or timorous People: For if these pretended Devils know that they are to meet with half a Dozen of young, vigorous, resolute Fellows properly armed, they generally disappear without choosing to stand a Brush. But the Prejudices of some Religions, supported by an infectious Pannic, which easily catches the Populace, are their Masters, and persuade them into a thousand Absurdities. Feb. 5.
Brechtenshans, two
haunted
Castles.
Reflexion
upon the
Notion of
Fairies.

An Hour after we arriv'd at the small Village of *Mauls*, where there is a Toll-house. Having Occasion to alight from my Chaise. I observ'd in the Wall of a large House two antique Marbles, the first of which contains an Inscription which is pretty entire. I have copied it, because I know you have a Taste for those Things. Mauls.

D. Φ. M.
AVRELIAE
RVFFINAE
MATRI.
AELIVS
QVARTINVS.

Inscrip-
tion upon
a Marble.

The

1707.
Feb. 5.

TIROL.
Account
of a very
curious
Marble.

The Au-
thor's
Opinion
about it.

Brixen a
Bishopric.

Its Houf-
es
and Ca-
thedral.

The other is a good deal larger. In the middle of it are seen the Figures of a Bull laying under an armed Man who holds the Bull by a Horn with one Hand, and with the other by the Muzzle. Before the Bull there is the Figure of another Man, but less than the former, with a large Club in his Hand lifted up, as it were, to knock the Bull on the Head: Behind the Bull is another Figure of a Man resembling that with the Club, which pulls him by the Tail, together with a Dog and a Snake which bite him. On the two Corners above are two Busts, the Head of the one with Rays, and that of the other with Horns. This Marble has six Compartments on each of its two Sides, upon which are several Figures.

The Bust with Rays and that with Horns, together with the twelve Compartments, in my Opinion, represent the Sun, the Moon and the twelve Months of the Year; the Bull, the Dog, and the Snake, three Signs of the Zodiac, and were it not for the two latter, and the two little Figures of Men, I should have taken the rest for the Fight betwixt *Hercules* and *Acbe-lous*, who was changed into a Bull: But all these other Figures puzzle me. Besides, *Hercules* is never represented with any other Arms than his Club, so that I can make nothing of it, except it be a Sacrifice to *Mithras* the God of the *Persians*. I will leave the Unriddling of the whole to you, who are a compleat Antiquary.

At Midday we arrived at *Brixen*, a City and Bishopric, which is Suffragan to the Archbishopric of *Salzburg*. It is situated at the Foot of the Mountains upon the Left-hand, and as we drew near to this City, we began to discover Vineyards. While we waited for Dinner, we walked about a little in the Streets.

Most of its Houses have Porticoes as at *Innsbruck*, and are adorned with various Paintings on the Outside. The Cathedral, which is but small, maintains twenty Canons, but has nothing about it worth Notice. We see there some Tombs of Bishops, amongst which are two of black Marble, exactly like one another; each with two Statues of white Marble in Episcopal Robes, lying by one another's Sides. At the four Corners are four Children, of the same Marble, sitting, and the two Sides contain eight Compartments, where the Miracles performed by these four Bishops of *Brixen* are represented in Bas-relief. Upon one of which we read the following Inscription, in Letters of Gold.

*In honorem sanctamque memoriam
Beatorum Hartmanni & Hertvici
Confessorum & Episcop. Brixensium.*

Tombs
of Bishops

Epitaph
of a learn-
ed Bishop
o *Croto-*
na.

The other incloses the Bodies of St. *Ingenuinus* and St. *Albunus*, who were likewise Bishops of *Brixen*.

There is also here the Epitaph of a learned Bishop of *Crotona*, who attended *Ferdinand II.* Great Duke of *Tuscany* in his Travels, in Capital Letters, upon a Pannel of black Marble; and because it is pretty good, I have here copied it.

1707.
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Brixen.

*Excubant hic lugentes musæ
Græcæ, Latine, Etruscæ.
Brevi hoc Sarcophago conduntur
Eloquentia, Probitas, Fides.
Cosmus Minerletus
Patricius Florentinus,
Episcopus Cortonenfis,
Invidiâ morte interceptus,
Germaniæ Monumentum
Italiæ sui desiderium reliquit.
Kal. Maii. A°. R. S. M.DC.XXVIII.
Sereniss. Ferdin. II. M. D. Etruriæ, redux,
Comiti carissimo gratus P.*

We searched all the Creeks and Corners of the Church for the Picture which Mr. *Misson* says he saw, and appeared to him so very singular; but all to no Purpose. A Canon, who observed us searching so inquisitively, asked the Reason, and upon my telling him, he replied, that "we were not the first who had lost our Pains in that Search, and that the Person who had advanced that Fact was certainly mistaken; for he would venture to assure us, that there is no such Picture, either in the Cathedral, or any Church in *Brixen*; and that if any such were, he could not conceive any Reason for concealing it". Let them debate this betwixt them.

Mistake of
Mr. *Mis-*
son with
Regard to
a Picture.

There is in Fact one in this same Church, which, in my Opinion, well deserves to be minded. It represents the Assumption of the *Virgin*, and the Apostles are round her Tomb very earnest in searching for her Body, by lifting up the Linnen-cloth which is left there, but all to no Purpose, for all this while, she is in Heaven, upon her Knees with her Hair dishevelled, before God the Father, who is sitting in an Elbow Chair putting a Scepter into her Hand, while *Jesus Christ*, who is standing at her Side, puts an Imperial Crown upon her Head: Two Angels serve her in Quality of Pages, and bear up her Train. What do you think of all this? Will you still go on to find Fault with honest Catholics, for treating the Virgin as the Empress and Queen of Heaven, since they have so particularly display'd the History of her Coronation in their Churches?

Descrip-
tion of a
curious
Picture of
the As-
sumption.

The finest of the eight Churches in *Brixen*, next to the Cathedral is that which they call *Pfabr-kirck*. Its high Altar is very finely carved and gilt. The Picture over it, which is much valued here, is done by an able German Painter, and represents the Fall of the wicked Angels. *Michael* the Arch-angel, whom most Painters represent with a flaming Sword in his Hand, is here armed only with a bloody Javelin, which he has already run through the Guts of several of those Devils, who are transformed into Lyons, Bears, and Serpents. At some Distance from this Picture, hangs a

Pfabr-
kirck, a
Church.

Descrip-
tion of a
Picture of
the Battle
of the An-
gels.

Numb. IX.

G g g

Holy

1707.
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Brixen.

Miraculous Image
of the
Virgin.

Palace,
Revenues,
Prerogatives, of
the Bishop
of Brixen.

The River
Eysach
and its
Course.

The
Council of
Brixen.

History of
Pope Gregory the
VIIth.

His In-
fluence.

Holy Ghost in the Figure of a Pidgeon as large as a Goose, with a Host in its Beak as if it were to swallow it. By the Side of this Altar is another, but much less, and made like a Nich all gilded over. In it is shewn a miraculous Image of the Virgin richly drest, holding a dead *Christ* upon her Knees. Before her are seven golden Lamps, each in the Shape of a Heart, and hung in such a Manner, as that all together form a Heart that burns Night and Day. These seven Lamps are designed to represent the seven great Agonies of the *Virgin*.

There is a tolerably handsome Square before the Cathedral, and the Bishop's Palace, which is nigh it, is but an indifferent House, built in Form of a Cloister, and surrounded with flat-bottomed Ditches. Four cast Culverines defend the Entry, but the Inside is not at all answerable to the Outside, mean as it is, except in the Hall which is well enough, and in the Fore-part of the House. For all this indifferent Appearance, this Prelate is a Prince of the Empire, has a Revenue of 30000 or 35000 Crowns, and constantly resides in this Palace. He possesses both the spiritual and temporal Jurisdiction of *Brixen*, but his Diocese does not extend above seven or eight Leagues. The City has however its own Magistrates, who are two Burgomasters and twelve Counsellors; these are appointed to decide in the private Affairs of the Citizens, and to administer Justice.

The Road betwixt *Stertzlingen* and *Brixen* is pretty good, you are all the Way generally betwixt two Chains of Mountains, and coasting the little River *Eysach*, which with another, rises from the same Source from among the Mountains we passed Yesterday: The other River falls into the *Inn* near *Innsbruck*, and the *Eysach* discharges itself into the *Adige* a little below *Bolzane*, and not a little above *Trent*, as Mr. *Misson* says.

Brixen, in Latin *Brixinum* and *Brixia*, likewise lies in *Tirol*, and was the Place where that Council was held in 1080. which deposed the famous Monk *Hildebrand*, otherwise *Gregory VIIth*. It was composed of *German* and *Italian* Bishops, among whom the Emperor *Henry* the IVth presided.

This Monk was the Son of a Carpenter, and became Pope by *Simony*, and was the first who prohibited Marriage to the Clergy. He likewise persuaded the Archbishop of *Mentz* to summon an Assembly of his Clergy at *Erfurt*, where he exhorted the Bishops and other Priests to rid themselves of their Wives, which put them into such a Passion, that they were near putting both the Archbishop and the Pope's Nuncio to Death. But though this haughty, arrogant Pontiff could not compleat this Design, he was more successful in that of humbling the Emperor; for having put him under Sentence of Excommunication, and taking advantage of the Animofities subsisting betwixt him and the *German* Bishops and Nobility, he forced him to come, during a very severe Winter, into *Italy*, attended with his Empress and his Son. Nor did he take off the Sentence he had thundered out against him, till he had made the Emperor wait for three Days barefooted, and stript of all the Badges of his Dignity, in the Court-yard of the

the Fortrefs, where his haughty Holinefs had fhut himfelf up with his Concubine *Matilda*.

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The Decree of the Council, as it is inferted at length in the Chronicle of the Abbey of *Ursperge*, is as follows : *Anno 1080. Brixie Synodus est celebrata, in qua omnium consensu decretum est Hildebrandum Papam Gregor. VII. dictum Pseudonomachum, totiusque vesaniae pestiferum Principem, & Romanæ sedis invasorem, ab Apostolicâ sede depellendum. Quia illum constat non à Deo electum, sed à se ipso in fraude ac pecuniâ impudentissimè objectum, qui Ecclesiasticum subvertit Ordinem, qui Christiani Imperii perturbavit regnum: Qui Imperatori pacifico corporis & Animæ intentat mortem, qui perjurum defendit Regem; qui inter concordēs seminavit discordiam, inter pacificos lites, inter fratres scandala, inter conjuges divortia; & quicquid quietè inter piè viventes stare videbatur, concussit. Nos authore Deo congregati in unum, Legatis ac Litteris freti decem & novem Episcoporum, die sancto præteritæ Pentecostes Moguntie congregatorum, contra eundem Hildebrandum procacissimum, Sacrilegia ac incendia prædicantem, perjuriam defendentem, Catholicam & Apostolicam fidem de corpore & sanguine Domini in questionem ponentem, Divinationum ac somniorum cultorem manifestum, Necromanticum, Pythónico Spiritu laborantem, & id circò aerâ fide exorbitantem: Judicamus Canonice deponendum & expellendum, & nisi ab ipsâ sede his auditis descenderit, in perpetuum condemnandum. Facta sunt hæc 7. Calend. Julii, feria 5. indictiones.*

BRIXEN.
Decree of
the Council
against
him.

Volquin Bishop of *Minden* in Germany, who lived in the Reign of the Emperor *Albert I.* and under the Pontificate of *Boniface* the VIIIth, mentioning how dexterous *Gregory* the VIIth, *Alexander* the IIIrd. and *Boniface* the VIIIth were at stirring up the Clergy of their Times, against the Emperors *Henry* the IVth, *Frederic I.* and King *Philip* the Handsome of France, cries out in the Passion of Grief : *Proh dolor ! & proh dolor ! hodie meretrix antiqua, quæ poculum aureum abominatione, fornicatione & immundiciâ plenum in manu suâ habebat, mirabiliter inebriat Sacerdotes & Clericos; de quâ in Apocalypsi prædictum est. " Grief ! Grief ! to Day the old Strumpet " who held in her Hand the golden Cup, full of Abomination, Fornication " and Uncleanness, to a wonderful Degree intoxicates the Priests and Clergy, according as it is foretold in the Revelation.*

Remaka-
ble Quo-
tation
from *Vol-*
quin with
Regard to
Popes.

I believe it will not be amiss to add two Epitaphs here : The first is that upon Poor *Henry* the IVth, one of the greatest but at the same time, one of the most unhappy of all the German Emperors, having been all his Lifetime persecuted and harrassed by the Popes. It is as follows.

Curious
Epitaph
of *Henry*
the IVth.

*Pontificum scelera, & perverse numina Romæ,
Hunc Regem variis exposuere malis.
Sic, qui perfidiam Latii, qui vicerat hostes
Perfidiam Cleri vincere non potuit.*

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And of
Boniface
VIIIth.

The other Epitaph is that of *Benedict Cajetan*, or *Boniface* the VIIIth, who came to the Popedom like a Fox, held it like a Lyon, and died like a Dog, after being, as is well known, smartly checked by *Philip* the Handsome King of France.

*Hic jacet ecce Nero, Laicis mors, vipera Clera.
Devius à vero, cupa repleta mero.*

Several
Errors of
Mr. Mis-
son.

We were but two Leagues gone from *Brixen*, when we entered that narrow Passage which Mr. *Misson* calls so dangerous. 'Tis true that we are almost continually betwixt the River and very high Mountains, and that in some Places we pass by Rocks, Pieces of which jet out above the Heads of Travellers; but all besides are Vineyards, Gardens, Towns and Villages, with here and there some little Oratories, with no other Furniture than a Crucifix, and Pictures of the *Virgin Mary*, but without any Accounts of *Disasters that have happened by rolling down of Rocks*, as he says; at least I will venture to assure you, that I attentively examined the few Oratories that were on this Road, (which he says *is quite strowed with them*) without seeing any such thing. I only observed a Crucifix and a *Virgin Mary*, the first of which was metamorphosed into a *Bacchus*, and the latter into a *Ceres*; that is, the one was crowned and so dressed up with Vines and dry'd Grapes, and the other with Ears of Corn, in Gratitude for the fine Vintage and Harvest they had had, that those Heathen Divinities never were more loaded. Mr. *Misson* likewise says, *that it is but a seven Hour's Journey betwixt Brixen and Bolsane*; and that *Coaches are very often overturned by the Unevenness of the Roads*. This is not true; for it is eleven long Leagues betwixt *Brixen* and *Bolzane*, and we found the Roads here as smooth as any in all the *Tirolese*, at least till we came to *Colman*; so that he must have mistaken one Road for another.

Clausen.

Its Castle.

Colman.

Its Forti-
fications.

Another
Fortress.

Towards seven o'Clock we had past by the little Town of *Clausen*, which lies in the same narrow Road; and consists only of one Street, with a Gate at each End. Its Castle has no Flanks, and is only a Square Lodgment enclosed by Walls, and situated upon the Point of a Rock at a pretty Distance from the Town. An Hour after, still coasting the River *Eysach*, we came to another Town, but something larger, named *Colman*, where we lodged all Night. The Entrance into this Place is guarded by two large Ramparts, one of which flanks the Gate, the other commands the River, and faces the opposite Side of the Mountain. Both of them are well vaulted with Casemates; but all this would make but a poor Defence, even against a flying Party, because they have no Ditches to prevent them from being assaulted.

On the other Side of the River, and upon an Eminence at some Distance, there is a large Castle well defended. The Figure is a Parallelogram, and upon the Places where the Slope appears gentlest and most accessible, there are Ravelins with low Flanks cas'd with Mason's Work, which makes all Approaches

Approaches to it very difficult. The principal Gate is defended by two Works cas'd with Stone, in Form of a Priest's Cap. The Postern is guarded by a great falliant Angle, upon which is a Redoubt, and a flying Bridge opens at the Bottom of the Wall.

We went into our Chaises about six o' Clock, in a very fine but bitterly cold Morning. We met from time to time with Companies of young Pilgrims Male and Female, going to visit the miraculous Statue of our Lady at *Pfabr-kirck* of *Brixen*. Though they all had Beads in their Hands, yet they minded Devotion but very indifferently. The Fellows were, instead of praying, everlastingly dancing, singing, kissing and toying the Girls, who, on their Side, seemed to like the Sport mighty well. And I leave you to judge what the Consequence must be, when both these He and She Pilgrims lay together at the Inns, upon the self same Straw-bed.

We still continued our Journey betwixt the River *Eysach* and very high Mountains, which, though to Appearance, wild and inaccessible, yet are all of them cultivated. About eleven o' Clock we had a distant Prospect of the Town of *Bolzane*, which is situated in a large fine Valley. Upon entering this Valley we expected to find, *The softest Air that one could wish for, the Vineyards almost all of them verdant, as well as the Willows, the Rose-bushes, Mulberry and a great many other Trees. In short, a real Summer in the middle of Winter;* as Mr. *Misson* says he found all this. But we were surprized to feel a Cold as piercing as amidst the highest Rocks; to see the Trees without so much as a single Leaf; and the Vines without the least Appearance of Buds. It must therefore follow, that Mr. *Misson* has confounded this Valley with another, or would make us believe, that the Sun and the Climate had mistaken the Season, and that God Almighty had wrought a Miracle in his Favour to distinguish him from all other Mortals. When a Man writes to the Public, he is accountable to the Public for what he writes, and he ought therefore to confine himself to the Rules of pure and genuine Truth. However that may be, one of our principal Drivers, who had lived at *Bolzane* for thirty Years, laughed at us when we asked him if he had ever seen, *the Valley where that Town stands all green in the Month of December.* And our Landlord at the *Golden Key* where we dined, who was born and bred up in *Bolzane*, assured us very positively, that *whoever asserted such a Fact in-writing, wanted to impose upon the Public.*

A merry Pilgrimage.

Gross Errors of the same Traveller.

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NE.

C H A P. LXVI.

Bolzane. *Its Convents, and principal Church. A Picture very remarkable for its proving Transubstantiation. Description of the Town and Territory. Road from Bolzane to Trent, a Bishopric. A Tower where lewd Ecclesiastics used formerly to be drowned. The Cathedral and Beautiful Chapel. Tombs and Epitaphs. Church of St. Peter, and Confutation of the Story of St. Simonin. Epitaph of Fronsberg, General of Charles V. Church of St. Mary Major. Short History of the Council of Trent. Opposite Opinions about that Assembly. Many Roman Catholics have spoke bitterly against it. Frightful Picture of it by a famous Bishop. Episcopal Palace. History of Trent. Extent of that Diocese, and Government of the Town. Death of the Emperor Lotharius II. and his History.*

Its Con-
vents and
Churches.

BOLZANE, which *Blondus* calls *Banzanum*, tho' not a large Town, cannot be called a small one, as *Mr. Misson* is pleased to do, since it is a full third bigger than *Brixen*. It contains several Religious Houses: A Convent of *Dominicans*, one of *Augustines*, one of *Cordeliers*, one of *Capuchines*, one of the Daughters of the *Annonciade*, besides the great Church, and that of the Hospital.

The high
Church
and its
Organs.

Comical
Manner
of repre-
senting
the Ascen-
sion of
Jesus
Christ.

There is nothing remarkable in the high Church besides the Organs, which has extraordinary large Stops; and another smaller, built into the high Altar. In the Roof, or upper Part of this Building, is a round Hole, thro' which they hoist a Man on Ascension-Day to represent *Jesus Christ*. As the Hole is not above three Foot Diameter, and as we were told, that he rises with inconceivable Swiftnefs, the Machine must mount him very perpendicularly, otherwise he stands a Chance of breaking his Neck in his Journey to Heaven. The Steeple is very high, and adorned with three Stories of Balustrades, of very good Workmanship. The Vane on the Top of the Steeple is a Piece of fine Work, pierced through and through; at the Extremity is a large gilded Apple or Globe, with four others which are lower. The Church-yard, like those over all *Germany*, is very much ornamented with gilded Crosses in different Manners and Figures.

A ridicu-
lous Pi-
cture,
proving
the Real
Presence.

I observed in the Church of the *Capuchines* a very good Altar-piece, which they call by Way of Excellency, *the holy Picture*; and indeed with good Reason; for it contains as indisputable a Proof of Transubstantiation as the Picture of *St. Juan Sagontin* in the Church of the *Augustines* at *Wirtzburg*. Upon the Fore-ground there is represented *St. Anthony* of *Padua*, with the Child *Jesus* upon his left Arm, and a New Testament open in his right Hand. He is seated betwixt *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, to

I

whom

whom he explains, or asks them to explain a Passage in the New Testament, and the two Apostles listening to him with great Attention. A Number of *Capuchines* are standing behind them, and upon a small rising Ground, at a little further Distance, is the great St. *Francis* of *Assize*, with his dearly beloved Companion honest Brother *Macé*. Right over against this great Patriarch of the *Mendicans* is the Virgin *Mary*, who likewise holds a young *Jesus* in her Arms. Above all, in the Clouds, there appears another *Jesus*, but grown to Manhood, and issues from his Mouth these Words, which reach in large Letters to the Ears of the blessed St. *Francis*. AD LITTERAM. AD LITTERAM. AD LITTERAM. SINE GLOSSA. SINE GLOSSA. SINE GLOSSA. That is, *Litterally, Litterally, Litterally, without Comment, without Comment, without Comment.*

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I asked the Meaning of this Mystery of a Brother *Sacristan*, who had very piously just drunk up the Remains of Wine which was left in the Mass-Vessels; and he told me ingenuously that he did not understand it, but that he would send me a Father who should explain the whole. Accordingly, the Father being come, he told me that that Picture represented the History of the Decision which *Jesus Christ* gave with Regard to the Words *Hoc est corpus meum*. That the Apostles St. *Peter* and St. *Paul* having one Day a Dispute with St. *Anthony* of *Padua* upon these Words, the two former explaining them in a *Huguenot*, and the latter in a Catholic Sense; our Lord pitched upon his Prototype St. *Francis* to decide the Difference, and commanded him to inform the Disputants that the Words ought to be understood *Litterally, and without any Comment*. What do you say, my Friend, to all this? Is not here Transubstantiation proved to all Intents and Purposes, and the Sentiments of two Apostles and all you Heretics condemned by *Jesus Christ* himself? Besides is not the Plurality of great and little *Christ's* upon this excellent Picture, a plain Representation of the Real Presence, in so many thousand great and little Masses which are every Day celebrated by Catholic Priests?

Explanation of the Mysteries contained in it.

Bolzane, tho' as to Spirituals it depends upon the Bishop of *Trent*, yet it lies likewise in *Tirol*. It is very much talked of, and a very trading Place, by Reason of the Fairs that are held here four Times a Year: Each Fair continues fifteen Days, and they bring to it Commodities from *Germany* and *Italy*, which meet here with a very good Market. The Houses are all plaistered over, and whitened on the Outside, but neat enough within; every Street has a small Rivulet of Spring Water which runs thro' its Middle for the Conveniency of the Inhabitants, who can draw as much as they please, each at his own Door: Besides, the Streets are generally streight and broad; but the Town itself can be called only a Country Town, not being enclosed by Walls, and without any Defence, excepting a large Stream which stops up the Entrance into it. The Bridge is defended by a pitiful little Work contrived in the Rock, and extended by some Curtains without Flanks or Ditches.

Description of *Bolzane*.

The

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BOLZANE.

Dress of
the Inha-
bitants
and Go-
vernment.

The
Vineyards
and Wines
of this
Country.

Road
from Bol-
zane.

The Ri-
ver Adige.

New-
marckt.

Salurn.

Feb. 7.
A strong
Castle.

Lavis, a
Town and
Torrent.

The Inhabitants here are drest pretty much the same with those of *Brixen* and the rest of the *Tyrolese*, but the Ladies of any Distinction are drest in the *French* Fashion. The Government of the Town consists in a Council composed of a Deputy from the high Nobility, who ought to be a Count, and three other Deputies whom they call the Knighthood, three Deputies from the lower Nobility, ten from the Burghers, the chief of whom is Burgomaster, and five Deputies from the Peasants.

The Neighbourhood of *Bolzane*, with the whole Valley, is full of Vineyards. I observed all of them are planted as Arbours, Props not being used in this Country. As to the Wines, and those of the *Tirolese* in general, they are not of a flat sweetish Taste, as Mr. *Misson* asserts; for their White Wines have generally a very agreeable Piquancy, pretty much like that of the *Jennetin* of *Anjou*.

Upon leaving *Bolzane* we all along followed the Valley, which in Summer must needs be very pleasant. At certain Distances there are little Straw Hutts, each raised upon three Trunks of Trees, placed triangular wise, which conceal those who guard the Grapes after they begin to ripen, not only against the Bears who come down from the Mountains to eat them, but likewise against Thieves. A League from *Bolzane* we coasted the *Adige*, in *Latin* *Atthesis*, and in *German* *Etsch*, which has its Rise in a Valley of *Tirol*, called *Malserheid*, a little above the Town of *Glurentz*. It runs by *Trent* and *Verona*, after receiving the *Eyssach*, a League from *Bolzane*, and discharges itself into the Gulph of *Venice*. About Six in the Evening we passed a large Town, named *Newmarck*, the Houses of which are built upon Porticos; and at Eight we arrived at another smaller Town called *Salurn*, where we were resolved to halt till next Morning.

In the Morning, coming out of *Salurn*, I observed upon the Top of a Rock, which was steep on every Side above the Town, a little Castle which would hold out very well against a flying Party; it is true there is only one Tower, which serves as a Redoubt, and is very well defended; for it is covered on every Side, at least as much as the Irregularity and Roughness of the Place will admit the Assistance of Art.

Having passed this Castle we coasted the *Adige* for some Hours, and had all along in Sight many steep Rocks, the Tops of which were all covered with Snow, and seemed to mingle with the Clouds. This River washes a great many Towns and Villages, built of Stone, and their Houses very solid. A full League on this Side of *Trent* we met with a large Town named *Lavis*, along which runs a Torrent, with the same Name, though some People call it *Nevis*. It falls from the Mountains so impetuously, that, in order to prevent its overflowing the neighbouring Grounds, the Inhabitants were obliged to raise a Bulwark, supported by a strong Wall and large Beams. When the Snows melt in the Summer Season, this Torrent becomes a large River, and discharges itself into the *Adige*, where the latter separates the Confines of *Tirol* from those of the *Trentine*. The

Bridge

Bridge over it is of a pretty singular Structure; it is all built and covered with Fir-wood; and tho' seventy Paces long, it is supported neither by Arches nor Pillars, but is suspended by a very ingenious Invention, and the Help of some Burtresses at its two Extremities only. The Vines here are planted at the Foot of Elm Trees, and many tied up in Garlands to Willow Branches which grow here in great Quantities.

We arrived at *Trent* precisely at Noon, and as we were entering the City they pointed out to us an old square Tower, called *the green Tower*, probably from its being covered with green Pan-tiles. It stands upon the *Adige*, and we were assured that formerly the Water of that River was conveyed into it, for drowning such Ecclesiastics, whatever might be their Order or Quality, who were too kind to their Neighbours Wives and Daughters. It is a Pity that this laudable Custom is lost. I wish it was universally established, for it would teach those Ecclesiastics to mind their own Business, and not to interfere with other People's Affairs.

Immediately after Dinner we went to the Cathedral of *Trent*, which is a very large dark *Gothic* Building, dedicated to St. *Vigilius* Bishop of *Trent*, who is here buried along with his Mother *Maxentia*. We were shewn, *i. e.* for our Money, the famous Crucifix which presided at the Council of *Trent*, and which we were told bowed the Head, as a Mark of its approving all the Decrees of this *Sacrosanct* Assembly of Cardinals, Prelates, and Doctors. This Crucifix is as large as the Life, and seems to be made of a yellowish Marble, or a solid Wood, painted over with that Colour. But the Person who shewed it us, swore *per Christo* that no Man was ever able to know of what Materials it was made, *but that for his own Part he believed, with a great many other learned Men, that this rare miraculous Crucifix fell from Heaven.* This Story is exactly copied from that of the famous Buckler, who fell from Heaven into *Rome* in the Time of King *Numa*.

The new Chapel where this Crucifix has been placed for some Years is very magnificent. The Altar upon which it stands is covered over by a Curtain, which conceals it from those who don't care to go to the Expence of paying for the Sight of it, and the Altar itself is of very fine Marble of different Colours. The Chapel and the Dome are adorned with a great many Pictures in Pannels, representing all the Life of *Jesus Christ*, and painted by the famous *Carlo Lotti*. There is nothing to be seen here but Carvings, Sculptures, and Marble.

Above this holy Crucifix, and quite at the Top of the Altar, is represented our Grandmother *Eve* giving the Apple (or call it what Fruit you will) to her most complaisant Husband, after having first tasted it herself at the Persuasion of the Serpent. On the two Sides of the Altar are the two Statues of *Mary Magdalen* and the *Veronica*: Against the right Wall are those of Bishop *Francis de Albertis*, who built this Chapel, and of St. *Vigilius*, Bishop and Patron of *Trent*. Against the Wall on the left is that of *Francis d'Assize*, all of them of white Marble, as big as the Life. In short this Chapel is beautiful in every Respect, and we were assured that

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TRENT.

Tomb of
Matthiolus.

it cost the honest Bishop above-mentioned, who is buried at the Foot of the Altar, 100000 Crowns. There is nothing upon his Tomb but a round Plate of wrought Brass, about three Foot and a half in Diameter, with these Words in the Middle, *Orate pro me*, and the Date 1687. This Chapel is enclosed by a Balustrade of red and white Marble, raised by an

Iron Grate, wrought and gilt.

I likewise remarked in this Cathedral the Tomb of the famous *Matthiolus*; it is of white Marble, his Statue is in a sitting Posture, and holds before him the Book of *Dioscorides*, upon which you know *Matthiolus* wrote large Commentaries. The Inscription which is below it is too diffuse to have a Place here, besides it contains scarcely any Thing else but Genealogies and Dignities. However I have marked down in my Pocket-book the two *Latin* Distichs which are above him, and are as follows:

*Herbarum vires nec rectius edidit alter,
Nec magè te clarus hac super arte fuit.
Si mens, ut corpus, depingi posset, Imago
Una Dioscoridis Matthiolique foret.*

Church of
St. Peter,
and Hi-
story of
young St.
Simonin.

From the Cathedral we went to the Church of St. Peter, where we were shewn the little St. Simonin. Notwithstanding what Mr. *Misson* says, it is impossible that this should be the same Child whose History is painted at *Frankfort* under the Gate of the Bridge leading to *Saxenhouse*. The Inscription upon that calls it, *The Child Simon, aged two Years and a half*; and it is pretended he was murdered on *Palm Sunday*, in the Year 1475. Whereas this of *Trent* is called St. Simonin, and was but two Years old when he was martyred. His History, as we were told it, is as follows:

The Jews of this City kidnapt a Child belonging to a Shoemaker in the Year 1276. and convey'd him into one of their own Houses, after giving him an Apple to keep him from crying. There they cruelly murdered him, by drawing all the Blood out of his little Body, thro' a great Number of Wounds which they gave him. Afterwards they threw his Body into a large Stream which carried it to the *Adige*, from which he was drawn by the Fishermen. I could never learn by what means the Suspicion of this Murder was fixt upon the Jews; it is sufficient to tell you that they were convicted of it; forty of them were hanged, and the rest banished the City. All this we were informed happened under the Popedom of *Sixtus IV.* who canonized this Infant under the Name of St. Simonin.

His mira-
culous
Body.

They shew his Body embalmed in a Shrine, placed upon the Altar of the Chapel, which is dedicated to him. On the Top of this Altar are two Votive Infants of Massy Silver, presented by two Gentlemen, whose Children, after being desperately ill, were cured by the Ministry of St. Simonin. We were likewise shewn the Knife, Pincers, and four great Iron Needles, with which the Jews drew out all his Blood; two Silver

Bowls, and one of Chryſtal, in which it is pretended thoſe Wretches received his Blood, and drank it: All this Aparatus is preſerved in a Preſs on the Side of the Altar.

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TRENT.

This

Story can-

not be the

ſame with

that told

at Frank-

fort.

Suppoſing thoſe two Murders to be real, you are ſenſible it is impoſſible that this of *Trent* ſhould ever be the ſame with that of *Frankfort*; there happening, according to the two Legends, 199 Years betwixt the one and the other. The Name of this Child was *Simonin*; Pope *Sixtus IV.* canonized him, and he wrought many Miracles after his Death. The Name of the other was only *Simon*, and was never ſainted, nor ſo much as *beatified*, ſo that there is no mention of his Miracles at *Frankfort*. We are only told that he was murdered by the *Jews*, without their being able to aſſign a *why* or a *wherefore*: But the *Jews* of *Trent* murdered this little St. *Simonin*, in order to drink his Blood at one of their Feaſts; ſo that here is the *Cui bono* of this Murder accounted for, which that of *Frankfort* is not.

You'll doubtleſs Answer me that this *Cui bono* can never be reconciled to Probability, becauſe the *Jews* have neither Feaſt nor Ceremony that oblige them to drink human Blood. With all my Heart, and this ſingle Circumſtance renders to me the Hiſtory of St. *Simonin* of *Trent*, as ſuſpicious as that of the Child *Simon* at *Frankfort*. Whatever may be in this, I am of your Opinion, that all theſe Stories are forged with a View to deſame the poor *Iſraelites*.

Both Sto-

ries equal-

ly falſe.

It is likewiſe in this Church that the famous *George Fronsberg*, one of Emperor *Charles* the Vth's Generals, is buried. His Epitaph is as follows:

Tomb and

Epitaph

of Frons-

berg.

Georgio à Fronsberg Impp. Decretis Germanici Exercitus Duci. Qui per Tyrolim Deſectionem Colonorum compreſſit. Per Liguriam & Regionem Tranſpadanam Italiæ Urbes, Populos Rebelles perdomuit. Ad Paludes venetas & Turrim uſque Megaram victor acceſſit, ferro, igni urbem terruit. Socias Civitates oppugnatas, Exercitumque ad loca iniqua delapſum, ex hoſte confertiſſimo quartum et quintum liberavit. Vicies plus minus ſignis collatis pugnavit. Fortitudine, celeritate, animo conſilioque rebus inclinatis præſentiſſimum ſe & invictum præſtitit. Ad eum modum armatus ante Papiam Gallos cæcidit, caſtra cepit, obſeſſos extrema patientes ſervavit. Poſt ingentia facta vitâ perfuncto, Patri optimo Gaſparus filius pientiſſimus gemens illacrimanſque, Monumentum hoc more Majorum poſuit. Anno Chriſtiano M.D.XXVIII. menſe Auguſto die xx. Obiit diem Ætatis LIV.

In *Engliſh* thus: "To *George Fronsberg*, by Imperial Commiſſion, General of the German Army, who in *Tirol* ſuppreſſed the Revolt of the Boors: In *Liguria*, and the Country beyond the *Po*, ſubdued the Cities

Translat'd

into

Engliſh.

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TRENT.

“ of *Italy*, and the Rebels who were in Arms: Who victoriously marched
“ up to the Marshes of *Venice*, as far as the Tower of *Megara*, and al-
“ larmed that City with Fire and Sword: Who a fourth and a fifth Time
“ freed the Cities of his Confederates which were besieged, and their Ar-
“ my, which had fallen into a disadvantageous Ground, from the Power
“ of very numerous Enemies. He fought about twenty Pitched Battles.
“ He gave Proofs of his great Presence of Mind, and invincible Courage
“ by his Fortitude, Quickness, Spirit, and Conduct in Adversity. With
“ such Dispositions he in Arms overthrew the *French* before *Padua*, took
“ their Camp, and relieved the Besieged, who were reduced to the last
“ Extremity. His Life being ended after a Train of glorious Actions,
“ *Gaspar*, his most dutiful Son, in Tears and Mourning, agreeable to an-
“ cient Custom, erected this Monument to his most excellent Father.”

Remark
upon this
General.

The *German* Historians give the Honour of taking and defeating *Francis I.* before *Padua* to this General; the *Spaniards* and *Italians* attribute it to Generals of their Nations. Which of them shall we believe? So true it is, that an Historian should be entirely destitute of Prejudice, of no Party, and if possible of no Religion.

The
Church of
St. Mary,
and its
fine Or-
gans.

We afterwards went to visit the Church of *St. Mary* the Greater or Major, which is built of a reddish Marble, rusticated. Its Organs are of an extraordinary Largeness, and have upwards of fifty Stops. When they play upon it, we hear human Voices, the Cries of several Animals, the Sound of a Drum; but we cannot hear all these Things without touching Mr. Organist with a Piece of Gold, for he would not deign to play upon so fine an Organ for any Thing less than Gold. It is likewise in this Church that the celebrated Council of *Trent* was held, and it is represented on a large Picture against the Wall.

The
Council of
Trent, and
its History
by *Fra. Paolo*.

It would be impertinent should I amuse you in this Place with the History of this Council, as it is universally known. That of *Fra Paolo Servite*, the *Venetian*, is doubtless the most genuine, and had almost cost him his Life. *Mark Anthony de Dominis*, Archbishop of *Spalatro*, brought it into *England*, where he had it printed, and dedicated to King *James I.* who ordered it to be translated into *Latin*, and printed in *Folio*: It was afterwards printed in *Quarto* at *Frankfort* upon the *Mein*, where it was translated into *German*. *Jean Diodati*, a learned Professor at *Geneva*, and Mr. *Amelot de la Houffaye* have each of them translated it into *French*.

Short Ac-
count of it

You know that this Council began under Pope *Paul III.* Dec. 13. 1545. That it was continued under Pope *Julius III.* and did not end till towards the Close of the Year 1563. under the Pontificate of Pope *Pius IV.* The Protestants of *Germany*, on whose Account principally this Council was called, refused to assist at it, as not believing it to be a lawful one, for many Reasons which they published in the Year 1545. The Principal of which are as follow:

Reasons
why the
Prote-
stants
would not
come to it.

“ That according to the Promises of the Emperor *Charles V.* and the
“ Popes *Adrian VI.* and *Clement VII.* a general and a free Council ought
“ to

“ to have been called together in a City of Germany ; that Paul III. had declared he intended to preside by his Legates at the Council of Trent, there to propose all Matters that ought to come under their Deliberation ; and that he would over-rule the Decisions by the Prelates who were devoted to him ; that he ought not to be ignorant that the Protestants consider him only as the Bishop of Rome ; and as such, that he neither can nor ought to have any Authority in a general Council, to which he should be subject, as well as all other Christians ; and that in short, as he had a Difference with them, it was absurd in him to pretend to be both Judge and Party in the same Cause.” Francis I. had no better Opinion of the Council of Trent than the Protestants ; for he would not suffer the Prelates of his Kingdom to repair to it.

Many Roman Catholics have raised this Council to the very Skies, and praised it in the strongest and most extravagant Expressions imaginable, and more particularly Cardinal Palavicini, James d' Andrada, a Portuguese, and the Cardinals Bellarmin and Baronius, the last of whom calls it *Turris fortium Salomonis, de qua dependent mille chypei*.

But no Body has been more hyberbolical in its Praise than the Jesuit Edmund Campian. *Tridentina Synodus, says he *, quò magis inveterasset, eò magis in dies, eò-que perennius efflorescet. Bone Deus, quæ Gentium varietas ! qui delectus Episcoporum totius orbis ! qui Regum & Rerumpublicarum splendor ! quæ médulla Theologorum ! quæ sanctitas ! quæ lacrymæ ! quæ jejunia ! qui flores Academici ! quæ linguæ ! quanta subtilitas ! quantus labor ! quam infinita Lectio ! quantæ virtutum & studiorum divitiæ Augustum illud sacrarium impleverunt !*

On the other Hand the Protestants have treated this Council with very little Reserve, comparing it in many Respects to that ancient one which was called, the Confederacy of Rogues of Ephesus. Martin Chemnitz refutes it in a Book, entituled, *Examen Concilii Tridentini*. As does John Calvin in his *Antidoton*, and Innocent Gentillet in another Examen, where he proves, by a vast Number of Particulars, this Council to be absolutely contradictory to ancient Councils and Canons, and likewise to the Authority of the French King, and treats it as a Pharisaical Conciliabulum. Philip de Marnix is no less severe upon it in his *Apiarium*.

But it is not Protestants only who have spoken ill of the Council of Trent, for a great many Catholics have wrote very much to its Discredit, especially Fra Paolo and Andrew Dudithius, Bishop of the Five-Churches, Counsellor and Embassador from the Emperor. This last, who was a learned, grave, and wise Man, assisted in Person at the Council, and was Eye-witness to all that passed in it. As this Prelate had Orders from his Master to demand the Cup in the Sacrament for the Laity, and Liberty for the Clergy to marry, without his being able to obtain either, he gave an Account to the Emperor Maximilian II. of all that passed thereupon, in the following Terms.

* Rat. 4. ad Academ.

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Particu-
larly by
Dudithius
an Hunga-
rian Bi-
shop.

Quid profici potuit in eo Concilio, in quo numerarentur, non suis momentis ponderarentur Sententiæ? Si causâ, si ratione pugnandum fuisset, si pauci quidam socii nobis adfuissent, viceramus, quamvis pauci, magnas copias adversariorum: Sed cum numerus tantum prodiret in aciem, quò longè inferiores futuri fuisset, in optimâ causâ victores discedere non potuimus. Singulis nostrum centenos de suis Papa potuit opponere; ac si centeni parum multi viderentur, repente mille creare potuit, quos suis laborantibus subsidio mitteret: Itaque videre erat quotidie famelicos & egentes Episcopos, ex majori parte barbâculos adolescentes, luxuque perditos, Tridentum volitare, conductos ad Sententiam secundum Papæ voluntatem dicendam; indoctos illos quidem & stolidos, sed tamen impudentiâ & audaciâ utiles. Hi cum ad veteres adulatores Papæ accesserant, tum verò vitrix exultabat Iniquitas, neque decerni jam quidquam potuit, nisi in eorum sententiam, qui Papæ potentiam luxumque defendere, summam religionem arbitrabantur. Eratne aliquis vir gravis & eruditus, qui tantam indignitatem ferre non poterat? hic, ut non bonus Catholicus, terrore, minis, ac insectatione à Concilio ad probandum, quæ nollet, traducebatur. In summâ, in eum statum res est adducta, istorum, qui illuc facti institutique venerant, improbitate; ut non jam Episcoporum, sed larvarum, non hominum, sed simulacrorum, quæ nervis moventur alienis, Concilium illud videretur. Erant Episcopi illi conductitii plerique, ut utres, Rusticorum musicum Instrumentum, quos, ut vocem mittant, inflare necesse est. Nil habuit cum illo conventu Spiritus Sanctus commercii: Omnia erant humana consilia, quæ in immodicâ, & sanè quàm pudendâ Pontificum tuendâ Dominatione consumebantur. Illinc responsa, tanquàm Delphis aut Dodonâ expectabantur; illinc nimirum Spiritus ille Sanctus quem suis Conciliis præesse jactant, Tabellarii mantice inclusus mittebatur: qui (quod admodum ridiculum est) cum aliquandò, ut fit, aquæ pluviis excrecebant, non antè advolare poterat, quàm inundationes desedissent. Ita fiebat, ut Spiritus non super aquas, ut est in Genesi, sed secus aquas ferretur. O portentosam & singularem Dementiam! Ratum nihil esse poterat, quod Episcopi tanquàm plebs, scisserent, nisi Papa autor fieret.

This Passage is so curious and so full of good Sense, that I dare say the English Reader will be glad to see the whole of it in his own Language.

His Ac-
count of
the Coun-
cil ren-
dered into
English.

“ What Progress could be made in that Council, in which Sentiments
“ were estimated by the Numbers upon a Division, and not by their
“ Weight and Importance upon a Debate? Had Success depended upon
“ the Merits of the Cause, or the Force of Reasoning; had we had even
“ but a few Assistants, few as they were, we could have defeated the nu-
“ merous Forces of our Antagonists. But as Numbers only were brought
“ into the Field, where we were to make but an inconsiderable Figure com-
“ pared to them, it was impossible that we could come off victorious, even
“ in that best of Causes.

“ The Pope could draw hundreds of his own Creatures against every
“ single Man of us; and if even *hundreds* had seemed too few, it was in
“ his Power of a sudden to create a *thousand* to send to the Relief of such of
“ his Party as were engaged in Action. Therefore one might have every
“ Day seen Bishops, hungry and needy, and for the most part young Men
“ just

“ just bearded, sunk in Luxury, flying to *Trent*, after being hired to vote
 “ as the Pope should direct. These Fellows are indeed very unlearned and
 “ very foolish, but yet they are useful for their Impudence and Presump-
 “ tuousness. 1707.
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“ When these Auxiliaries had joined the old Worshipers of the Pope,
 “ then it was that Iniquity grew rampant and triumphant; nor now could
 “ any thing pass but according to the Sentiments of those who thought that
 “ all Religion consisted in defending the Power and Luxury of the Pope.
 “ Was there any Man of Wisdom and Learning, who thought such infam-
 “ mous Proceedings intolerable? He was traduced, threatened and perse-
 “ cuted, and represented as a bad Catholic for opposing what he could not
 “ but abhor.

“ In short, things were brought to that Pass by the Roguery of those
 “ who had come thither created and prepared for that Purpose, that the
 “ Council seemed an Assembly, not of Bishops, but of Puppets; not of Men,
 “ but of Images put in motion by Machines behind the Curtain. Most
 “ of the Bishops were Hirelings, actuated and inspired much in the same
 “ Manner as those Wind-bags, a common musical Instrument among our
 “ Country People, which it is necessary to swell up, in order to make them
 “ give a Sound.

“ The Holy Ghost had no Business in that Assembly; all their Consultations
 “ were the Consultations of meer Men, turning upon the Preservation of the
 “ immoderate, and indeed shameful Power of the See of *Rome*. From thence,
 “ as from another *Delphos* or *Dodona*, their Answers were expected. It was
 “ from thence that the Holy Spirit, which they boasted presided over
 “ their Councils, was conveyed in the Mail of a Post-boy or Messenger:
 “ and, which is very ridiculous, if at any time the Waters swelled to a
 “ height, as they sometimes did, he could not fly over until they fell; the
 “ Consequence of that Accident was, that the Spirit of God, did not here
 “ as in *Genesis*, move upon the Waters, but according to the Motion of the
 “ Waters. Monstrous and unparalleled Madness! Bishops, as if they had
 “ been mere Mob, could come to no positive Resolution, unless directed
 “ by the Pope.”

This Picture, which this good Bishop of the Five-Churches draws of the Reflexion
 Council of *Trent*, is very unlike that given us by the Jesuit *Campian*. But upon this
 this is not at all surprizing, since the former drew from the Life, and the Testimo-
 ny.
 other, who was a Creature of the Pope, from Fancy, and upon false Re-
 cords and idle Reports, and consequently his Picture could not be but ex-
 travagantly flattering.

We likewise saw the Episcopal Palace, which is but a very indifferent The
 House. On the Side of the Stair-case is a kind of Portico, painted in Episcopal
 Fresco, but the Painting is worn off in several Places; there remains how- Palace.
 ever a Piece of it pretty entire, which they very much value. It repre-
 sents a Man fleaing a Cat upon the Table in Presence of two Women and
 three

1707. three other Men, who are all very attentive to this important Operation.
 Feb. 7. *Apollo* never flead poor *Marsyas* more effectually nor dextrously.

TRENT. The Gallery and Apartments are also full of Paintings, among which
 A great are many Nudities, even in those Pieces that are taken from the Old Testa-
 many fine ment; such as *Lot* and his Daughters, *Judas* and *Thamar* his Daughter-in-
 Pictures. Law; *Joseph* and the Wife of *Potiphar*; *Susanna* and the two old Men; *David* and *Bathsheba*. Here are also some Pictures of *Venus*, *Lucretia*, *Tarquin*, *Cleopatra*, and other naked Women; especially in a Room where the Bishop uses to spend some time after Dinner upon a Couch. Don't you think that so many Pictures of this Kind are somewhat too wanton in a Bishop's Palace, or that his Hours of Retirement ought to be spent in more serious Meditations? But what is more edifying and most beautiful, as to Painting in the whole, is two Cielings containing the four greater and twelve lesser Prophets, done by a famous Painter which the Emperor *Charles Vth* brought with him on his Return from *Italy*, together with the Martyrdom of *St. Simonin*, which is performed with all the affecting Circumstances that the Imagination of the Painter could suggest.

The Pa- The two finest Apartments in this pretended Palace are paved with Por-
 lace in- celane, and the others with an ugly greyish Stone full of Cracks, the Co-
 sidera- lour whereof resembles Clay. In fine, though this House is so much talk-
 ble. ed of, there is scarce any thing in it deserving the Attention of a Traveller, or worth while to give Money to see it. At one end of the Court there stands a great round Tower, which 'tis said was built long before the Birth of *Christ*.

The Ori- *Trent*, in Latin *Tridentum*, by the Italians *Trento*, by the Germans *Triendt*,
 ginal and is situated upon the *Adige*, in a very fruitful Valley surrounded with high
 History of Hills. It is mentioned by *Strabo*, *Phlegon*, *Ptolomey*, *Trogus*, *Pliny*, and the
 Trent. Itinerary of *Antoninus*. It was built by the *Cenoman Gauls*, who were dis-
 possessed by the *Romans*. The *Goths* became Masters of it when they came into *Italy*, and after them the *Lombards*. Afterwards it was possessed by the *German Emperors*, until the Year 1377. when *Venceslaus* Son to *Charles* the IVth gave it to the Church of *Rome*. Afterwards its Bishops being made Princes of the Empire, became temporal as well as spiritual Lords of the City.

Etymo- Some Authors affirm, that the Name *Tridentum* is derived from *Nep-*
 logy of its tune's Scepter or Trident, to whom, say they, the City was formerly consecrated.
 Name. This Opinion took its Rise from an ancient Marble being found there, whereon was a *Neptune* holding his Trident. Others derive the Name from three Rivers or Torrents, that fall into the *Adige* a little above and below the City. Others again say, that it has its Name from three high Rocks in the Neighbourhood, which appear like three Teeth, *tres dentes*.

Bigness, However that may be, the City is near twice as large as *Bolsana*, well in-
 Richness, habited and very rich, occasioned by its Commerce, encompassed with a sin-
 &c. gle Wall without any Flanks, only some small ancient Towers very well built to defend it. The Wooden Bridge over the *Adige*, so much boasted of

of by the Inhabitants as a Wonder, is so insignificant, that it hardly deserves to be mentioned. But as this City lies upon the Frontiers of *Italy*, we must not be surprized if all their Language has a small Twang of the Hyperbole. The lowest Title of Honour they bestow on any one in Conversation, is that of *Illustrissimo*, and if you pay them well, they will flatly call you *Excellence*; which makes me incline to believe that *Trent* is in *Italy*, and not in *Tirol*, as most Geographers have affirmed. Besides, their Language is a broad *Italian*. The *German* Language is also spoke here.

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Trent.
Fulsomeness of the
Italians.

The Bishop is a Prince of the Empire, and temporal as well as spiritual Lord of his Diocese, which is of a very large Extent. His Revenue may be about 40,000 Crowns *per annum*, and his Court consists mostly of sorry Fellows, having only a few Gentlemen in his Service, some Footmen, and not one Page. Notwithstanding the Sovereignty of the Bishop, the City of *Trent* has its own distinct Privileges, and Magistrates to preserve them: These consist of two Burgomasters, who preside by turns, and twelve Counsellors.

Bishop of
Trent and
his Prerogatives.

Three Years ago, the Duke of *Vendome* besieged the City of *Trent* with a *French* Army, as he was returning from *Italy* in order to join the Elector of *Bavaria* in the *Tirolese*; but four thousand Imperialists, commanded by General *Solari*, throwing themselves into the Town obliged him to retire, after having bombarded and cannonaded it for eight Days, and burning but very few Houses, because they are strongly built, and of a kind of red and white Marble dug out of the neighbouring Mountains. They shewed us the Rock from which the Duke of *Vendome* battered the Town. I forgot to tell you that in the *Trentin* the Heat is very great in Summer, and the Cold in Winter insupportable; the first I can only tell you by hearsay, but the last from my own Experience.

The
Town be-
sieged by
the French

'Twas in the Valley of *Trent* that the Emperor *Lotharius II.* died as he returned from *Italy*, where he had gained so many Victories; being siezed mortally, he was obliged to put up at a Peasant's Hut, where he yielded his last Breath in the Month of *December*, in 1137. This Emperor re-established the *Roman* Law, which had been abolished by the Barbarians upwards of 500 Years. *Lotharius* who for his many good Qualities may be equaled to *Charles* the Great, chiefly on account of the many Victories he obtained in *Italy* in Favour of Pope *Innocent II.* whom he twice settled in the See of *Rome*, was nevertheless so weak as to suffer that ingrateful Pope (after being crowned in the *Lateran* Palace) to cause the Ceremony of the Coronation to be painted and hung up there with the following haughty Inscription below.

History of
Lotharius
II.

Haughti-
ness of
Pope In-
nocent. II.

*Rex venit ante fores, jurans prius urbis honores.
Post homo fit Papæ, sumit quo dante Coronam.*

So true is it, that the Popes have always behaved with the greatest Insolence to those Emperors who bestowed most Favours upon them.

Numb. IX.

I i i

CH A P.

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C H A P. LXVII.

Departure from Trent. Belem a strong Fortrefs. Roveredo and its Castle. Its Church, and famous Silk-Mill. Remarks on the Inhabitants of Tirol and the Trentin. A dangerous Pass. Description of the Fort Chiufa. Piscantina. Verona a Bishopric. Triumphant Arch of the Emperor Gallienus. Dominican Church. The Cathedral. Epitaph of Pope Lucius III. and his History. That of the learned Ceruttus. The Sacristy and Canons of the Cathedral. Church of the Madona of the Organs. That of St. Zenon. History of this Saint, and of the Devil Asmodeus. Church of St. George. A fine Cabinet of Curiosities. Reflexion on the Jealousy of the Italians. Church of Sancta Maria Auticha, and Tombs of the Scaligers, Princes of Verona. Julius Scaliger abused by many learned Men.

Departure
from Trent
The Tor-
rent of
Persena.

IT was very bad Weather when we left *Trent*, and the Road as rough and stony as that we meet with some Hours before we come to *Lindaw*. About half a League from the City, we crossed the Torrent *Persena*, which makes furious Inundations in the Summer, and discharges itself into the *Adige*. I cannot understand why Mr. *Misson* could say, that this Torrent, together with the *Lavis*, run or rather tumble over great Rocks until they come to *Trent*, since one of them runs into the *Adige* more than a League above the City, and the other more than half a League below it.

The Fort
of Belem
belonging
to the
House of
Austria
described.

An Hour afterwards we passed under the Fort of *Belem*, built upon a high Rock, and belonging to the Emperor. The Place is strong, large and commodious, of a quadrangular Figure, but oblong, and fortified with Towers which command the Roads at the Foot of the Mountain. The Courtains and Parapets are well-faced, as are the Merlons; but the Out-works are more regular. A false Bray well-faced, built with falliant and re-entrant Angles defends the Fort, and makes the Access very difficult. The Glacis, quite round is so very steep, that even an Attempt to take it must be attended with great Danger, but there must be much more Difficulty in making a Lodgement upon it. At the Angle nearest to the Pass from the Plain, which is all seen and commanded by these Fortifications, they have built a large Ravelin, very commodiously pierced with low Embrasures, the upper part of which serves for a Cavalier, and scours both the Plain and the Pass. The Rocks which surround the Fort are so rugged and inaccessible, that instead of finding any convenient Situation for a Battery, or a Road to the Top of them, I could not so much as see a Cranny where a Cat might lodge.

At

At Noon we arrived at *Roveredo*, in Latin *Roboretum*. This City, which has no other Fortification than plain Walls, is situated at the Bottom of the Mountains on the Bank of the *Adige*. We pass the River by a Stone Bridge, the Entry of which is defended by two large and strong Towers, and full of Embrasures. These Towers are defended by a Castle built on a rising Ground, which commands the Bridge, and indeed the whole City. This Castle, in which there is a Garrison kept by the Emperor, is not amiss; for besides its Situation which renders it inaccessible, it is flanked with four great Towers, very strong as well as their Curtains, all which have a great Number of low Embrasures. The Situation renders it impossible to make either a Fosse or Out-works, but then I could observe no Place where a Battery could be raised against it, and the Road that leads to it is very narrow, difficult, and entirely seen from the Place.

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Roveredo,
and its
Fortifica-
tions.

The City is tolerably handsome, but the *Podestat's* House, though a very poor one, is there dignified with the Name of a Palace; for no other Reason but because it has a Balcony of Marble, supported by two Pillars, over the Entry. On the Front of the House there is a Marble, whereon is carved the Arms of a Gentleman of *Trent*, who has thrice been *Podestat* of *Roveredo*: His Name is *Hieronimus Pilatus*, and thinks it no Dishonour to derive the Origine of his Family from the celebrated *Pontus Pilate*, who condemned *Christ* in the Reign of *Tiberius*. On the contrary, he has often been heard to say, that his Predecessor *Pontius* was not blameable, being himself threatened with an Accusation before the Emperor, for having favoured a Man who pretended to be King of the *Jews*, and who of Consequence ought to have been considered as a seditious Person.

The
Town de-
scribed.

We also went to see some Churches, particularly *St. Mark's*, which is the principal, together with those of the *Capuchins* and *Carmelites*, which are at the Distance of a Musquet-shot of the City Gate. There is nothing remarkable to be seen in the two first of these Churches, but the third is famous at *Roveredo* and in the Neighbourhood, on account of a Statue of *St. Theresa*, who, 'tis said, performs many Miracles, and is surrounded with a great Number of small Pictures, representing all the Wonders she has performed, which surpass those she even did in *Spain*, though that be her own dear Country.

Its
Churches.
Miracu-
lous Sta-
tue.

Our Conductor carried us also to see what they call, *the great Wonder of Roveredo*. You must know that in this City they have a great Trade in Silk, and that a Building is erected on purpose to carry on that Manufacture (which they call *the great Spinning-house*) on the Banks of a little Brook, which turns a large Wheel, and that Wheel communicates Motion to a Machine within the House, that spins raw Silk without any body's Touching it, farther than to set it a going. But what is very remarkable, this same Mill throws or winds off at least six hundred Pounds of Silk at once, and thus makes a prodigious Quantity of it every Day. When this Silk is dyed, they manufacture it into Sattins, Damasks, Velvets and other Stuffs, which are sold at the Fairs of *Bolzane*, and from thence transported into *Germany*.

Remark-
able Silk-
Mill, and
Manufac-
tures.

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After having paid dear for a bad Dinner, we set out from *Roveredo*, and as we were coming out at the Gate, I spied on the Inside over head, an Image of the *Virgin Mary*, with the two following Lines under.

*Patris ave Genitrix, Nati quoque Filia salve,
Hanc Urbem Virgo cerne, tuere, bea.*

I own my Ignorance, I cannot make Sense of the first Verse.

The Forest of
Roveredo.

About half a League from *Roveredo* we crossed a kind of Country about a League in length, all covered with Pieces of Rocks, as if they had fallen like Rain from Heaven: This they call the Forest of *Roveredo*, though I could not see above a Dozen old scabby Trees in the whole Place. The Road, which was extremely bad, often led us by the Banks of the *Adige*, until we came to a large Borough called *Alla*, and so near were we sometimes to the River, that our Drivers had several times almost tumbled into it. *Alla* is a spacious well built Town, and looks like a small but handsome City. At last we arrived at *Borguetto*, the last Village of the Diocese of *Trent*, where we found Chimneys to hold the Fire, instead of the Stoves used in *Germany*.

Alla.
Borguetto.

Feb. 9.
Remarks upon the
Genius & Disposition of the
Tirolese & *Trentins*.

Before I leave the *Trentin*, give me leave to communicate to you some small Observations I have made on its Inhabitants, and those of *Tirol* their Neighbours. In this last Country, the Women are strong and generally very fair; the Men very tall, robust and vigorous. As to their Temper, they are neither *Italians* nor *Germans*, but both blended together, for there appears in them an equal Mixture of the Qualities of both Nations: For Instance, the Sprightliness of the *Italian*, quenched a little by the plegmatic Temper of the *Germans*. The *Trentins* have all the Wit and Vivacity of the former, and like them, are of a very middling Size. Most of their Women are but short, of a good Complexion, with black Hair, black Eyes and Eye-brows, in short, the *Italian* Air.

Their chief
Saints.

St. Anthony of *Padua* is held in the *Trentin* in great Veneration, and looked upon as the first Saint in Paradise. In the *Tirolese*, *St. Christopher* is reckoned the principal Saint; there you meet with his Picture every where, not only on the Outside of the Churches, but in very many private Houses; and no wonder, for this *St. Goliath* is the Patron and Protector of the whole Country, which is the largest Earldom in *Europe*. It belongs to the Emperor, and contains the Counties of *Tirol*, *Bregentz* and *Feldkirk*, together with the Bishopric of *Brixen*, &c.

Chiufa, a
Fort belonging
to the *Venetians*.

An Hour after we had left *Borguetto*, we came to *Offenigo*, the first Village of the *Veroneze*; it contains but about a dozen Houses, and half of these are ruinous. About ten o' Clock we came to *Chiufa*, a small Fort that shuts the Passage between the Rocks and the *Adige*, which runs in a Precipice at the Foot of the Mountain. The Road which leads to the Fort is cut out of the Rock, but so narrow and rough, that 'tis impossible for Horses.

Horses to draw Wheel-carriages along it; we were obliged to unyoke ours, and to hire nine or ten Peasants to draw and carry our Chaises a little beyond the Fort. This Passage is much more dangerous than that from *Brixen* to *Bolzane*, because there are every Moment Pieces of Rock tumbling down and falling into the *Adige*. Yet Mr. *Misson*, who magnifies to such a Degree the Danger of the other, says not one Word of this. For all this Danger, I took notice of a great Nich or kind of Oratory cut in the Rock, containing a Statue of our Lady, before which there was a Lamp which burns Day and Night: It was with difficulty I could climb up to it by small Steps cut out on purpose. Under the Window that shuts the Nich, are the two following Lines.

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A dangerous Pass.

*Virginis intactæ cum veneris ante figuram,
Prætereundo cave ne fileatur Ave.*

We made all the haste imaginable to obey the Precept, lest a great Piece of Rock should fall down and crush us to Death for our Disobedience.

Whilst our Chaises and Baggage were bringing up, I had leisure to view the Fort of *Chiusa*, which is reckoned to be a very considerable Pass. It stands upon the Confines of the *Venetian* Territories and those of *Trent*, and its Situation to me appeared of so great Importance, that I am surpris'd the *Venetians*, to whom it belongs, do not put it in a better Condition. It commands the great Road that leads through the high Rocks, and one must of Necessity either pass that Way, or else fly over them. It overlooks the River, and can easily obstruct or defend the Passage; yet is no more than a simple Square, without either Flank or Fosse, or even the least Outwork before its Gate; insomuch that it has no other Resource on any Occasion but the Fire of its Curtains. On the Side that looks towards *Trent*, there are some small Embrasures made in the Rock; these command the great Road which is there steep and difficult; but as it were easy to plant great Guns on both Sides of it, I'm afraid it could make but a poor Defence, having nothing but plain Walls on the Side that looks towards the *Venetian* Dominions. At the Distance of an hundred Paces from thence, the Mountain juts out into an Angle large enough to contain a considerable Body of Foot, together with some Guns, from whence an Enemy might very easily climb up to the Fort and take it by Assault. The Garrison consists of thirty *Albanian* Soldiers, a kind of *Hussars* that serve the Republic, and have no better Appearance than so many *Gipsies*.

Description of the Fort.

After leaving the Fort of *Chiusa*, we travelled a considerable Time in a narrow Passage surrounded by Rocks of a prodigious Height, where there is an Eccho that repeats a Sound five or six times very distinctly. Pursuing our Journey along the Banks of the *Adige*, which runs in a serpentine Stream among the Rocks, we at last spied, all at once, the Heavens more open. A large fine Country (such as we had not seen since we entered among the Moun-

A fine Prospect.

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Mountains after leaving *Schongaw*) with Hills rising gently at a Distance, presented itself to our View. In a Word, the charming Country of *Italy* appeared before us.

*Tum procul obscuros colleis, humilemque videmus
Italiam: Italiam primus exclamat Amyntas:
Italiam læto socii clamore salutant
Horendas variis transgressi casibus Alpes.*

*Piscan-
tina, a
poor Place*

Having travelled over a large Plain, where the Vines are planted by the Roots of white Mulberry, and other Trees loaded with Vine Branches, we reached *Piscantina* before Dinner. Here, with the greatest Difficulty, our Drivers purchased a little Hay for their Horses, and we ourselves a little bit of Sauceage (the only Meat we could procure) but could find no Mustard to eat with it until an Apothecary supplied us.

Piscantina is a small Town, and of a wretched Appearance; but observe the Vanity of the Inhabitants, who have the following Inscription in Capital Letters upon what they call their Town-house, *PISCANTINA VENETORUM FIDELISSIMA*: Don't you think that this is a kind of Reflexion upon the other Towns that depend on the Republic?

Suburb
and sad
Appear-
ance of
Verona.

About a League from this paltry Place, we crossed the *Adige* in a Ferryboat, opposite to a little Country-house which the Boatman told us was the Palace of a *Veronese* Count, but not worth looking at. Some time after, we distinctly saw the beautiful Prospect of *Verona* presenting itself, but the Road that leads to it is very rough and Stony. I agree with Mr. *Misson* that the Entry on this Side of *Verona* is not apt to give Travellers a high Opinion of its Grandeur, most of the Streets in that Quarter being unpaved, thinly inhabited, and in short it looks extremely poor and wretched. But he has not observed that all that Part, until we come to *Castel-Vecchio* (which is a kind of Arsenal) is no more than a mean Suburb, which is only inhabited by the Rabble. But when we once pass the Triumphal Arch, now called *Porta di Bursari*, formerly erected in Honour of the Emperor *Gallienus*, and whose Inscription, though a little worn out, is still pretty legible. Mr. *Misson* has copied it very ill. Here it is with the greatest Accuracy.

Trium-
phal Arch
of *Gallie-
nus*, and
its Inscrip-
tion.

*Colonia. Augusta. Verona. nova. Gallieniana. Valeriano. II.
Et. Licinio. coss. Muri. Veronensium. fabricati. ex. Die. III. Non.
Aprilium. Dedicati. pr. Non. Decembris. jubente. Sanctissimo. Gallieno.
Aug. N. insistente. Aur. Marcellino. V. P. Duc. curante. Jul. Marcellino.*

I say, when we pass this Arch, we meet with a quite different View; the Houses are magnificent, consisting mostly of three Stories, are a Demonstration that they are not quite low, as that Traveller affirms. We observed, as well as he, several Balconies of these Houses adorned with Orange, Citron and Pomegranate Trees, in Pots and in Boxes.



The Church of the *Dominicans* (one of the finest in the City) and which happened to be near the Inn where we lodged, was the first we visited. There we saw the magnificent Tomb of *John Fregosa* Doge of *Genoa*, and Generalissimo of the *Venetian* Troops; it is adorned with several Statues of white Marble, and supported by fluted Pillars of a great height. The Epitaph inscribed is as follows.

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VERONA.
The
Dominican
Church.

Deo. Opt. Max.
Janus Fregosius Ligurum Princeps
Ac venet. Reip. Terrestrium copiarum
Omnium præfekt. Ubi fortiss. Ducis
Officia, Domi forisque præstitisset
Sac. H. T. F. I. Hercules F.
Paternæ pietatis memor P.

Epitaph
of a Doge
of Genoa.

From this Church we went to view the Cathedral, which indeed is none of the most magnificent. It is not however *very little and dark*, as Mr. *Misson* is pleased to say, on the contrary 'tis very light. Pope *Lucius III.* who died at *Verona* when a Council was holding there, is buried in the Middle of the Quire. I cannot comprehend what the same Traveller means, when he says, "that his whole Epitaph consists in these few Words. *Ossa Lucii III. Româ pulsi invidiâ*:" The Bones of *Lucius III.* driven by Malice from "Rome: Whereas we read the following one upon his Tomb, which I have copied Word for Word.

The Ca-
thedral.

Tomb
and Epi-
taph of
Pope Lu-
cius III.

Ossa
Lucii III. Pont. Max.
Cui Româ ob invidiam pulso
Verona tutiss. ac gratiss. Perfugium
fuit. Ubi conventu Christianorum æto
Dum præclara multa molitur è vita
excessit.

That is: The Bones of Pope *Lucius III.* to whom, after being driven by Malice from Rome, Verona afforded a more safe and agreeable Shelter: There holding a Council of Christians, wherein, while he was concerting many noble Designs, he left this Life.

Under this Epitaph are the two Keys Cross ways, with a triple Crown in white, yellow and red Marble, the whole of Mosaic-work, and enclosed within an Oval of white Marble. Your *English* Traveller *Lassels* made use of bad Spectacles when he read this Epitaph, for he says it is expressed in the following Words:

Lucas

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*Luca dedit lucem tibi, Luci; Pontificatum
Ostia; Papatum Roma; Verona mori.
Imò Verona dedit tibi Lucis gaudia; Roma
Exilium; curas Ostia; Luca mori.*

Mr. *Misson*, who mentions those Verses likewise, as having read them somewhere, commits a great many Blunders here, both in transposing and pointing the Words.

His History
and
Character

This Pope *Lucius* retired to *Verona* for some Encroachments of Power at *Rome*, from whence he was driven by the Magistracy and the Friends of the Emperor *Frederic Barbarossa*; so that I cannot easily conceive how it could be said, as it is in his Epitaph; *Dum præclara multa molitur, conventu Christianorum actò è vita excessit*, since he bears the Character of a very profligate and wicked Pope, both in the History of his Pontificate, and in a great many Epigrams which were made against him. The following was preserved to us by the Abbot of *Ursperg*, and we may likewise find it in a Letter which the University of *Prague* wrote to that of *Oxford*, in the Time of the Emperor *Venceslas*.

A virulent
Epigram
against
him.

*Lucius est piscis, Rex atque Tyrannus aquarum,
A quo discordat Lucius iste parum.
Devorat hic homines, hic piscibus infidiatur;
Esurit hic semper, hic aliquandò satur.
Amborum vitam si laus æquata notaret,
Plus rationis habet, qui ratione caret.*

In *English* thus: "*Lucius* is the Name of a Fish, who is both the King and the Tyrant of the Waters, and in this respect, Pope *Lucius* is not unlike him. The Fish lives upon his Equals, and so does the Pontiff. The first is sometimes satisfy'd, but the second has always a devouring Appetite. In short, of these two Monsters, he that is naturally destitute of Reason, is nevertheless far more rational than the other.

History
and
Epitaph
of
the
learned
Ceruttus.

The famous *Fredericus Ceruttus*, the ablest Grammarian and Rhetorician in his Age, is likewise buried in this Cathedral. For 50 Years he taught those two Arts with so much Reputation, that he rendered his School at *Verona* as famous as most Universities in *Italy*. He died quite worn out with his long Fatigues, in the 79th Year of his Age. His Son *Benedict Ceruttus* a Philosopher and Physician, who published the *Museum Calceolarii*, erected to his Father a Monument, where he addresses himself to him in the following Apostrophe:

Ave Pater *Frederice Cerutte*.
Pater Eruditionis omnis Liberalioris. Parens incomparabilis & memorande, Promeritumque hunc Titulum æternum à Filio Pientissimo Benedicto Cerutto, Medico Physico habe. Anno M.DC.XI. XIX. Cal. Febr. Qui dies finitionis ejus fuit. vixit an. 79. m. 5. d. 4.

Frederic Ceruttus had a very fine Library stocked with a great many curious Manuscripts both *Greek* and *Latin*. He has published several Works,
I and

and amongst others one intituled, *Commentariorum Elenchus*, and a very fine Paraphrase in Prose of *Horace's Works*. 1707.
Feb. 10.

Under the White Marble Bust of Cardinal *Augustino Valerio* Bishop of *Verona*, who is interred in the same Church, there is an Epitaph of that Prelate, in which he is compared to God in the following impious Terms:

Inter quem & Deum, virtute conciliante omni, summa necessitudo fuit, summa similitudo. Which is in *English*: "Between whom and God, by the Mediation of every Virtue, there was the greatest Friendship, and the greatest Resemblance." So true it is, that this Nation is hyperbolous in every Respect. Blasphemous Epitaph upon a Bishop of Verona.

We likewise see there the honorary Monument erected by the People of *Verona* to the learned Cardinal *Norris*, formerly a Religious *Augustine*. His Bust of White Marble is supported by four Angels of the same Matter. The Honorary Tomb of Cardinal Norris.

We were shewn in the Sacristy a great many excellent Pictures, amongst whom they put a great Value upon one of the last Supper of *Jesus Christ*, one of *St. Peter*, one of *St. Paul*, and two holy Families by *Paul Veronese*, together with an Assumption of the Virgin *Mary* by *Titian*. The Sacristy and its Pictures.

The Canons belonging to this Cathedral are fixt to the Number of twenty one precisely, beyond which they cannot be augmented: And as soon as they come to be sixty Years of Age they are allowed to take a Coadjutor for discharging their Office, upon paying him a certain Sum. The *Sieur Fouvin de Rochfort* in his Voyage to *Italy* says, that the Church of *St. Zeno* is the Cathedral of *Verona*, but he is grossly mistaken. The Canons of the Cathedral.

From the Cathedral, we went to the Church of our Lady of the Organs, there to visit the holy Statue, and the Relicks of the blessed *Asis*, upon which *Jesus Christ* was formally mounted, and whose Travels and Adventures Mr. *Misson* has been at pains to give us, from his leaving *Palestine* all thro' the Isles of *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, *Candia*, *Malta*, *Sicily*, and the Gulph of *Venice*, till he came to *Verona*, and all this upon the Relation of a French Merchant. It was entirely upon the Credit of this Traveller, that we asked for a Sight of these fine Relicks; but the Religious, to whom we addressed ourselves for that Purpose, fell into a Passion, and treated us as so many Visionaries and Hereticks, and we were afraid that they would even turn us out of their Church as such by the Shoulders. Being mortified with this smart Rebuff, we made the best of our Way out, without having the Satisfaction of seeing this new *St. Martin*, and went to the Church of *St. Zeno*. The Church of our Lady of the Organs. The blessed *Asis*, an Invention of Mr. *Misson*.

It is near the Gate of the same Name, and is said to have been built by *Pepin*, Son to *Charles the Great*, and King of *Italy*. Its great Gate makes indeed a very Gothic Appearance, and the Figures upon it in Bas-Relief, agree very well with the Taste of those Times. I must by the way observe, that the learned Father *Mabillon* is mistaken, when he writes, that that Prince is buried in this Church; for his Tomb is shewn in that of *St. Protolus*, which is hard by. The Church of *St. Zeno*.

Feb. 10.

VERONA
Adven-
ture of this
Saint with
the Devil
Asmodeus.

In a Cell near that of St. Zeno is to be seen a great Basin of red Marble, pretty much resembling Porphyry; this Basin is of a prodigious Largeness and Weight. We are told here, as an indisputable Truth, that the Devil *Asmodeus* being quite mad, that St. Zeno, Bishop of Verona, said Mass every Day in this Church, with so much Devotion that he converted even the most Abandoned, took it into his Head one Day to go and take up this great Basin, which served as a Receiver to a Fountain in the Gardens of the Royal Palace at Lisbon, and without any Manner of Respect for the Presence of *Jesus Christ*, which the holy Bishop was then elevating in the Sacrament, he threw this enormous Vessel into the Middle of the Church, with an amazing Noise. It is not very clear whether it came thro' the Door, or broke the Roof; but however that be, this Accident interrupted the Devotion of the good Souls who were assisting at Mass, and gave such Offence to St. Zeno, that after having smartly reprimanded this most impudent Devil, he ordered him immediately to carry the Vessel to the Place from whence he had taken it, under the Pain of having a double Strapade in Hell. The poor Devil, quite stunned with this Alternative, threw himself at the Feet of the Saint, asked Pardon for his Insolence, begging him to consider the monstrous Weight of the Basin, and that he was quite out of Breath with having already carried it so far. The good Bishop, touched with the Reasoning and Humility of the Devil, commanded him only, by Way of Penance, to take up the Basin, and place it at the outer Side of the Church-door, where it is yet to be seen, with the Prints of his Claws upon it. This merry Story is believed here by the common People as an Article of Faith.

Besides this Church, we visited several others, which have little or nothing Church of remarkable in them, excepting a few pretty good Pictures. That of St. George, which is the handsomest, has the following Inscription upon its Front:

*Numini sancto propitiato Divi Georgii, pollentis, potentis,
invicti. Piè, Ritè, Solemnitus, Sacrum, dicatum esto.*

There are likewise in this Church some excellent Pictures of *Paul Veronese* otherwise *Paul Gagliari*, a famous Painter, born in this City in the Year 1490; amongst which the Martyrdom of St. George is justly admired for its great Beauty.

Feb. 11.

The fa-
mous Ca-
binet of
Count
Moscardo.

A Man of Distinction, to whom we were recommended, this Day introduced us to Count *Moscardo*, who is one of the Canons of the Cathedral. This Gentleman, who is upwards of sixty Years of Age, received us with great Civility, and insisted upon shewing us in Person not a mere Cabinet of Curiosities, but a spacious Apartment, consisting of six Chambers and a Gallery, filled with the most curious Productions of Nature and Art. As there are a great many both particular and general Descriptions of all those Curiosities, I shall not undertake to give you an exact

exact Catalogue of them, which of itself would swell to be a tolerably large Volume. In Reality, the Collection of Count *Moscardo* is one of the largest and finest that is to be seen any where, consisting of Books, Pictures, precious Stones, Metals, Chrystals, Plants, Petrefactions, Medals, Monies, little Statues, Instruments used by the *Pagans* in their Sacrifices, Urns, Sepulchral Lamps, Rings, Seals, and Keys of the Ancients: We likewise see there a Collection of Vases, Arms, Head-dresses, and Shoes of different Nations, Clocks of all Kinds, Shells, Fossils, Mirrors of mixt Metal, Coral Trees, *Amianthus* Stones, monstrous Productions or Whims of Nature; in short, every Thing that can be imagined curious, rare, or extraordinary.

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VERONA

After spending a good Part of the Day in viewing those fine Things, amongst which are, as it is pretended, some *Basilisk* Eggs; the polite Count shewed us, as a particular Favour, two or three little Curiosities, which I dare say are not mentioned in any of the printed Catalogues of his Rarities. The first was a small Picture representing naked Men and Women in a great many lascivious Postures, but when viewed thro' a Microscope, made for that Purpose, all the different Figures in the true Point of View, represent only a *Venus* and *Cupid*, composed of the Head of one Figure, the Arms of another, the Body of a third, and so on. The other Rarity, which he reserved for us as a dainty Bit, is half a dozen of antique *Priapi* in Bronze of different Largeness, with a *Propugnaculum pudendorum feminini generis*, or a Padlock to keep the Ladies chaste, upon which the good Count, who is both a Canon and Priest, was very merry and witty.

Two remarkable
Curiosities

I took the Liberty to tell him that no other than a jealous-pated Fool could be capable of inventing such a Machine, of which ten to one he himself was the Dupe, since the Ladies were to cunning to be thus imposed upon by their Husbands, especially when they are kept under too great a Confinement. He answered, that I was in the right, but that it was a Kind of Repose which *Italian* married Men chose to give themselves, they generally believing that this little Precaution is an excellent Preservative against the Growth of Horns. Don't you think that these People are to be pitied for lying under such a Mistake? The Uneasiness created by Jealousy is only an Evil of the Imagination; and can the Padlocks, and the Guards which they place about their Women, cure this Distemper? No, these Keepers are not so quick-sighted, as that some Gallantries do not escape them, which they either will not, or do not see; for very often the Infidelity of those Guardians contribute to that of their Wards.

Reflex'ons
upon the
Jealousy
of the Ita-
lians.

But to return to our Canon, he told us that his Father Count *Lewis* *Moscardo*, Author of the History of *Verona*, and his Grandfather had both successively been labouring for upwards of fifty Years, in collecting all these Curiosities, which, as he said, cost upwards of one hundred thousand Ducats. That his Father had left three Sons, one of whom, a famous Doctor of Law, had been dead for some Years, and that another Brother and himself was all that remained of the Family of *Moscardo*; therefore I can-

History of
this Col-
lection.

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VERONA

not understand who the Person could be that shewed all those Curiosities to Mr. *Misson*, and whom he calls *Mr. N—*, and the worthy Professor of the Cabinet, as if that whole Family had been extinct at that Time. Besides this curious Collection, there are several others at *Verona*, particularly in the Palaces of the Counts *Bevilaqua* and *Iusti*, which contain a vast Number of Rarities, such as Pictures, Statues, &c.

The
Church of
Santa
Maria
Anticha,
and Tomb
of the
Scaligers.

Julius
Cæsar
Scaliger
censured
by *Sci-*
pius and
Guy Patin

Passing before the Church of *Santa Maria Anticha*, which is very little and dark, we observed some magnificent Tombs of Brass of the *Scaligers*, who were formerly Princes of *Verona*. You know that *Julius Cæsar*, and his Son *Joseph Scaliger* boasted that they were descended from those Princes, and that the satirical *Scioppius* has rallied them very pleasantly upon that Account in his *Scaliger Hypobolimæus*.

Guy Patin has been as severe as *Scioppius* on *Scaliger* the Father, his Words are as follow: "*Julius Cæsar Scaliger* was a noted Impostor; he never was in the Wars, as he says he was, nor at the Court of the Emperor *Maximilian I.* He studied hard all his Life, and acquired a great deal of Learning. When he was young he became *Cordelier*, having nothing to subsist upon, and continued his Studies very closely; upon his quitting that Habit he devised the Cheat, with which he imposed upon all *Europe*, viz. that he was descended from the Princes of *Verona*. In order to conceal himself the better he came to *France*, where he married the Daughter of an Apothecary of *Agen*, tho' some say she was a Bishop's Bastard. He wrote a very fine Work against *Cardan*; only we must observe of it, that all the Experiments he reports of himself, and which he says he made in Natural History, War, and Medicine, are absolutely false; for he counterfeited them all on purpose for no other End than to disguise his mean Birth, and his being a Monk, which he thought disgraceful, being of a very ambitious Temper. There is one *Bartholemy Riccius* who writes to him in the following Terms. You must necessarily at present be very learned, for you have studied close for these thirty Years."

Censured
by *Leo*
Allatius
likewise.

Scioppius and *Patin* are not the only Writers who have fallen foul on *Scaliger* the Father; for *Leo Allatius*, a Native of the Island of *Chio*, Gentleman to Cardinal *Barbarini*, and afterwards Keeper of the *Vatican* Library upon the Death of *Halsstenius*, calls *Scaliger*, *Decoctor*, *furibundus*, *fatuus*, *furens*, *insaniens*, *delirans*, *qui multa scripsit bruto potius quam homine digna*. That is in *English*: "A Plagiary, a Madman, a Fool, a frantic, senseless, doating Fellow, and one who wrote a great many Things more worthy of a Brute than a Man." And all this was because *Scaliger* was no Friend to *Greek* Authors, particularly *Homer*, whom he has degraded too much below *Virgil*.

History of
Leo Alla-
tius.

This is the same *Leo Allatius* who wrote a Book upon the native Country of *Homer*, and undertook a Journey in order to find it out. He pretends it was the Island of *Chio*, where he himself was born. Mr. *Gronovius* has inserted that Book in his tenth Volume of his *Greek Antiquities*.

Leo

Lea Alatius likewise was the Person whom *Gregory XV.* sent into Germany to bring the Library of *Heidelberg* to Rome; but finding that Pope dead at his Return, he was thrown into Prison, being accused by *Scioppius*, and some others, with having embezzled the best Books of that Library. He was even very near coming to the Gallows, as his Reward for the great Trouble he had been at in bringing that Library from such a Distance.

As to the *Scaligers*, Father and Son, if both have been abused in a great Number of Writings, they have on their Side launched out full as many *Invectives* against most of the learned Men of their Age; a Behaviour unworthy of the Descendants of the brave Princes of *Verona*.

1707.
Feb. 11.
VERONA
Both *Scaligers*
very scur-
rilous in
their
Works.

C H A P. LXVIII.

Verona belonging to the Venetians. Its Amphitheatre. A fine Building, and its Inscription. Ridiculous Pretension of the noble Family of *Coronaro* at Venice. The Exchange for the Merchants. The Town-house, and several Palaces. The Fortresses. False Representation of this City, by *Mons. Misson*. Its History, and adjacent Country. Learned Persons of both Sexes born at *Verona*. Its Bishops, Churches, Soil, and Character of its Inhabitants. Fine Encomiums of this City by both the *Scaligers*.

THE Amphitheatre being the finest Piece of Antiquity in *Verona*, we went this Morning to see it. It is a pretty entire Piece, and perfectly Oval; but its outer Wall is all ruined, excepting a Fragment, with about a dozen Arcades. We were assured that the Church of *St. Nicolas*, or the *Theatins*, which is near to the Theatre, was built out of its Ruins, as well as the Convent of those good Fathers.

Some learned Men pretend, that it was built by *T. Quintius Flaminius*, the Son of that *Flaminius*, who was defeated by *Hannibal* near the Lake of *Trafimene*; others will have it to be a Work of *Augustus*; and others that of a private Person. The Entrance to the *Arena*, or Pit, is by two large Gates opposite to one another, each with a Platform above, enclosed by a Marble Balustrade; but those Gates are not antique. *Jauvin de Rochefort* assigns only forty two Rows of Seats to this Amphitheatre; *Dr. Burnet* but eight and twenty; *Mr. Misson* forty four; *Mr. Huguetan*, an Advocate in the Parliament of *Paris*, mounts them to forty six, and says, that the whole is built of a white and red Marble. For my Part I counted them three Times in three different Places, and will venture to assure you that there are forty five Rows, including that which is now almost level with the Floor of the *Arena* or Pit; so much is the Ground raised by Time. These Seats or Steps are of an exceeding hard Stone, pretty wide, and very high,

Feb. 12.
The Am-
phitheatre
of *Verona*
described.

1707.
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VERONA
Several
Antiqui-
ties disco-
vered by
digging
the
Ground
here.

high, and the Magistrates take care to keep them in Repair in Proportion, as any of them are consumed by that grand Devourer, Time.

They begun last Year to dig up the Middle of the Pit, and they have discovered a great many Statues of Stone, with their Bases and Chapiters, all upright, and ranged pretty much like those of a Portico. This Discovery has made them resolve to dig and search all over the *Arena*, in hopes of finding a good many Antiquities, upon which the Learned of *Verona* are preparing to make endless Dissertations.

We went out of the Amphitheatre thro' one of the Seventy two Doors it had formerly. Those that remain are turn'd into Warehouses, where Goods and others Things are lock'd up. I had almost forgot to tell you, that towards the Middle of its Height, on the Inside, there is the following Inscription above one of the Passages betwixt the Benches or Seats :

A modern
Inscrip-
tion.

Jacobo Foscareno
Quod Amphitheatrum instaurandum
curavit.
Quodque ejus prudentia
In Max. Italiae frumenti inopia,
Una Verona abundavit.
Prætori Patrique opt. Veron. D. P.

In *English* : " To the Memory of *James Foscarenus*, an excellent Prætor and Senator of *Verona*, for his Care in repairing this Amphitheatre, and his wife Management in preserving *Verona* alone in Plenty, amidst the greatest Scarcity of Corn all over *Italy*."

Earth-
quakes
and
Thunder
fatal to
this City.

Hard by this Amphitheatre are the ancient Walls of the City; it is said that an Earthquake in the Year 1117. one of the most terrible ever felt in that Country, ruined that Part of those Walls which are now wanting, together with most of the public Edifices, and a vast Number of private Houses. In the Year 1624. the Lightning fell upon the Powder-Magazine, which blew up so furiously as to bury under its Ruins, besides a great Number of Houses, four Convents, with all the Nuns that were in them.

A fine
modern
Building,
but un-
finished.

The Square, commonly called the *Ox Square*, is between the Amphitheatre and another great Building of hewn Stone, and of a very fine Architecture. The Senate of *Venice* designed it for an Arsenal, a Manege, and other Military Uses. It is pity that it is not finished, for it would be a very fine Structure. A White Marble Stone built into its Front, contains the following Inscription, in Praise of the Person who raised it thus high.

Scipiadam

*Scipiadam vera soboles Hier. Cornelius.
Non everſæ Carthaginis gloriam,
Sed inçhytas Avorum virtutes æmulatus.
Præfeçturam prudentiſſimè gerens.
Molem hanc vix ſolo emergentem
Eccè in quam amplitudinem extulerit.
MD.C.XI.*

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Feb. 12.
VERONA
And In-
ſcription.

In *Engliſh*: “ The true Deſcendant of the *Scipio*’s, without aſpiring to
“ their Glory of deſtroying a *Carthage*, but emulous of the illuſtrious Vir-
“ tues of his latter Anceſtors, and behaving with wonderful Prudence in
“ his Civil Magiſtracy, has raiſed this very noble Structure almoſt from
“ the Ground in the Year 1611.”

I could wager a good Deal, my Friend, that for all the many fine Things you know, particularly your great Learning in Antiquity, you never had heard that there are People now in the World who preſume to call themſelves the Deſcendants of the Conqueror of *Hannibal*, and the Deſtroyer of *Carthage*. It is however certain, that the noble Family of the *Cornaro*’s in *Venice*, ſeriously value themſelves upon being related to thoſe ancient Heroes. This Relation probably is ſomewhat like that of the Fellow in one of *Scarron*’s Plays, who was Couſin to the Emperor *Charles* the Vth, in the two thouſand and eightieth Degree. So that I would not adviſe the Nobleman, who reſides at *London* in Quality of Embaſſador from the moſt Serene Republick, and who is of that Family, to value himſelf too much upon this Head, for fear ſome blunt *Briton* ſhould tell him in a ſatirical Stile :

Ridicu-
lous Pre-
tenſion of
the *Cor-
naro* Fa-
mily at
Venice.

—Cur cum propriis virtutibus offer
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in ſtirpe triumphos?
Tolle tuum precor Annibalem, viſtumque Syphacem
In caſtris: & cum totâ Carthagine migra.

Tho’ Mr. *Miſſon* has ſpoke but indifferently of this City, yet the more we walked thro’ it we thought it the more beautiful. The Square or Ex- change where the Merchants meet may be called a very fine one. It is embellished with a magnificent Fountain, adorned with a Number of Sta- tues, that, thro’ a great many Parts of their Bodies, throw up the Wa- ter, which falls into three Stories of Baſons. The Town-houſe which looks into this Square is likewiſe worthy of Remark: Its Front is adorned with the Figures of the moſt illuſtrious learned Men that *Verona* has produ- ced: ’Tis compoſed of three great Wings, with a Court in the Middle, and its Halls and Chambers are filled with a vaſt Number of valuable Paintings. The Palaces of the General, and the Poſteſtat are likewiſe well worth the ſeeing, on Account of a conſiderable Number of fine Pictures

Feb. 13.
The Ex-
change,
Town-
houſe, and
other Pa-
laces.

that

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that are in them ; as is that of Count *Chiodo*, both on Account of its Paintings and magnificent Furniture. It is built according to the most exact Rules of Architecture, with a noble *Salon* ; and the Beauty of the whole is compleated by the fine Prospect from it, which terminates the View on two Sides, over the River and over the City. A large Garden in the Form of a Terrafs, adorned with a vast Number of Statues, and a Fountain with Water-works, compleats this noble Mansion.

The
Jews
Quarter.

Not far from the Exchange lies the *Jews* Street, which is a great deal larger and cleaner than that of their Brethren at *Frankfort*, tho' not so long. Like that there are two Gates, one at each End of it, guarded by two Soldiers, who are relieved from Time to Time ; they lock the Gates every Night at Seven o'Clock, and carry the Keys to the Governour ; so that these poor *Israelites* are as it were imprisoned in their own Street every Night, till two other Soldiers come next Morning at Eight o'Clock to open their Gates.

The
Castle of
St. Peter,
and that
of St.
Felix.

The Castle of *St. Peter* built by *Martin Scaliger* upon the Ruins of an ancient Theatre, and that of *St. Felix*, which is higher than the other, are situated on a rising Ground within the Walls, and absolutely command the City. The Walls on that Side are very plain, without Flanks or Defenses, excepting a few Towers raised here and there. As to the Castles, that of *St. Peter* is built towards the Middle of the Declivity in the old Manner, and flanked with Towers, which have Merlons and Loopholes, but without any Ditch.

The Castle of *St. Felix*, which they call the Citadel, stands much higher, and is built in the modern Way. It is a regular Square, with Bastions and Curtains. It is but a small Place, and capable of containing only a few People, but is of great Importance, as it commands the Castle as well as the City. It has no Out-works, not even a Covered Way ; its greatest Strength consists in its Situation, which is very rugged and steep. The Ditch is but small, and without any Counterscarpe.

Fine Pro-
spect from
them.

The
River
Adige, and
its Bridges

From these two Places we can survey the whole Extent of the City, and be charmed with its delightful Situation, which Mr. *Misson* could never be tired with contemplating. It is indeed a pretty unequal one, but the most agreeable that can be seen in the World. Thro' the Middle of the City runs the *Adige*, a large River, which your Countryman *Lassels* improperly Names the *Adda*, and which is the only considerable River in *Lombardy* that does not discharge itself into the *Po*. Over it are thrown four fine Stone-bridges, the handsomest of which is called *Castel-vetchio*, whose middle Arch is of an extraordinary Height and Breadth.

Remark
on the Si-
tuation of
Verona.

I must here take Notice, that either *Verona* has very much changed her Situation since the Days of *Silius Italicus*, who lived under *Nero*, or that this Poet is very much mistaken, when he says, in his eighth Book of the *Punic* War, that the *Adige* encompasses that City :

*Tum Verona Atbest circumflua, & undique solters
Arva coronantem nutrire Faventia pinum.*

The

The other Fortifications of *Verona*, tho' irregular, are at present in pretty good Repair, and well provided with Cannon, especially since the *Imperialists* under Prince *Eugene*, and the Armies of *France* and *Spain* under the Duke *de Vendosme*, encamp't so near the City, as that they could be distinctly viewed from its Ramparts. Such dangerous Neighbours greatly alarmed the Senate of *Venice*, which, to prevent a Surprize, instantly set about repairing the Fortifications, and guarded them with a strong Garrison.

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VERONA
The Fortifications
in good
Order.

Once more, I can't imagine what could induce Mr. *Misson* to write "that this City is ill peopled, that it has a mean Air, but little Commerce, and that it is far from being agreeable; in short, that there is nothing in it that can allure a Traveller; and that the most substantial Inhabitants live but poorly, and without any State or Pomp." All that we saw flatly contradicted this Account. I agree with him that the Suburbs of *St. Zeno's Gate* is not very populous, but the People swarm in the City itself, and after we pass'd the Triumphal Arch; so that great Crowds are seen almost every where in the Streets, especially on the Side of the Square, upon the Exchange, and the Bridges. But to prove that there is a great Trade at *Verona*, I need but inform you, that there are here a great many rich Bankers; that the Goods sent from *Germany* to the Fairs of *Bolzane*, in order to be transported into *Italy*, generally come thro' *Verona* by the *Adige*; that there are besides a vast Number of Silk-weavers, together with Swarms of *Jews* who carry on large Dealings.

Verona
very populous,
and full
of Trade.

As to the pretended poor Figure, and Way of Living of the Gentry, I can aver that we saw here a great Deal of Finery, and a vast Number of magnificent Coaches, and that Count *Moscardo*, with other credible Persons, assured us, that most of the Canons, all the Ecclesiastics of some Distinction, and almost every Gentleman keeps his Coach. Besides there is here a *Podestat* for administering Justice, and a *Capitano Grande*, who has the Charge of warlike Affairs, both of them noble *Venetians*, and each keeps a little Court, where there are very frequent Balls, and sometimes even Operas. You may imagine that all these are Inducements for the Nobility to make a Figure. In short, *Verona* appeared in our Eyes to be a fine large City, and we were joined in our Opinion by a good many Strangers who lodged with us in the same Inn.

And
Pomp.

As to its Original, Authors are divided: The pretended *Cato* and *Sempronius* of *Annius* of *Viterbo* say, that it was built by the *Tuscans*; *Ptolemy* and *Livy* by the *Gauls* under *Brennus*; and *Pliny* by the *Euganeans*. However that may be, after the *Romans* had chased the *Cenoman Gauls* from thence, they sent a Colony hither under *Cn. Pompeius Strabo*, Father to the great *Pompey*, in the Year of *Rome* 664. It was afterwards demolished under *Attila*, that true Scourge of God; by the *Goths*; and repaired by the *Lombards*, and *Charles the Great*. It fell afterwards into the Hands of different Masters, such as the Tyrant *Ezzelin*, the *Carraras*, the *Scaligers*, till

Original
and Hi-
story of
Verona.

1707. it came to its present Masters the *Venetians*, and it is now one of the best
Feb. 13. Cities upon all their Territories.

VERONA Its Situation is so pleasant, and the Air so pure and wholesome, that several *Roman* Emperors have lived long here on that very account. Not far from it lies the high Mountain *Baldo*, which produces a great many Medicinal Simples and Herbs, tho' its Top is covered with Snow thro' all the Seasons. It is plentifully furnished with excellent Fishes, particularly with a delicate Trout, named *Carpione*, from the Lake *de Garda*, anciently *Lacus Benacus*, which is thirty five Miles long and twelve broad. The Lake is famous for the little Island of *Sirmio*, so much celebrated by *Catullus*. It is sometimes as tempestuous as the Sea itself, as *Virgil* very well observes :

—Te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus, & fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino.

Virgil. Georg. lib. 2.

There vex'd by Winter-Storms Benacus raves,
Confus'd with working Sands and rolling Waves,
Rough and tumultuous, like a Sea it lies,
So loud the Tempest roars, so high the Billows rise.

ADDISON.

The
learned
Men of
Verona.

Verona has produced several learned Men, amongst others the Poets *Catullus* and *Emilius Macer*, who is so honourably mentioned by *Ovid*.

Sæpe juas volueres legit mihi grandior ævo
Quæque nocet serpens, quæ juvat herba, Macer.

Besides those two great Poets, this City likewise gave Birth to *Cornelius Nepos* and the two *Plinys*, if we are to believe *Eobanus Hessus*, who speaks of them in the following Terms :

Magna tuo salve major Verona Catullo,
Plinius hic cunas unus & alter habet.

But the Town of *Como* disputes the Birth of the elder *Pliny* with *Verona* : *Vitruvius* likewise was a *Veronese*, as was the Historian *Paulus Emilius*, *Hieronimus Fracastorius*, *Domitius Calderinus*, and *Onuphrius Panvius*. *Vir ad omnes & Romanas & Ecclesiasticas Antiquitates è tenebris eruendas natus*. That is, "A Man born for digging out of Obscurity all the Roman and Ecclesiastical Antiquities."

Fracas-
torius,
born with-
out a
Mouth.

I have read somewhere that *Fracastorius* was born without a Mouth, or with only a small Slit, or that his Lips were almost closed together, and that

that a Surgeon separated them with an Instrument; upon which *Julius Caesar Scaliger* composed the following Verses:

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VERONA
Epigram
of Scaliger
thereupon

*Os Fracastorio nascenti defuit, ergo
Sedulus attenta finxit Apollo manu.
Inde hauri, Medicusque ingens, ingensque Poëta,
Et magno facies omnia plena Deo.*

You know that *Fracastorius* was a Physician, and an excellent Poet, Philosopher, and Astrologer. In the first of those Professions he practised without taking any Fees for his Visits or Prescriptions, excepting when he attended the Fathers of the Council of *Trent* in Quality of their Physician. His Poem *de Syphilide*, which he address'd to Cardinal *Peter Bembo*, is incomparably fine; but his Poetic Fire seems to have been evaporated when he wrote his Poem upon the Adventures of *Joseph* the Patriarch; for it is in Truth but an indifferent Performance; so that honest *Fracastorius* did more honour to the Pox than to the Patriarch. The following Epitaph was compos'd by the same *Scaliger* upon his Death:

Several
Particulars
of his
Life.

*Hic situs est Fracastorius Hieronymus; urna
Quem capit, hic cepit pectore cuncta suo.
Sidera digessit: revocavit funera, Rerum
Naturæ imperii conscius, atque Dei.
Aut Heliconiadum fontem sibi sustulit omnem:
Aut tumulus vertex hic Heliconis erit.*

His Epi-
taph by
Scaliger.

The judicious Cardinal *Henry Norris*, formerly a religious *Augustine*, and Cardinal Professor of Ecclesiastical History at *Pisa*, and the learned *Tauellus Sarayna* were likewise of *Verona*. The former was Author of the *Historia Pelagiana*, printed at *Padua* in 1673. The History of the *Donatists*, a great many Works upon St. *Augustine's* Doctrine of Grace against Father *Macedo*; *Duplex Dissertatio de duobus Nummis Diocletiani*, printed at *Florence* in 1675. and several other Tracts. The latter wrote the History of his own Country in four Books.

Norris and
Sarayna.

But the peculiar Glory of this City lies in her four Ladies, viz. *Angela*, *Isota*, *Genevra*, and *Laura* who was of the Family of *Nogarola*. They lived towards the Middle of the XVth Century, and were all of them very learned, especially *Isota*, whom the famous Cardinal *Bessarion* having seen and talked with, calls *Virginem non humanam sed divinam*, i. e. Not a Mortal, but an Angelic Virgin. Pope *Pius II.* desired to enter into a literary Correspondence with her, and the learned *Bartholinus*, a Dane, made the following Verses to the Praise of these four Heroins:

Four re-
markably
learned
Ladies of
Verona.

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VERONA
Bartholomæus's Ver-
ses to their
Honour.

*Junxerat has patriæ splendor, generisque propago,
Et genii summas mascula scripta Deas.
Dumque tacent, illinc tacitum devolvitur ævum,
Et nostro surgunt, quæ rediere, solo.
Holkia Danorum sydus, Schurmannæ Batavum,
Sole peregrino composuere decus.*

Bishops &
Churches.

Verona is the Capital of the *Veronese*, and Suffragan to the Patriarch of *Aquileia*. It boasts of its having had thirty seven Bishops canonized, amongst whom is honest St. *Zeno*, who was so good-natured as to pardon the Devil *Asmodeus*, for insolently interrupting him in Divine Service. There are at least forty Churches in *Verona*, and at present there is still an Academy of *Literati*, who call themselves *Philharmonici*.

Fertility
of the
Soil-

The Soil about this Town is very fertile and well stocked with Cattle; but especially of the wooley Kind, with Corns, Wines, Oils, and Fruits, that are famous for their Goodness, particularly the Olives, which are better there than in any Place of *Europe* except *Lucca*; at least, I can't say that I ever eat any so good either in *Spain*, *Provence*, or *Languedoc*. We likewise got a Glass of a Kind of very good Red Wine from our Landlord; but all the other Wines in that Country which we tasted were either very flat, or rough, and very disagreeable to a Stranger not used to drink them. As to the Bread it is very bad, being heavy and hard, tho' the Corn of the Country is very good; the Reason of this is, that they don't know how to bake it, and they over-heat their Ovens.

Character
of the
Veronese.

As to the Inhabitants of *Verona* they have always passed for a very industrious People, and for having a very improvable Genius for every Thing that is good or useful. To prove this I will give you the two Encomiums made by the two *Scaligers*, Father and Son, upon *Verona* and its Inhabitants.

Enco-
mium of
this City,
and its
Inhabi-
tants by
*Julius
Cæsar
Scaliger*,

J. Cæsar's Scaligeri.

*Italiæ canimus semper Florentis ocellum:
Calliope nequeat grandius ulla loqui.
Aucta Deis, auctura Poli Verona Quirites:
Quot cives, tot habens sidera digna Jove.
Non animi, non ingenii vigor acrior usquam:
Nulla creat plures Martia terra Duces.
Transferre in cælum voluit sibi Jupiter: atquæ
Clarior in nostris maluit esse locis.*

Joseph

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and by
his Son
Joseph
Scaliger.

Josephi Scaligeri Jul. Cæs. Filii.

Ocelle Mundi, sidus Itali coeli,
Flos Urbium, flos, corculumque amœnarum
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere Verona:
Brenni Smaragde, Transpadane berylle,
Gallorum jaspis, Margarita Benaci,
Apex supremus Elegantiæ rerum,
Et meta summa, Dædaleæque naturæ.
Quam fronte prona, fascibusque submissis
Urbes adorent; et libenter agnoscant
Sublime Majestatis arduæ lumen:
Nisi orba lucis viveres, salutisque,
Injuriosa servitute prædonum.

O Diva, namque vorticosa tempestas?
Quis turbo? quæ ætuantis aura fortune
Te mutat aliam, quisve casus affligit?
Quæ tristis, exspes, cassa lucis, atrata
Squallentis obsoleta sordibus luctus.
Mæres, ut orba, quæ flet unicum mater?
Regina tot rerum, & tot Urbium princeps,
Ubi tuorum est lux vetusta sceptrorum?
Et aureo splendore fulta Majestas?
Illique magni gloriæ tuæ fasces?
Ubi Quirites heu tui, tui cives,
Delecta pubes, flosculus Juventutis?
Ubi divi alumni principes Jovis semen?
Proceres beati: debitum genus coelo?
Fulmen duelli: terror Adriæ magni:
Tutela Patriæ: spes labantium rerum:
Pacis sequestri: civibusque devoti,
Scaligera Soboles: qui Feretrium tantis
Tot olim opimis, teque, Diva, mactarunt:
Quis tot triumphos, tot trophæa, tot Laurus?
Quis sceptri honores, atque nomen Augustæ
Accepta debes: quæque mole sublimi
Educta Mausolea provocant coelum?
Proh sortem acerbam, proh volubilem casum:
Quanta è supremo culmine, è statu rerum
Quanta excidisti? non tibi obfuit tantum
(Nec posse credam) Nauta Japidis ripæ:
Quantum una, sudos quæ tibi dies, quæque
Fortuna præter propter invidit lucem.

Ast O venusta mater, O parens salve,
O mea creatrix: vosque rite Majorum

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ZA.

T R A V E L S

*Salvete manes. Ille ego Nepos vester,
Pila, atque lusus, ludicrumque fortuna:
Currens Parentis exul exulis cursum:
Pro farre falso, proque adereo libo,
Pro thure, proque februo parentali,
His vos saluto letus. Este felices.*

Battles
fought in
its Neigh-
bourhood.

I forgot to tell you, that it was in the Neighbourhood of *Verona* that *Marius*, in a famous Battle, defeated the *Cimbri*, and *Theodoric* King of the *Ostrogoths* cut in Pieces the Army of *Odoacer* King of *Italy*. These are the most remarkable Particulars that I have to inform you of with regard to this City.

C H A P. LXIX.

Wretched Roads between Verona and Vicenza, and Fertility of the Soil. Vicenza, a City and Bishoprick. Its Origin, History, and Description. The principal Churches. Ruins of an Amphitheatre, and two ancient Inscriptions. Convent of the Madona of Mount Beric, and its miraculous Image. Other Singularities of Vicenza: The famous City of Padua, called the Learned. Outrages formerly committed there by the Students. Pretended Tomb of Autenor. That of Lupatus, and his History. The University of late Years very much decayed.

Feb. 14.
Bad Roads
from Ve-
rona to
Vicenza.

I don't believe that in all *Italy* there is really a worse Road in the Winter-time than that from *Verona* to *Vicenza*, tho' we were told it was tolerably good in the Summer. Imagine to yourself at least a large Foot and half deep of Mud, covering an Infinity of huge large Pebbles, intermixed with a great Number of lesser ones, lying at three or four Inches distance from one another, and you may judge what kind of a Dance we had to lead. This delightful Sport continued however till about One o'Clock, when we halted to dine at a sorry Village called *La Torre di confini*, and not plain *La Torre*, as Mr. *Misson* calls it. This Village separates the *Veronese* from the *Vicentin*. After a very wretched Meal we continued our Journey to *Vicenza*, and found the Roads full as bad as before. We passed by a pretty good Town called *Montebello*, and sometime after we crossed by a Bridge, the little River called *La Gua*.

In going on we could not but observe, that the Soil of the *Vicentin* is very fat and fertile. On all Hands we saw nothing but Gardens, Meadows, well cultivated Fields, together with prodigious Quantities of Mulberry, Olive and other Trees, planted in the Form of a Chess-board. If you were told, that there is a certain Country in *Europe*, where the Vin-
tage

age is performed with Ladders of a good Height, you would take it for an Imposition. Yet it is true ; for in the *Veronese* and the *Vincentin*, their Vines, which they plant at the Foot of the Trees, shoot up as high as the highest Branches of those Trees, to which they stick very close, so that they must have Ladders to reap them. The Ground betwixt those Trees is cultivated, and carries very good Corn. In a Word, this little Spot is so fertile and plentiful in every thing, that most part of the Cattle, Fruits, Pulse and other Garden-stuff consumed in *Venice*, is brought from the *Vincentin*. As the plaguy Roads obliged us to travel very slowly, it was very late when we arrived at *Vincenza*, though it is no more than thirty Miles from *Verona*.

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VICENZA

The Inhabitants of *Verona* pretend, that their City is twice as large as *Vicenza*. Those of the Latter own that it is less, though not quite so small. But to make amends, they pretend that it is one of the oldest Cities in all *Italy* ; and that it was founded four hundred Years before the Birth of *Christ*, by the *Euganeans* ; that it was increased by the *Galli Senones*, under their Leader *Brennus*, who took *Rome*. It is certain that it has changed its Condition and Masters very often ; that it belonged by turns, to the *Romans*, the *Huns*, the *Goths*, the *Lombards*, the Kings of *Italy*, the Emperors of *Germany*, the *Scaligers*, the *Cararas*, till it fell into the Hands of its present Masters the *Venetians*. The Senate refused to gratify Pope *Paul III.* in his Request to make it the Seat of a General Council, which obliged him to hold it at *Trent*. This Refusal proceeded from a Refinement in Politics, they being afraid that *Solyman* the *Turkish* Emperor, with whom they had just made a Peace, should be jealous that they were soliciting the Princes of *Christendom* to make War against him. Upon this the Pope was forced to alter his Measures, and to summon his Council at *Trent*.

Feb. 15.
Description and Original of *Vicenza*

Vicenza is situated at the Foot of a rising Ground, and has no other Defence but a pitiful Wall, with Battlements defended by some square Towers ; In the middle of the City, there is still remaining some Part of the ancient Walls which originally surrounded it. The little Rivers of *Astego*, *Leogra*, and *Rerona*, together with the *Bacchiglione*, which is larger than all the others, run through it, and are mighty convenient for the Inhabitants, by setting their Paper Mills and Oil Mills, with their Silk and Iron Works a going. The Square, which they call *della Signoria*, or of the Lordship, is the largest of all their seven Squares, and perhaps the only one amongst them which deserves that Name. We there see the Town-house or the public Palace, which they cry up as a wonderful Piece. Its Tower is tolerably high and loaded with a great many Ornaments of Architecture and a pretty Clock : But neither all this, nor the Palace of their *Capitano-Grande*, nor that of their *Podesta*, before which we see two Marble Pillars supporting *St. Mark's* *Lion* of *Brass* gilt, nor that which they call the *Mount of Piety*, deserve the Epithets of *Maravigliosi* or *Stupenda*, *Marvelous*.

Situation and Description of *Vicenza*
Its Square and Tower house.

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VICENZA
Churches
and Ca-
thedral.

lous and Stupendous, which they give them. There are however a great Number of fine Houses in *Vicenza*.

Of all its Churches, those of the *Jesuits*, the *Carmelites*, *St. Jerome*, *St. Mary d'Araceli*, the *Coronata*, and that of the *Dominicans*, may pass for the finest. They contain a great many Pictures of old *Bassan*, old *Palma*, *Paul Veronese*, *Paris Bordone*, and other great Painters. The Cathedral, which is in the same Square with the Bishop's Palace, has nothing remarkable about it but the high Altar, supported by several Pillars, with a Cornish of very fine Marble on the Top, some good Paintings, and two very old Tombs in the Choir: Its Roof is tolerably high and wide.

Tomb
and Epi-
taph of
the Poet
Ferretus.

In the Church of *St. Laurence*, we see the Tomb of a *Vicentine* Poet named *Ferretus*, who wrote the History of the Lords of *Scala*, formerly Princes of *Verona*, in Verse. He was likewise Author of a Book of Annals, and the History of the *Genoese* War, with some other Works, as may be seen by his Epitaph, which is as follows:

*Hic situs est clarâ Ferretus origine vates,
Scaligeros decuit quem cecinisse Duces.
Scripsit & Annales, Genuense & in ordine bellum,
Et nova de priscis carmina temporibus.
Et decus hic Patriæ, Ferretæ hic gloria gentis;
Hic locat æternum nomen, & ossa, lapis.*

Pretended
Remains
of an Am-
phitheatre

As we had been told of the Remains of an Amphitheatre, which they pretend to have been one of the finest in all *Italy*, we went to one of the Extremities of the City, to see those pretended Remains, but were surprised to find only a few pitiful Ruins, which are so inconsiderable that 'tis impossible to judge, whether they are those of an Amphitheatre, or of some other Building. In the Wall of a House adjoining to those Ruins, are two old Marbles with the following Inscriptions.

Two an-
cient
Marbles
and their
Inscrip-
tions.

I.

IMP. CAES.
MARCO. ANTONIO.
GORDIANO. PIO.
FEL. AVG. PP. COS. II.
PROCOS. TRIB.
POT. V. PONT. MAX.
RESPUBLICA.
EX. LIBERALITATE.
MATIDIARVM.
P. D.

SEX.

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Feb. 15.

VICENZA

II.

SEX. ATILIVS. M. F. SERRANVS.

PROCOS. EX. SENATVS. C.

INTER. ATESTINOS.

ET, VEICENTINOS.

FINEIS. TERMINOS. QUE.

STATVI. IVSSIT.

.....
.....

The Place which they call the *Field of Mars*, is a public Walk where the Nobility resort every Evening, in their Coaches to take the Air. At different Seasons of the Year, several Fairs are also held in this Place. The Triumphal Arch which stands at the Entry is very fine, and of the famous *Paladio's* Architecture, together with the Theatre in the *Olympian Academy*, which we were told can contain 3000 People.

We went likewise to see the Convent of our Lady of *Mont-Beric*, famous all over that Country for the great Number of Miracles she has wrought. We mount to this Church by a grand Stair-case with upwards of 150 Steps, upon which we enter by a spacious Marble Portico, ornamented with Columns and Statues. The Church is enriched with a great many Lamps and Candlesticks of Silver, Pictures, *Basso-Relievo's* and Pillars of Marble, which ornament its Altar.

But what is more valuable than all, is our *Lady* herself; who, according to her Legend, made a sudden Leap from under the Ground to the Place where she is now to be seen. All that could be said to persuade her to take up her Residence at *Vicenza* could not prevail with her, and all they could do to force her to remove from thence was ineffectual; for she kept as immoveable as the Tower of *Babel*, or the God *Terminus*.

From this Eminence, we see the whole Extent of *Vicenza*, with the fine fertile Plain in which it is situated, together with the beautiful Risings of the Mounts called *Euganeans*, and a great many Country Seats belonging to several Counts and Marquisses.

You no doubt remember the humourous Saying of the Emperor *Charles* the Vth, when he conferred those Titles upon the Nobility of *Vicenza*, who importuned him for them a little too forwardly. In order to rid himself of their troublesome Sollicitations, he told them all at once, that he made them all Counts and Marquisses, both City and Suburbs. These Noblemen are civil enough to Strangers, though 'tis said there are more Assassines amongst the Commonalty here, than in any other City of Italy.

Though *Vicenza* is subject to the *Venetians*, yet it enjoys a great many fine Privileges. It has Consuls or Judges, who determine in all criminal and capital Causes: Their Determination, together with that of the *Po-*destat of *Vicenza*.

Numb. X.

M m m

destat

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ZA.

destat is final, without any Appeal lying from their Sentences; a Privilege which we are told, no other City in *Italy* enjoys but this. *Urbis Reſtores nequeunt Criminales, ut aiunt, cauſas decernere abſque conſultatione quorundam ex præcipuis Vicentiæ Civibus, qui hoc Privilegio fruuntur antiquitus, ut criminalia delicta ſimul cum Magiſtratu ipſi quoque dijudicent.* That is, "The Governors of the City (meaning the *Podestat* and the *Capitano Grande*) cannot, as they ſay, judge criminal Cauſes, without conſulting with ſome of the chief Citizens of *Vicenza*, who anciently had this Privilege of judging in all criminal Cauſes with the Government." *Philip. Honorius in relat. Rep. Ven.* There is likewiſe at *Vicenza*, an Academy of *Literati*, who are nick-named *Gli Olympici*. It is the Capital of the *Vicentin*, which is a ſmall but fertile Country ſituated amidſt *Tirol*, the Marquiſate of *Triviſane*, the *Veroneſe* and the *Paduan*. It is alſo a Biſhopric Suffragan of *Aquilea*.

Learned
Men.

This City boaſts of being the Native Country of the Grammarian *Rhemmius Palemon*, Preceptor to the Poets *Lucan* and *Perſius*; of *Cecinna*, who was General of the Army of *Vitellius* againſt *Otho*; of the two holy Martyrs *Fortunatus* and *Felix*, of *Joſeph Gualdus*, *Vicentius Colcæus*, *Anthonius Luſcus*, *Johannes Ferretus*, *Georgius Triffinus*, and of the two learned Brothers, *Fabius* and *Julius Pacius*, one of them a Philoſopher and Phyſician, and the other a Philoſopher and an able Lawyer. The one died in the Year 1614. at *Vicenza* where he was born, aged 66 Years, and the other at *Valence* in *Dauphinè*, in the Year 1635, aged 86.

Several
Particu-
lars con-
cerning
the Inha-
bitants.

In walking along the Streets, we ſaw a great many Women who gain their Livelyhood by thowing of Silk, and a great many Manufacturers who prepare it for them. Moſt part of the Houſes have nothing but Paper or Gauze to their Windows inſtead of Glaſs; and they who have won Prizes by ſhooting at a Mark, cauſe the ſame Mark pierced through to be fixed to the Front of their Houſes, as ſo many Trophies of their Glory. Theſe are all the remarkable Particulars I can inform you of in Relation to this City, where we ſtaid but one Day; I hope to find ſomething at *Padua* which will furniſh you with more Entertainment. I forgot to tell you, that at a little Diſtance from *Vicenza* there are two famous Marble Quarries, in a Mountain called *Monte-Caveto*, anciently *Mons Cornelius*.

Feb. 16.

Departure

from Vi-

cenza.

This Morning we ſet out for *Padua*. The Roads continued ſo wretched, that we were obliged to walk moſt of the Way on foot. About a League from *Vicenza* we paſſed the little River *Tezenza*, and about Noon we arrived at a large Inn near the High-way, three Leagues from *Padua*. Here we dined, and every thing was exceſſively bad, eſpecially the Drink, tho' the Country affords moſt excellent Wines. Notwithſtanding this miſerable Entertainment, we paid extravagantly dear for it; and indeed, the *Italian* In-keepers are in general downright Cut-throats.

The bad Way continued till within a League of *Padua*, where we paſſed the *Brenta*, the *Medoacus* of the Ancients, and entered the City towards the Evening.

I

Next

Next Day we went out to walk about the Town : The first thing I took notice of is, that almost all the Houses are built upon Portico's, under which one may walk without any Inconveniencies, either from the Sun or Rain ; but this Conveniency occasions the Streets to be narrow and dark. It was under these Porticoes that the famous Assaults and Batteries, called the *Qui-va-li*, were performed. The Students of *Padua* had, as it were, acquired a Right to murder, or at least to break the Bones of such People as passed that way a little too late. But this terrible Privilege, which they had assumed by Violence, has been entirely lost for these nine or ten Years, during which Time there has not been a single Instance heard, either of a Murder or an Insult.

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The
Qui-va-li.

Is it not surprizing, that a Man of Mr. *Misson*'s good Sense, should pretend, in his Account of this Country, that the suffering these dreadful Disorders so long to continue, was owing to the refined Politics of the Senate of *Venice* ? Not, says he, but that they are very well able to restrain this Licentiousness, be it ever so violent ; but the refined Politics of the Venetians, which they carry to terrible Lengths, designs that this Patrol, which costs them nothing, shall serve as a Scourge for the *Paduans*. I will inform you farther another Opportunity. What a Pity is it that Mr. *Misson* did not at once unriddle to his Friend the whole Secret of those refined Politics, with Regard to the *Paduan Qui-va-li* ? In truth, it would be a strange and an unconceivable Refinement in the Senate, wantonly to ruin and turn into a Desert one of the most flourishing Cities in their whole Dominions, and whose famous University attracts the Learned from all Parts of *Europe*. What Motive of Hatred against the poor Inhabitants of this Place could induce the Sovereigns, to suffer them to be visited with such a terrible Calamity ? Were the *Paduans* Rebels or public Rioters so dangerous to a State, that those refined Politicians should mark them out to piece-meal Ruin by this noble Patrol ? Let us rather account for it by saying, that it is probable that the Number of Students, which formerly amounted to 12 or 13,000 composed of different Nations, by Degrees introduced these Outrages and Assassinations in the Streets : That it was then utterly impossible to put a Stop to them by downright Force, but that the Number of Students diminishing by degrees, the Government began to suppress the *Qui-va-li*, by making several Examples of the most guilty.

Mr. *Misson*'s Notions about the *Qui-va-li* of *Padua* confuted.

Mr. *Misson* himself, but inaccurately, relates a pretty considerable Instance of this Kind. It is that of a Fine which some Rioters were obliged to pay about 25 Years ago, and which was converted into one of the largest Silver Lamps now to be seen in the magnificent Chapel of *St. Anthony* ; not, as Mr. *Misson* says, for killing a Man at the Entry of the Church ; but for having the Insolence to pursue with Pistols in their Hands, three *Sbirri* even into the Church itself. The *Decemvirs* entered so seriously into the Cognizance of this Fact, that the Offenders, who were very numerous, were banished the City with Sound of Trumpet, and it was a long time before the pressing Sollicitations of the principal Inhabitants, to whom they were related,

How these Riots were punished and suppressed.

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lated, could obtain leave for their Return. We were told this History by a Person of very great Veracity of *Padua*, and it was confirmed to us by Mr. *Dumont*, who were both of them Eye-witnesses of the Fact. The former has lived in this Town for upwards of these sixty Years the other for thirty; and Mr. *Misson* quotes him as a very creditable Person, and one very well versed in every thing relating to that City.

The
Tomb of
Antenor.

The pretended Tomb of *Antenor* stands against the Wall of the small Church of St. *Laurence*. It is supported by four small Pillars, which the Hyperbolous *Jouvin de Rochfort* terms, tall *Marble Columnes*. The Inscription upon them is as follows:

*Potestate * Nobili viro Domino
Fantone de Rubeis de Florentia,
perfectum fuit hoc opus.*

Mistakes
of several
Authors
as to its
Inscription

A great many Travellers have given an Account of the *Latin Verses* engraved upon the Tomb, but for want of copying them exactly, some way or other, their Accounts have been still unfaithful. The Anonymous Author of *Travels through France and Italy*, printed at *Paris* by *Dezallier*, in 1667. says that *those Verses are wrote upon the Covering of the Tomb*; which is a Mistake, for they are inscribed upon one of its Fronts. Some have added Words and Letters that are not there, and others have omitted what is actually there. Mr. *Misson*, in the last Edition of his Book, owns, that like others he had copied them unfaithfully; but he has corrected them in that Edition, excepting in the Figure of the Tomb, where he has suffered the former Inaccuracy to remain. The Verses are exactly as follows, inscribed in *Gothic Characters*:

The true
one.

*C. Inclitus Antenor. Patriam vox nisa quietem.
Transtulit hic Enetum Dardanidumque fugas.
Expulit Euganeuos Patavinā qdidit urbem.
Quem tenet hic humili marmore cesa domus.*

Other
Mistakes
of Travel-
lers con-
cerning
the same.

Pflaumeren a German Lawyer, and Author of the *Mercurius Italicus*, printed at *Lyons* in 1628, gives the first Line as follows:

*Inclitus Antenor, post eruta Pergama bello
Transtulit &c.*

Paulus Merula a learned Professor at *Leyden*, in his Description of *Italy*, reads it thus.

Inclytus Antenor postdiruta moenia Trojæ.

* That is to say the *Pedestat*,

But both are wrong. They have likewise put in the last Line, *Quem tegit*, ^{1707.} for *Quem tenet*. Your Countryman *Lassels* tells us very gravely, "That ^{Feb. 17.} there is an Inscription in Gothic Characters upon *Antenor's* Tomb, ^{PADUA.} which makes him doubt whether it be so ancient as it is said to be. You will judge whether a Man needs be a Conjuror to find this out, after reading that it is not much above 400 Years since this Tomb was discovered, and that those Letters were engraved upon one of its Sides after this Discovery; so that *Lassel's* poor Reasoning makes nothing against the Antiquity of the Tomb, supposing it to be that of *Antenor*, which I believe as little as he does.

I am surprised that none of these Travellers, not even Mr. *Misson*, who values himself upon his Exactness, even in Trifles, and gives us an Abridg-^{Tomb}ment of the History of the Discovery of *Antenor's* Tomb, has said nothing ^{and Epi-} of that of *Lupatus*, which stands likewise against a Wall of the same Church, ^{taph of} the Entry being betwixt both, yet it was very natural for him to have ^{Lupatus.} mentioned it. This *Lupatus* was a Magistrate of *Padua* when this pretended Coffin of *Antenor* was discovered. He had a chief Hand in making it pass for his, and ordered the four Verses which we have already mentioned to be cut upon it, and which are as unintelligible as the four last of the eight which are cut upon his own Tomb as follows.

Id quod es, antè fui; quid sim post funera queris?
Quod sum, quicquid id est, tu quoque, Lector, eris.
Igneæ pars Coelo, cæsæ pars Offea Rupi,
Lectori cessit nomen inane Lupi.

Below these Verses, are the four following.

Mors mortis, morti mortem, si morte dedisset,
Hic foret in terris, aut integer Astra petisset,
Sed quia dissolvi fuerat sic juncta necesse,
Ossa tenet Saxum, proprio mens gaudet inesse:
Obiit anno nat. XRI. M.CCC. nono.
*Septimo die intrante Marcio **

There are likewise upon this Tomb of *Lupatus*, two Wolves in Bas-relief (his proper Arms) with an Inscription under one of them in large Gothic Characters as follows.

† Loupati Paduani militis,
Judicis & Poëtæ.

The anonymous Author of Travels thro' France and Italy, whom I ^{Mistake} have already mentioned, says, "That near *Antenor's* Tomb, there is ano-^{of an ano-}ther with a Greek Epitaph, and that they who are curious, may examine ^{ymous} it. As the Gothic Characters of the Epitaph and Inscription upon *Lupatus's* ^{Author.} Tomb

* Instead of *Marcio*,

† *Tumulus Loupati.*

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Attempts
to make
Sense of
this Epi-
taph.Merry
Story of
Lupatus.The Uni-
versity
formerly
very flo-
rishing.Bright
Encomi-
ums of it
by several
learned
Men.

Tomb are exceedingly hard to decypher this Author probably mistook them for *Greek Letters*; and yet he is upon every Occasion dealing in *Greek Etymologies* that he may pass with his Readers for a thorough Master of that Tongue.

When I said that the last four Lines were unintelligible, I meant that they could not be reconciled to plain common Sense any other way, than by supposing the two first Lines to import that "If *Jesus Christ* who triumphs over *Death*, and is here called *Mors Mortis*, had by his *Death*, redeemed Mankind from bodily *Death*, the Corpse enclosed in this Tomb would have been still alive, or would have ascended alive into Heaven; *Aut integer Astra petisset*. If you can find any better Meaning in it I beg you to let me know it when you write to me.

We are here told a little Story of this *Lupatus*, which I thought diverting enough. Before he was a Magistrate of *Padua*, his Profession was that of a Counsellor at Law. A Client coming to him to beg that he would plead his Cause, which was very pressing and important; *Lupatus* instantly went into Court with him, in a pitiful Dress which he generally wore when he was amongst his Books. The Judge, who had been but lately raised to the Bench, and who never passed for a Conjuror in Learning, was unacquainted with *Lupatus*, and seeing one in so mean a Habit undertake to plead a Cause of such Importance, looked upon him very contemptuously. *Lupatus* perceived this, and began to plead in what we call *Kitchen Latin*, which confirmed the Judge in his Opinion of him. In order to have some Diversion at *Lupatus*'s Cost, he interrupted him hastily and asked him, *Scis Literas*, (do you understand Letters) *Lupatus* instantly answered, *Scis Paucas*, (you understand little of them.) The Judge imagining he had committed a Blunder and mistaken *Scis* for *Scio*, (You) for (I) continued to play upon him. But *Lupatus*, who had done it archly to expose the Judge's Ignorance, instantly altered his Style, and after pleading his Client's Cause with a great deal of Eloquence, he went from the Bar, leaving the Judge quite dumb-founded, and he having asked the Name of that Counsellor, understood that he was one of the most learned Men in *Padua*.

The University was founded by *Charles* the Great, and augmented by the Emperor *Frederic II*. *Huguetan* says, by *Frederic Barbarossa*, in Pique to the University of *Bologna*, but he is certainly mistaken. Others say, that it was not founded till the Year 1221. However that may be, it has been for these many Years one of the most famous in all *Europe*, and so flourishing as to render *Padua* a second *Athens*, and acquire to her the Epithet of *PADUA the Learned*.

An ingenious Poet names it

——— *Juris legumque Corona,*
Et sacræ Themidis, Justitiæque Domus.

The

The famous Lawyer *Jason* speaks of it in the following honourable Terms: *Si quem, neque Urbis Patavinæ vetustas movet, quam constat à Trojanæ Antenore conditam esse, neque amplitudo, sive triplicem murorum ambitum interfluente Timavo consideret, sive Prætorium, omniumque in Orbe memorantur, dignissimum; moveat saltem Patavinæ Academiæ gloria: est enim totius Italiæ celeberrima, & veluti Atheniensis Areopagusque semper viros in omni ingenuarum Artium genere claros & celebres fovit, auxitque; ac nobilium Auditorum frequentia semper abundavit, non modò illorum qui Venetæ ditioni subsunt, sed etiam exterarum Gentium, ac remotissimarum Nationum.*

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At present it is entirely stript of all its former Lustre: The War which has for so many Years desolated Europe, and the Deaths of so many learned Professors, who had so long filled her Chairs, have reduced her Students from 12 or 13,000, their ordinary Number, to 400: This small Number, and the exemplary Punishments inflicted upon them from time to time, have occasioned, as I said before, the *Qui-va-li* to be utterly abolished.

Now very much decayed.

The Building of the University, is one of the handsomest old ones in the whole City. It is square, and contains several Schools, a great number of Rooms, and two Galleries one over another, supported by 64 large Stone Pillars; their Walls and Cieling are adorned with a great many Busts, Portraits and Coats of Arms of the most distinguished Students. Over the great Gate, supported by some Pillars and Figures of Lyons, there is a Latin Inscription, but it is so long that I would not undertake to copy it. The *Anatomy Hall* is amongst its finest Halls; there is here an Amphitheatre so artfully fitted up, that upwards of a thousand Persons may, without incommoding one another, see the Dissection of a Body. Upon the Wall of the Law-School there is this Riddle. *Un cento, un cinque, un cinquanta, un zero, Sono l'aspro, cagion che mi desperg*: explain it if you can.

Its Building, and several Apartments.

This is the only one that remains of all the ten Colleges or Public Schools that were formerly at Padua: It is called the *College of the Ox*, because there formerly stood near it an Inn with the Sign of that Animal. *Lassels* will have that Name given to it, "because it, as well as the University of Padua, was established by certain English Doctors of the University of Oxford." Now you know, that the Arms of Oxford are an Ox or Cow, (*Isis*) and this was Ground sufficient for honest *Lassels* to draw this Consequence, and deprive Charles the Great of the Honour of founding the Universities of Pavia and Padua.

There is but one College remaining

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PADUA.

C H A P. LXX.

Containing a curious Account of the most celebrated Learned Men born at Padua, or who have taught the Sciences in that famous University.

Learned
Men of
the Uni-
versity of
Padua.

Petrus
Pompona-
tius and
his Works

I Believe it will not be amiss to present you here, with a small Catalogue of the most learned and famous Men who have taught in this University, or have resided in this City. I will begin with

PETRUS POMPONATIUS of *Mantua*; he was a little Man, but lively and very learned. He studied Philosophy under the Celebrated *Thomas de Vio Cajetan*, who wrote Commentaries upon the *Summa* of *St. Thomas Aquinas*. This *Cajetan* was a subtle, cunning *Jacobine*, afterwards Cardinal, and infected *Pomponatius* with some of his own Poison, which afterwards corrupted a great many more. While *Pomponatius* was Professor at *Padua*, under the Popedom of *Leo* the Xth. he was in great Danger of being burned alive for teaching; *Animas post mortem Corporis interituras ex Sententia Aristotelis*. "That *Aristotle* was of Opinion, that "Souls perished after the Death of the Body." He was saved by Cardinal *Peter Bembo*; and *Pomponatius* wrote an Apology for his Book, which was worse than the Book itself. He likewise pretended to assign a natural Reason, in his Book *de Incantationibus*, for the Miracle of raising *Lazarus* from the Grave.

History of
La Porta
the Phy-
sician.

In this he was followed by a Physician of *Montpelier*, one *La Porta*, who in the Year 1608. made a public Discourse to prove, that there was no manner of Miracle in this Resurrection, because it was wrought on the fourth Day, whereas it could not be miraculous, unless the four Days had been quite elapsed. This *La Porta* was a Jew by Religion and Birth, and descended of the Jewish Physicians who came from *Spain* to *Avignon* and *Montpelier*, and he counterfeited being a Christian, though in Reality he was a Jew.

*Pompona-
tius* was
reckoned
an Atheist.

As to *Pomponatius*, he was an Atheist, or at least a very dangerous Free-thinker, because he had a great deal of Wit. After being Professor for a long time at *Padua*, he was invited to *Bologna* where he died, aged 63, of a Retention of Urine. His Body was sent to *Mantua*, where it was buried.

The Time
of his
Death.

Moreri and his Reviser say, that *Pomponatius* died in 1512, whereas this Philosopher has taken all necessary Precaution to prevent Posterity from falling into any manner of Mistake as to the Chronology of his Life; for he took care to add to all his Works, the Year and the Day in which he gave them the finishing Hand. It would tire you should I here relate all those different Passages: I shall only give you one which is at the End of his

his Treatise *de Nutritione & Augmentatione*, to prove that he was still living, after the Year 1520. *Ad laudem Dei Patris, Filii, & Spiritus Sancti, & gloriosissimæ Matris Domini Jesu Salvatoris nostri, necnon salutiferæ crucis, in cujus vigilia ego Petrus filius Joannis-Nicolai Pomponatii Mantuani, finem imposui huic negotio die 3. Septemb. 1521. anno Pontificatus nono Divi Leonis Xmi. anno verò primo Ducatus Venetorum Antonii Grimani, in almo Gymnasio Bononiensi, in capella Sancti Barbatiani Confessoris.* 1707.
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All those whom Pomponetius wrote against, have not failed however to commend him very much, excepting Ganellus a learned Jacobine who was his mortal Enemy. No body has ever convicted him of Falsity in his Writings, or been able to refute his Reasonings with Solidity. He was praised even by his Enemies.

PIERUS VALERIANUS BELLINENSIS, was a very learned Man, as his Writings sufficiently witness. He has wrote upon *Virgil*, upon the Sphere, and a Treatise *de Literatorum infelicitate*, together with a Book, which is now very rare, *de Fulminum significatione*, printed in 1517. He refused several Benefices, preferring a private Life, and to be the Votary of the Muses: *Musis sacra facere*. He died at Padua in 1558, the same Year with Farnel and the Elder Scaliger. Pierius Valerianus Bellinensis.

MELCHIOR GUILLANDINUS, a Native of *Konigsberg* in Prussia, has been one of the most learned Men of his Age. The Curiosity which he had when young of seeing foreign Places, could not be confined to Europe, nay scarcely to the whole Globe. Happily for him, his Passion was gratified by means of a noble Venetian's Liberality, who enabled him to travel over Asia and Africa. Being satisfied with the Botanical Discoveries he had made in those vast Countries, he prepared to make new ones in America. For this Purpose he returned out of Egypt to Sicily, with a View of embarking for Lisbon, from whence he was to sail for America. But in his Passage betwixt Sicily and Lisbon, the Ship he was in was attacked off of the Isle of Sardinia by ten Turkish Gallies. After fighting for seven full Hours, and beating the Enemies several Times off, they were obliged to yield to Numbers, and to suffer themselves to be carried to Algiers to serve on board their Gallies. Melchior Guilandinus, a great Traveller and Botanist.

Guilandin was there when Assan the Son of Cheredin, called Barbarossa, was Governor of Algiers. Having been in this State of Slavery for several Years, he was delivered from it by the Generosity of Gabriel Fallopius, Professor of Botany and Surgery at Padua, who ransomed him in 1556. He was there made Botanic Professor, and Keeper of the Garden of Simples, in 1561. He died December the 25th 1589. He had a strong Dispute with the younger Scaliger about the *Papyrus Ægyptiaca*. The latter wrote Remarks upon the Commentary which Guilandin had published on three Chapters of Pliny, where this Plant is mentioned; and Guilandin instigated Schiopi to write his *Scaliger Hypobolimeus*, against his Pretensions of being the Descendant of the Princes of Verona.

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PADUA.
Fredericus
Pendafius,
a famous
Philoso-
pher.

FREDERICUS PENDASIUS, was of *Mantua*, a great Philosopher and a voluminous Writer. He was Author, amongst other Things, of a Treatise *De corporum cælestium natura*, printed at *Mantua* in 1555. *Octavo*; and another intituled *Physicæ auditionis texture libri octo*, published at *Venice* 1603, in *Folio*. *Pendafius* was Professor in the University of *Padua*, from the Year 1564, to the Year 1571, when he was invited to *Bologna*, where he spent the Remainder of his Days, which ended in 1601. He was Master to *Zabarella* and *Fortunius Licetus*. His Professorship was vacant for 27 Years, for want of a Person of equal Abilities with him to fill his Chair.

*Eustachius
Rudius, a
Physician.*

EUSTACHIUS RUDIUS of *Udina*, was one of the most famous Professors of Medicine in *Padua*. His Reputation of prognosticating was so great, that no body would venture to attempt the curing any Patient whom he had given over; so that it grew a Proverb through all *Italy*, "God keep you from the Prognostic of *Rudius*." He died about the Year 1612. The first of his Works is his Treatise *de virtutibus & vitiis cordis*, printed at *Venice* in 1587. *Tomasini* calls him *Eustachius Rudius Bellumensis*, but he always took the Name of *Utinensis*, in all his Works. *Vander Linden* has given us a Catalogue of all the Works which this Physician published, but we ought to add some that are in the *Oxford Catalogue*.

*Antonius
Maginus,
a Mathe-
matician.*

ANTONIUS MAGINUS was born at *Padua*, and a great Mathematician. He has left *Astronomical Tables of the movable Stars of the first and second Orders*. *Ephemerides*, a Commentary upon *Hippocrates's Book upon critical Days*, and the *lawful Use of Astrology in Medicine*. Another intituled *Italy*, which his Son *Fabio* published at *Bologna* in 1602, and a great many others, some of which have even been translated into *French*, such as *Lessons upon the Appearances and wonderful Effects of the Concave Spherical Mirror*; translated by *J. Jaques Boissier of Provence*, Professor of *Mathematics* at *Paris*, and printed there in 1620.

While *Maginus* was Professor at *Padua*, he one Day got *Notes of the Nativity* of two great Princes, and he was desired to cast their Horoscopes. After looking upon them, he returned them with this cold Answer: "That those two Persons did not deserve to have their Horoscopes cast; that both of them had very little Understanding, and would create a great deal of Mischief in the World, that their Nativity was very unhappy, and that he had nothing more to say on that Head." One of these Princes however became a King. The great Reputation of *Maginus* occasioned his being called to *Bologna*, where he professed the Mathematics till he died, which was occasioned by an Apoplexy in the Year 1617, aged 61 Years. He was a very large Man.

CÆSAR CREMONINUS, born at *Cento* in the *Ferrarese*, upon the Confines of the Territories of *Modena*, was Professor of Philosophy at *Padua* for 40 Years. He was one of the most famous Professors that ever was in *Italy*. He lived in great Pomp, his Lodging and Furniture being as magnificent as those of a Cardinal at *Rome*. His House was a Palace, and he was served by a Steward of his Household, *Valets de Chamber* and other Officers, and maintained two Coaches, and six good Horses to each. Besides 400 Scholars which he had, he likewise drew two thousand Crowns for his Salary as Professor. *Cujas*, who was a most excellent Lawyer, never had in *France* more than 15 or 1600 Livres of Pension.

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Cæsar
Cremoninus, a Philosopher.

Cremonin had a lively and universal Genius, was a Man of Address, He was knew the World, and was perfectly sensible of the Truth, but durst never speak it out in *Italy*. Most of the Professors in that Country were formerly Men of Sense, and free from vulgar Prejudices, with a thorough Comprehension of the Difference betwixt Right and Wrong. *Cremonin* acted his Part very cunningly; he appeared to have a great deal of Religion, but had not a Grain of it, at least of the Religion of this Country. One of his favourite Maxims was, *Intus ut libet, foris ut mos est*. "Within as you please, but Outwardly follow the Fashion."

He was
a Free-thinker.

There were a great many other Unbelievers in *Italy* besides *Cremonin*. *Macchiavel* played the same Game. *Cardan*, *Castellanus*, *Pomponatius*, *Borro*, *Boccace*, *Bembo*, *Sannazarius*, *Aretin*, and all who have wrote upon the Immortality of the Soul, are of the same Number.

Several
other
Learned
of the
same
Mind.

To conclude, *Cremonin* died in the Year 1631, aged 80, not of the Plague, according to *Imperialis*, and *Freberus* and *Bayle* after him, but of a Refluxion that fell down upon his Breast; for *Thomassin* assures us that he died, *Non quidem Peste, sed Distillatione senio familiari*. We have a great many Works of *Cremonin*, and amongst others, a Treatise *de calido innato; de Semine; Apologia de origine & principatu Membrorum*, which is so valuable a Work, that *Riolanus*, a famous Physician at *Paris*, said, "If *Hippocrates* and *Galen* had joined in composing a Treatise upon that Subject, they could not have succeeded better."

His Death
& Works.

LAURENTIUS PIGNORIUS, was Curate of St. *Laurence* at *Padua*, an excellent Humanist, a skilful Antiquarian, and the great Friend of *Dominico Molino*, Proveditor of the *Venetian* Republic, his *Mæcenæ* and Patron. *Pignorius* wrote a good deal, and as he was a Person of great Curiosity, he had a Cabinet of Rarities, which every Body, who went thro' *Padua*, went to visit. *Tomassini* caused the Encomium of this learned Man to be printed in 1632. with a Catalogue of his Works, and the Rarities in his Collection. *Pignorius* was born October 12. 1571. and died June 15. 1631. of the Plague, aged fifty nine Years and eight Months. Sometime before his Death his Patron procured him a Canonship at *Tre-*

Laurentius
Pignorius.

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visa, and after his Death caused to be erected to his Memory the Monument which we see under the Portico of the Church of St. Laurence in that City, with the following Inscription :

His Epi-
tadh.

D. O. M.

Alteri bujus Ecclesiae primum Parocho, deinde Tarvisii Canonico. Pietate ac morum sanctitate spectatissimo. Vero Candoris & Pudoris exemplo. Litterarum omnium cum graviorum, tum politiorum peritissimo. Penitioris Antiquitatis non minus certo quam curioso Indagatori. Patriae, Amicorum, & sui ipsius memoriae luculentissimis scriptionibus Propagatori. Musarum denique & gratiarum corculo & oculo. Dominicus Molinus Sen. Ven. Amico ac Hospiti carissimis & jucundissimo P. Obiit Anno M.DC.XXXI. 1d. Junii. Vixit Ann. LIX. Mens. VIII.

Antonius
Quæren-
gus.

ANTONIUS QUÆRENGUS was a Native of Padua, a learned Man, and a voluminous Writer. He was Referendary of both Signatures, Domestic Prelate to Urban VIII. and Canon of Padua. In short, he appeared and lived like a great Lord. He was born in 1546. and died at Rome in 1633. aged eight six Years. *Allatius* has celebrated him by a long Encomium in his *Apes Urbane*.

Gaspar
Scioppius.
His Name
and Fa-
mily. }

GASPAR SCIOPPIUS, a learned German, was a great Critic and a bloody Satirist. A German Author who writes his Life says, that his Father was *Ædituus & Vespillo in pago quodam Palatinatus non ignoto*, i. e. Beadle and Sexton in a well known Village of the Palatinate. His true Name was *Schopp*, to which he added that of *Munster*, a noble Family in that Country, to which he pretended to be long. In the Dedication of his *Theses de Injuriis* he says, that his Great Grandfather lived to the Age of One hundred and ten Years, and his Great Grandmother to that of One hundred and five. The same Historian adds, that his Mother, who was a Soldier's Widow, married the Father of *Scioppius* the very Day after her former Husband was buried; and that our Satirist's Sister was all her Life a *Lady of Pleasure*.

His Life
and
Works.

He past thro' his Studies at the Expence of the Elector, first at *Amberg*, then at *Heidelberg*, and lastly at *Altorff*. In his Youth he published at *Ingolstadt*, *Diversorum Poëtarum in Priapum lusus*, *Virgilio hætenus in vulgatis libris ascripti cum commentariis Gasparis Schoppii Franci*. These Commentaries are obscene beyond any Thing ever published. The learned Lawyer *Giphanus*, who received him very familiarly at his Table and into his Study, accused him of stealing from him a Manuscript *Symmachus*, with Notes of his own Hand-writing: He complained of this Theft both by Words and Writing, which drew a whole Torrent of Abuse upon him from *Scioppius*. He

likewise wrote a vast Number of Satyrs against the Jesuits, whom he termed openly *Iberam parricidarum cohortem*, that is, The Murderous Troop of Portuguese.

From *Ingolstadt* he returned to *Altorf*, and went from thence into *Italy*. Having halted for sometime at *Verona*, he there wrote an Ode in Praise of the *Scaligers*, particularly of *Joseph*, which he dedicated to *Paul Merula*, and published along with his *Ars Critica*. While he was at *Rome* he pinned himself upon the Cardinals *Baronius* and *Madrucius*, whose Parasite he was; and was ambitious enough to hope for a Bishoprick by means of these two Eminencies, but without being able to obtain the smallest Benefice. By the Persuasion of *Guilandinus*, *Robertus Titius*, and some others, he wrote a Volume of Abuse against *Joseph Scaliger* whom he had before so much extolled. The Friends of the latter answered him in two Satyrs, where they treat him as a Dog. One of these Satyrs is entituled, *Hercules tuam fidem, sive Munsterus Hypobolimæus*. The other, *Virgula Divina, sive Apotheosis Lucretii vespillonis*. To which is added, an Apology for *Scaliger*, under the Title of *Confutatio stultissimæ Burdonum Fabulæ*.

In the former are introduced the *Parcæ* or Destinies, foretelling the Qualities of *Scioppius* when he shall come to a Man's Age. *Astropos* says, that he will be a great Stoick; *Lachesis*, that he will be a great Poet, because says she, *Nemo enim majore unquam furore fores musarum pulsavit, sed nigram pituitam metuo, nisi malum hoc evomat, aut eleboro curetur*. In English thus: "Nobody ever rapped with greater Fury at the Muses Gates, but I am afraid of his black Refluxion, unless he either vomits it up, or is cured by Helebores." At last, *Clotho* foretells that he will be one of the greatest Parasites that ever lived.

*Non illum Æacides, non illum Martius Hector
Vinceret, extantes patinis educere Rhombos.
Concedent volucres, cederet genus omne ferarum
Impranso: quoties vacua deprensus ab alvo
Collectam rabiem, atque iram exercebit edendo,
Impatiens totas ventri debere Placentas.
Non impunè tamen sese feret obviis illi
Pastus Aper glande ilignâ, vel tergora Tauri
Fortis & indomiti, surgensque in cornua Cervus.
Quantos ille virum magna mavortis in urbe
Siccabit calices! vel quas Tiberine videbis
Mensarum strages, & raptæ funera Coenæ!*

Scioppius having failed in his Views at *Rome*, thought of returning to his own Country; but arriving at *Venice*, soon after the Attempt to assassinate the celebrated *Fra Paolo*, he was thrown into Prison by Order of the Senate, upon a Suspicion of his having had a Hand in that Assassination, or at least of his coming thither to finish the Attempt, in which the former

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Other

Particu-

lars of

his Life.

Satyres

wrote

against

him.

He is

imprison-

ed at

Venice.

Assassines

1707. Feb. 17. Assassines had miscarried. He lay two Years in Prison, and would not have escaped so easily had the Senate known in what manner he had treated their Republic, in the Ode which he composed in Praise of *Joseph Scaliger*, where he expresses himself as follows:

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*Sceptra ille avita ut perdiderit, sue
Sedemque gentis, nunc videat feros
Tenere Prædones, &c.*

His last
transac-
tions and
Death.

When he came home he found that his Father was dead, and the little Estate he left was sequestrated for Reasons that would be too tedious to insert here. This additional Misfortune obliged him a second Time to go into *Italy*, where he published a Book upon his Conversion, with several other Works against the Jesuits, among which is a bloody Satyr, entitled, *De Stratagematibus Jesuitarum*. He boasted of his having put it into the Head of *Clement VIII.* that the *German* Heretics are not Heretics in form, i. e. formally, but in materia, i. e. materially; and consequently that they are to be tolerated, and not burnt. After barking against almost the whole World, he retired to *Padua*, where he lived very quietly upon a small Estate which he had in the *Mantuan*. He died in 1649. aged about seventy nine Years. *Placcius* has published a List of the Libels he wrote against the Jesuits; that entitled, *Infamia Famiani Stradae*, is a very virulent one, and treats poor *Strada* as a very Ass in the *Latin* Tongue, tho' a great many People have a high Opinion of his Style as a Historian.

*Claudius
Berigardus, a
Philoso-
pher.*

CLAUDIUS BERIGARDUS, whom the *French* name *Monf. Beauregard*, was a Native of *Moulins*, the Capital of the *Bourbone*. He was Professor of Philosophy at *Pisa* for twelve Years, from whence he was invited in the Year 1639. to *Padua*, to succeed *Fortunius Licetus*. He was still Professor there in 1653. in the sixty second Year of his Age, but it is uncertain in what Year he died. This *Monf. Beauregard* was very much esteemed in *Italy*, tho' he believed in *Aristotle* alone, and laughed at all the Religion of that Country. The learned *Morhoff* pretends in his *Polybist*: that this Professor had, and often read the Book, *De Tribus Impostoribus* *, tho' a great many People, particularly the learned Father *Richard Simon* of the Oratory, believes there never was any such Book extant.

Monf. Beauregard wrote the *Circulus Pisanus*. He had a Nephew, one *Petrus Berigardus*, a very learned Man born at *Florence*, who took it in his Head to put the Aphorisms of *Hypocrates* into *Leonine* Verse. It seems he had a good deal of Time upon his Hands that he did not know how to employ.

* Viz. *Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet.*

ANDREAS ARGOLUS was born at *Tagliacozzo* in the hither *Abruzzi*. This Family originally was of *Provence*, and it is pretended, that he took the Surname of *Argoli* from the City *Arles*. He was admitted Mathematical Professor at *Padua* in 1632. soon after he was made a Knight of *St. Mark*, and in 1651. his Salary was raised to 1200 Crowns; besides a great deal of Money he got by calculating Nativities. He was however very much out in that of Cardinal *Maxarine*. He told the People, who applied to him upon that Score, that according to all the Rules of Art he would infallibly die a violent Death, and that he was threatned with Affassination, Poison, a Scaffold, &c. yet he died peaceably in his Bed like other Men. *Argolus* likewise forfeited a great deal of his Reputation in *Italy*, by having positively set the Time of Pope *Urban's* Death five Years before it happened. He printed several Works, amongst others, an *Ephemerides*, which at first met with a good Reception; and he died about the Year 1655. One of his Sons made an early Figure amongst the Learned, for when he was only seventeen Years of Age he composed an *Italian* Poem, entituled, *Eudimione*, which was translated into *French* by Mr. *Gombaud*. A Catalogue of the Works both of Father and Son may be seen in *Ghilini*, and in the *Neapolitan* Library.

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Andreas
Argolus, a
Mathema-
tician.

FABRICIUS ab AQUAPENDENTE, was a Professor of Medicine in high Reputation at *Padua*. When any Body went to visit him he used ostentatiously to shew them a Cupboard full of Silver-plate, which he had accepted of as Presents, instead of Ready Money which he had refused. He engraved upon them these three Words by Way of Motto: *Lucri neglecti lucrum*. I cannot learn in what Year *Aquapendente* died.

Fabricius
ab Aqua-
pendente, a
famous
Physician

PREVOTIUS was a *Swiss*, born in the Neighbourhood of *Basil*, and a very learned and much followed Professor of Medicine. He wrote several Books, particularly the *Definitiones Morborum*, which the Students in Physic vied with one another in transcribing. *Prevotius* for pure Love married a poor Girl, and died in his forty six Year, very much regretted by all who knew him. The *German* Students of Physic caused a Monument to be erected under his Arms in the Public Schools, with this Inscription:

Prevotius,
also a
Physician.

Joanni Prevotio Rauraco,
Philosopho ac Medico Insigni,
Præfictæ extraordinariæ Professori Primario,
Civi & Doctori Desideratissimo,
Natio Germana Artistarum posuit.
An. M. DC. XXXIV.

BASSIANUS LANDUS and **POMPEIUS CAIMUS** were two learned Professors of Medicine in *Padua*. The former died when young,

Bassianus
Landus &
Pompeius
Caimus.

1707. and was regretted still more than *Prevotius*. The other was of *Utina*,
 Feb. 17. and a true *Pompey*, for he was a bitter Enemy of the *Cæsars*. He disput-
 ed with *Cæsar Lagalla*, and won from him, thro' the Favour of Pope
 PADUA. *Paul V.* the Philosophy Professorship at *Rome*. Being afterwards invited
 by the Senate of *Venice* to *Padua*, he soon became the mortal Foe of *Cæ-*
sar Cremoninus, with whom he had a great many Rencounters. *Caimus* was
 a little Man in Person, very lively and passionate. He composed several
 Works, such as, *De calido innato*, which he published in 1626 in *Quarto*.
De Febrium putridarum indicationibus Libri II. De Nobilitate, &c. He died
 in his native Country in 1631, where he was buried. Yet so great was
 the Reputation he had acquired at *Padua*, that the Colleges of Philosophy
 and Medicine there set up this Inscription at the Side of the Chair, from
 whence he had delivered his public Lectures so many Years.

*Pompeio Caimo Utinensi, Equiti, Philosopho, ac Medico
 eximio, in hac prima sede Theor. Med. Ord. legendi mu-
 nere egregiè functo. Professori benemerito, Universitas
 Artist. P. Anno M. DC. XXXIII.*

*Naiban-
 dus, Sali-
 cetus,
 Rhodogi-
 nus,*

VINCENTIUS NAIBANDUS was a celebrated Professor of
 Mathematics at *Padua*, where after serving as Professor for many Years
 with Reputation, he was murdered in his Bed by Robbers. The famous
Bartholimeus Salicetus was likewise Professor of the Civil Law there for
 four Years; and the learned *Cælius Rhodiginus* of the *Belles Lettres* till he
 died.

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CHAP. LXXI.

Padua. *The Town-house. Several remarkable Statues and Bustos. Those of T. Livius and of Peter of Apono, who was falsely accused of being a Magician. Tomb of Titus Livius. Monument of the Marchioness of Obizzi, that celebrated Heroine for Chastity, and her History. The Conspiracy of the Paduans against the Venetians. Church of St. Anthony very magnificent. Epitaph of an English Nobleman. Beautiful Chapel wherein lieth the Body of St. Anthony. The Chapel of St. Felix, and its curious Relicks. Tomb of a very learned Lady.*

THIS Morning we begun our Survey of the City with the Town-house, which they name, *Palazzo della Ragione*, built by the Emperor Henry IV. Its great Hall is dark, and not unlike *Westminster Hall*, in having no Pillars to support its Roof; but unlike it, in having no Shops erected all along its Sides. The anonymous Author of Travels into *Italy*, whom I have already mentioned, and *Huguetan* make this Hall two hundred and fifty six Foot long, and eight six broad. *Jourvin de Rochefort* one hundred Paces long, and forty broad. *Lassels* one hundred and eighty Paces long, and forty broad. Mr. *Misson* makes it one hundred and ten Paces long, and forty broad. For my own Part, after I had measured it with all possible Exactness, I found it to be in Length one hundred and twenty five Paces, and in Breadth forty one.

The
Town-
house of
Padua.

We enter into this Hall by five different Gates, four of which are opposite to one another. Over the first of the two upon the Right-hand, on the Outside, there is the Figure of *Titius Livius* in half Relief. He is represented in a Pulpit as a Professor or a Preacher, holding a Book open before him, and in the Attitude of one who is speaking. I copied the Inscription which is under this Figure, and which in my Opinion contains the greatest Encomium that can possibly be given to that Historian.

The
Figure of
*Titus Li-
vius.*

Titius Livius Patavinus, Historicorum Latini nominis facile Princeps, cujus lacteam Eloquentiam ætas illa quæ virtute pariter ac eruditione florebat, adeo admirata est, ut multi Romam non ut Urbem rerum pulcherrimam aut urbis & orbis Dominum Octavianum, sed ut hunc unum inviserent audirentque à Gadibus profecti sint. Hic res omnes quas Pop. Rom. pace belloque gessit, quatuor decim decadibus mira styli felicitate complexus, sibi ac Patriæ gloriam peperit sempiternam.

And In-
scription.

Numb. X.

O o o

In

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In *English* thus: " *Titus Livius* of *Padua*, by far the noblest of the
 " *Latin* Historians, whose flowing Expression that Age, an Age distin-
 " guished equally by Arms and Letters! so much admired, that many
 " came to *Rome* from the Extremities of the then known World, not to
 " see that City the most beautiful in the World, nor *Augustus Caesar* the
 " Master of that City and of the World, but to hear and see this Historian
 " only.

" He wrote in fourteen Decads all the Transactions of the *Roman* People
 " both Civil and Military, in a Style so wonderfully beautiful, that he
 " acquired immortal Honour to himself and his Country."

And of
Albertus
Eremita-
nus.

Above the second Gate, on the same Side there is the Figure of the fa-
 mous *Albertus Eremitanus*, who is likewise in a Pulpit, and appears to be
 reading a Book, in which we see wrote the following Words: *Beati qui*
custodiunt Judicium, & faciunt Justitiam in omni tempore. The Inscription
 under his Figure, which only shews that he was a great Divine and a
 great Preacher, is as follows:

Albertus Pat. Eremitanæ Religionis splendor, continentissimæ
vitæ, sumptâ Parisiis insulâ Magistrati, in Theologia
tantum profecit & profuit, ut Moesen, Paulum, Evange-
lia ac libros sententiarum laudatissimè exposuerit; facun-
dissimus ea ætate Concionator, immortalæ memoriæ optimo
jure datur.

The
Busto of
Petrus de
Apono.

Above the first Gate upon the Left-hand is the Busto of the celebrated
Peter de Apono, with a Book in his Hand likewise, and the following In-
 scription:

Petrus Aponus Pat. Philosophiæ Medicinæque scientissimus,
ob idque Conciliatoris cognomen adeptus, Astrologiæ verò
adeo peritus, ut in Magiæ suspicionem inciderit, falsòque
de Hæresi postulatus, absolutus fuerit.

In *English*: " *Peter Aponus* of *Padua* was very learned in Philosophy and
 " Medicine, for which he got the Sirname of the *Reconciler*, and so skilled
 " in Astrology as to be suspected of Magick, and falsely accused of He-
 " resy, of which he was acquitted."

He was
accused of
Magick.

It appears that *Peter d' Abano* or *d' Apono* was accused of Magick by the
 Inquisitors when he was eighty Years of Age; and that a great many Au-
 thors assure us, " that he learned the seven liberal Arts, by means of seven
 " familiar Spirits which he kept confined in a Chrystal Vessel; and that
 " he had the Knack of making the Money that he had expended return
 " into

"into his Purse." *Castellanus* goes farther than all this in his *Vita Illuf. Med.* for he fays, that " *Peter d' Apono* dying in the Year 1305. before his " *Procefs* was finished, did not however prevent his being condemned to the " *Fire*, and burnt in *Effigy* in the public Square of *Padua*; in order to " prevent by the Dread of the like Punishment the reading of three abominable Books he had wrote." The first of thofe Books is the *Heptameron*, which is now printed at the End of the first Volume of *Agrippa's* Works; the fecond is, that which *Trithemius* calls *Elucidarium Necromanticum Petri de Abano*; and the laft is what the fame Author names, *Liber Experimentorum mirabilium de annulis fecundum viginti octo mansiones Lune*.

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But in order to refcue *Peter d' Abano* from the falfe Lights thrown upon him by his Enemies, and fhew him in his proper Colours, we are to confider that this learned Man appeared a Prodigy in that ignorant Age when he lived; that befides his Knowledge of the Languages, he had dipp'd into the moft abftrufe Sciences, as fufficiently appears by his Writings upon *Phyfiognomy*, *Geomancy*, and *Chiromancy*: That he afterwards left off all thofe Studies, and all his youthful Curiofity, to devote himfelf entirely to *Philofophy*, *Medicine*, and *Aftrology*; that he fucceeded fo well in the two firft Sciences as to win the good Graces of all the Popes in his Age; and to render himfelf a great Mafter in the laft, as appears by the *Aftrological Figures* which he caufed to be painted upon the Cieling of the great Hall I am now defcribing, but likewise by his *Translations* of the Books of *Rabbi Abraham Ben-Ezra*, befides thofe wrote by himfelf upon *Critical Days*, and the *Illustration* of *Aftrology*.

His Juftification and Hiftory.

In the next Place, the fine *Panegyric* pronounced publicly at *Padua* upon *Peter d' Abano*, by the celebrated Mathematician *Regiomontanus* in the Character of an *Aftrologer*, while he was lecturing upon the Book of *Alfraganus*, abfolutely deftroys the *Calumnies* of his Enemies. Add to this, the Character given him by *Francis Picus Mirandolus*, who fays, " That *Peter d' Apona* was by many thought to be a Magician, yet it appears that he was " charged with believing a very oppofite Tenet, viz. that there were no " *Dæmons*." Then the Statue erected to his Memory by *Frederic Duke of Urbino*, amongst the illuftrious Perfonages in his Gallery; and laftly, the public *Testimony* infcribed under his *Bufto*, and which I have juft related.

As the Hiftory of this great Man deferves fome Reflexion, I can't help obferving that in all Ages, where Ignorance and Superftition prevail, Men of Genius, Underftanding or Learning above the common Rate of Mankind, have been looked upon and traduced as Magicians. Weak Minds cannot bear that, in the ordinary Courfe of Things, another Perfon fhould be fo far their Superior, and fo they have recourfe to extraordinary Expedients for accounting for it. Even the Miracles of *Jesus Chrift* and *Mofes* could not efcape the Cenfure of being wrought by Magic, as we learn from the Scripture and many *Paflages* of the Fathers. Calumny, Ignorance and

Reflexions on the Imputation of Magic.

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Prejudice, are Proof against even the clearest Reason, nay often bear it down; because

— *Faciunt hi plura, sed illos
Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges.*

The Bust
of *Paulus*
the Law-
yer, and
Inscrip-
tion.

But to return to the great Hall of the Palace *della Ragione*. Under the second Gate of the Left-hand, we see the Bust of the Lawyer *Julius Paulus*, who is likewise represented in a Pulpit with some Books. He assisted the Emperor *Alexander Severus* in reforming the Roman Empire. His Laws were so much esteemed by *Justinian*, that he introduced them into most Parts of his Institutes, as appears from the following Inscription under his Busto.

Paulus Pativinus Jurisconsultorum clarissimus, hujus urbis decus æternum, Alex. mameæ temporibus floruit, ad Præturam, Præfecturam, Consulatumque evectus, cujusque sapientiam tanti fecit Justinianus Imperator, ut nulla Civilis Juris particula hujus legibus non decoretur, qui splendore famæ immortalis, oculis Posteritatis admiran. insigni Imagine hic merito decoratur.

A Stone
called *Lapis Vituperii*, &c.
and the
Use of it.

In entering the Hall by the great Gate, we see on the Left-hand a large Stone, called *Lapis Vituperii & Cessionis*, (the Stone of Reproach and Surrender.) They who are Bankrupt are obliged to sit three times with their bare Buttocks upon this Stone during a certain Space, and at a certain Hour, to prevent their being sent to Prison.

Another
Bust of
Livy and
its In-
scription.

In the other End opposite to the Gate, against the Wall, we see a Bust of *Titus Livius*, with the following Inscription underneath.

V. F.
TITUS LIVIUS.
LIVIAE. T. F.
QUARTÆ. L.
HALYS
CONCORDIALIS.
PATAVI
SIBI ET SUIS
OMNIBUS.

The Chevalier *Urfati*, who wrote the ancient Monuments of *Padua*, assures us that this *Lucius Halis*, mentioned in this Inscription, was *Livy's* Son-in-Law, and married to *Livia. T. Filia Quarta*, (to his fourth Daughter) and the same that *Seneca* mentions.

On

On the two Sides of this Inscription they have placed a Statue of *Minnerva*, and another representing *Eternity*, both of Brass, with the following six Verses composed by a *Paduan* Professor.

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PADUA.
Two Statues and their Inscriptions.

*Ossa tuumque caput, Cives tibi, Maxime Livii,
Prompto animo hic omnes composuere tui.
Tu famam eternam Romæ, Patriæque dedisti,
Huic oriens, illi fortia facta canens :
At tibi dat Patria hæc, & si majora liceret,
Hoc totus staret aureus ipse loco.*

*Titus Livius, quarto Tiberii
Cæsaris anno, vita excessit :
ætatis verò suæ LXXVI.*

Mr. *Misson* has put *Quarto Imperii* for *Quarto Tiberii*, and in the first Verse *Civis* for *Cives*. As to what he says in his Account of the Discovery of this pretended Tomb of *Livy*: "That the People were used to rub their Beads upon the Chest, as if it had been that of the Body of one just canonized." I must make bold to say that that is a Story of his own Invention. I am acquainted with the Bigotry of the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, and understand, perhaps better than he does, to what Excess those two People carry it; but I know at the same time, that they go to this Excess only with Regard to the Relicts of those who have been really canonized, and not of mere Pagans knowing them to be such. Why did Mr. *Misson* give the People of *Padua* a greater Veneration for the Bones of *Livy*, than for those of *Antenor*, who I think deserved it better at their Hands? Why did they not rub their Beads upon his Tomb, as he was the Founder of their City, and in a Character far superior to that of a Citizen? Had he not many true Facts to expose the Bigotry of these Countries, without having recourse to imaginary ones?

Several Errors of Mr. *Misson*.

The Bust of *Titus Livius* and its Inscription are indisputably antique; only some People pretend to say, that the Inscription has not been designed for *Titus Livius* the Historian, but for one of his Daughter's Freedmen. However that may be, the *Paduans* have a great Veneration for the Memory and the Bones of that great Historian, which we are told are preserved in a Tomb under the Door of a little Chamber as you go out of this Hall. Upon the Tomb there is another Stone Bust of the same *Livy* with this Inscription:

The great Veneration of the *Paduans* for *Livy*.

His Tomb and Inscription.

*Ossa
Titi Livii Patavini.
Unius omnium Mortalium judicio digni,
Cujus propè irvictæ calamo
Invicti P. R. res gestæ conscriberentur.*

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PADUA.

Alphonso
King of
Arragon
demands
a Bone of
Livy's Bo-
dy, which
is granted.

Alphonso King of *Arragon* and *Naples*, having in the Year 1451 demanded a Bone of *Titus Livius* by his Ambassador *Antony Bevatello*, a celebrated Poet of that Age, and known by the Name of *Panormita*; the *Paduans* thought proper to gratify him in his Request, and in Remembrance of this Present they engraved upon the same Door the following Inscription.

*Inchyto Alphonso Arragonum Regi, Studiorum fautori, Rei-
publicæ Venetæ fæderato, Antonio Panormita Poëta, Le-
gato suo orante, L. Mattheo Viçturio hujus Urbis Præ-
tore præstantissimo intercedente, ex Historiarum Parentis
T. Livii Ossibus quæ hoc Tumulo conduntur, Brachium
Pativini Cives in munus concessere. Anno Christi
M.CCCC.LI. XIV. kal. Septemb.*

Bust of
the Learn-
ed *Speron*
Speroni.

Against the same Wall, in the Hall where the first-mentioned Bust of *Titus Livius* is erected, we likewise see that of the learned *Spero Speroni*. It is of fine white Marble, with the following Inscription.

*Sperono Speronio
Sapientiss. Eloquentiss. optimo & viro
& Civi. cujus virtutem meritaque Acta,
Vita Sapientiam, Eloquentiam declarant Scripta.
Publico Decreto Urbis Quatuor viri P.
Anno à Christo nato M.D.XCIII.
Ab Urbe condita
M.M.D.CC.XII.*

The Mo-
nument of
the chaste
Marchio-
ness *d'O-*
bizzi.

But of all the Monuments in this Hall, the noblest, in my Opinion, is that erected to the Memory of the Illustrious and Virtuous the Marchioness *d'Obizzi*. This Lady was so eminently chaste, as to chuse to lose her Life by the Hands of a Russian who surprized her in Bed, rather than consent to his Lewdness. In this she proved herself more heroic than *Lucretia*, who killed herself after suffering the Embraces of *Sextus*, the Son of *Tarquin* the Proud, the last King of *Rome*. The Inscription, containing an Abridgment of this Story as I have now related it, and an Encomium upon the Lady, is as follows:

And fine
Inscrip-
tion.

*Venerare Pudicitiae Simulacrum & victimam, Lucretiam de
Dondis ab Horologio Pyæncæ de Obizzonibus, Orciani
Marchionis Uxorem. Hæc inter noctis tenebras, Mari-
tales asserens tedas, furiales recentis Tarquini faces, casto
cruore extinxit: Sicque Romanam Lucretiam, intemerati
tori gloria vincit. Tantæ suæ Heroinæ generosis manibus
hanc dicavit Aram Civitas Patavina Decreto. Die xxxi.
Decemb. Anni M.DC.LXI.*

The

The Assassin escaped the Punishment which he would infallibly have suffered, but not the Resentment of the young Marquis *d'Obizzi*, the Son of this second *Lucretia*; for after many Years fruitless Pursuit in search of him, he at last met with him and shot him through the Head with a Pistol. This Marquis is the same who was Governor of *Vienna*, and lately died in the Emperor's Service.

But to proceed; there is a certain Clock in this Place, which every Evening about Twilight strikes 39 Strokes. This we are told, is in Memory of a Conspiracy of 39 of the principal Nobility of *Padua*, to betray that City to the Emperor *Maximilian*, who long since in vain besieged it with a powerful Army. To effect this, the Conspirators contrived to exhibit at their own Expence, Chariot and Horse-Races, with other Diversions to amuse the People, while some of their Accomplices were opening the Gates to the Emperor's Troops, who thus rendered himself, which he could have done perhaps by no other Means, Master of *Padua*.

The Senate of *Venice*, to shew their Resentment of this Treason, after the City was given back by the Emperor, caused the following Couplet to be engraved upon *Antenor's* Tomb, in Allusion to what we are told by the Historians, that *Antenor* betrayed one of the Gates of *Troy* to the Greeks.

*Hic jacet Antenor Patavinae conditor Urbis,
Proditor ipse fuit, bique sequuntur eum.*

In English,

*The Stones you see Antenor's Bones embrace,
The faithless Founder of a faithless Race.*

But this Distich was afterwards erased at the Request of some *Paduan* Nobility, who had done eminent Services to the *Venetians*.

Near to the *Palazzo della Ragione*, lies that of the Great Captain,* the Out-side of which is pretty magnificent, being composed of a great Pavilion, with three Wings and a Court in the middle. The Apartments are handsome and not ill furnished; particularly two Salons, which are adorned with a great many fine Pictures. In this Palace too is the public Library, which we found in very indifferent Order, through the Negligence of the Keepers. Not far from the Church of the *Augustines*, we likewise see another Palace, named *of the Foscari*, built upon the Ruins of the ancient Amphitheatre, which we are told, was considerably larger than that at *Verona*. The Court of this Palace, which is called the *Arena*, remains in an oval Form; it is here that the young People of the City run at the Ring, and take several other Diversions. The Bishop's Palace has nothing about it considerable, besides the Portraits of all the Bishops of *Padua* since *St. Prosdocimus*, who is pretended to have been the Disciple of *St. Peter*.

The

* Capitano Grande,

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Church of
St. An-
thony of
Padua.

The first Church we visited to Day was that of the famous St. *Anthony* of *Lisbon*, commonly called St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, from his dying and being buried in the latter City; but by Birth he was of *Lisbon*, and a *Franciscan*, and the intimate Friend of St. *Francis d'Assize*. Notwithstanding the profound Veneration for this last named Saint, yet the *Portuguese* beats him all to nothing in this Country, so that he is distinguished by the Name of *Il Santo* (the Saint) and they say of him;

Exaudit, quos non audit & ipse Deus.

“He hears those whom God Almighty himself does not hear.”

Its
Wealth.

This Church, which is built upon the Ruins of a Temple of *Juno*, is very spacious, and full of Wealth, in precious Stones, Gold, Silver, Paintings, Gildings, Sculptures, and all other Magnificence. The Pavement

Tomb of
Gatta
Melata.
and Alex-
ander
Contarini.

is all of Marble of several Colours. We saw a great many magnificent Tombs here, particularly that of *Erasmus di Narni*, surnamed *Gatta Melata*, a *Venetian* General, and that of *Alexander Contarini*, Procurator of St. Mark, and Admiral of the Republic. The latter is by the Hand of *Augustin Zotto*.

Tomb of
one of the
Family of
Courtney
and his
History.

I likewise observed the Tomb of one of your *English* Gentlemen of the ancient House of *Courtenay*, which has some Pretensions upon the Crown of *France*, as being descended, in a direct Line, from *Peter* of *France*, Chief of the Branch of *Courtenay*, and fifth Son to *Lewis* the Fat, or VIIIth of *France*. A younger Son of that Family settled in *England*, and from him descended this very *Courtenay*, who having pretended to espouse *Mary* Queen of *England* and Sister to *Elizabeth*, drew upon himself the Jealousy and Hatred of the Great, and thus was forced to leave his native Country. He retired to *Padua*, where he died. His Body was interred in the Church of St. *Anthony* with the following Epitaph, which contains nothing but some bright Encomiums,

And In-
scription.

*Anglia quem genuit, fueratque habitura Patronum
Cortoneum, celsa hæc continet arca Ducem.*

• *Credita causa necis Regni affectata cupido,
Regiæ optatum tunc quoque connubium,
Cui Regni Proceres non consensere, Philippo
Reginam Regi jungere posse rati.
Europam unde fuit Juveni peragrarè necesse,
Ex quo mors misero contigit ante diem.
Anglia si plorat, defuncto Principe tanto,
Nil mirum, Domino deficit illa pio.
Sed jam Cortoneus Cælo fruiturque Beatis,
Cum doleant Angli, cum sine fine gemant.*

Dum

through ITALY.

*Cortonei probitas igitur, Præstantia, nomen,
Dum stabit hoc Templum, vivida semper erunt,
Angliaque hinc etiam stabit, stabuntque Britanni,
Conjugii optati fama perennis erit.
Improba Naturæ leges Libitina recidens
Ex æquo Juvenes præcipitatque Senes.*

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PADUA.

The Family of Courtenay still subsists in England, and is pretty numerous.

The Quire of the Church is embellished with Works in white and red Marble; the Benches are very fine, and adorned over head with Bas-reliefs, in 18 Brass Pannels by *Sansovin* and very much esteemed, representing several Passages of the Life of Christ. They likewise shewed us under the Vault of the Quire a Stone, which they told us served for a Pillow to the blessed St. *Anthony*. But the richest Object in this Church, is the Chapel which contains the Body of the Saint.

This Chapel is crufted all over with White Marble, wrought into very fine Bas-reliefs representing the chief Miracles of this Saint, some of them by *Tullius Lombardus*, others by *Sansovin* and *Ricci*: But of all his Miracles the greatest, in my Opinion is, his being at one and the same time in two different Places; for out of a Motive of Charity, he transported himself to *Lisbon*, in order to raise from the Dead a poor Man, whom the Judges had falsely condemned to be beheaded for killing his Child; and at the same Instant he was obliged to be at *Padua*, to prove his Sanctity by a Miracle which he wrought in Presence of the Magistrates there, by cutting a large Block of Marble with a Piece of Glass. This last Miracle has somewhat in it resembling the Story of the Augur *Actius Navius*, who cut a Whetstone with a Razor in Presence of *Tarquinius Priscus* King of *Rome*. Not a Day passes, but we hear of some new Miracle performed by this Saint, so that he is in greater Request in *Italy*, *Spain* and *Portugal*, than fifty other of the most famous Saintships.

The Altar of this Chapel is very high, and adorned with a great Number of rich Votive Presents, in Gold, Silver and Painting. The Balustrade which encloses it and the Steps mounting to it are of Brass. The Body of the Saint lies under the Altar in a little Vault, and emits a very odoriferous Perfume, as we were assured by our Conductors: But as I had still a great Cold, which I got in crossing the *Alpes*, I could not enjoy this Perfume, tho' I thrust my Nose, as well as others did, into the Cleft through which it exhales. I was also told, that this Perfume is much stronger in the Morning than in the Evening, from whence, say they, the *Heretics* infer, that the Inside of the Cleft is rubbed with Perfumes every Morning, before any Body approaches it. Six and thirty large Silver Lamps are kept burning Night and Day round the Altar, amongst which is the *Composition* Lamp we have mentioned of the *Qui-va-li* Gentlemen, which mollified the good St. *Anthony* so much, as that he took off the Excommunication which these Wretches had incurred by their Sacrilege. The fine

Numb. X.

P p p

Brass

1707. Feb. 18. Brass Candlestick of *Andreas Ricci* is likewise here, and so incomparable a Piece of Workmanship, that we are assured it cost 800 Ducats.

PADUA.
Portrait of St. Anthony. They likewise show here a Portrait, which they believe firmly to be as like the Saint, as one Egg is like another, and are therefore so fond of it, that they would not exchange it for a Dozen of the best Pieces of *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo*. In short, this Chapel is one of the richest to be seen any where ; but they built some time ago another much larger and finer, as to magnificent Marble Statues. This last one is designed to be the Repository of the Jaw-bones, the Tongue, the Fingers and all the other petty Relicks of the Saint. On the Day of his Festival they are carried in Procession in a very rich Coffin through the City, with great Devotion and Solemnity.

Chapel of St. Felix. The Chapel of the Pope and Martyr St. *Felix*, is likewise remarkable for a great many fine Paintings in *Fresco*, by the Hand of *Giotto*, who is reckoned one of the best *Italian* Painters in that Way ; but the Sacristy contains a much richer Treasure than all this, consisting of a great many Vases, Candlesticks, Crosses, Censers, Chalice, Statues and Busto's, some of Gold and others of Silver, together with a vast Number of Altar Ornaments, enriched with Gold and precious Stones. They likewise shew us there, a Ship compleatly rigged, and a City, all of Silver. I don't mention a great Number of Relicks shown here, amongst which are one of the Ears of St. *Fortunatus* ; the Hair and some of the Milk of the Blessed *Virgin* ; three of the Thorns of our Saviour's Crown ; and (under Favour of the Gentlemen of *Cologne*, who pretend to have them all) three Heads of St. *Ursula's* Companions. But to give you a Catalogue of all the Relicks in this Sacristy, which passes for one of the richest in *Italy*, would be endless.

Tomb of Helena Cornaro, a learned Lady. I must not forget to inform you, that there is in this Church the honorary Tomb of a Lady who does Honour to her Sex : She was a Daughter of the *Cornaro* Family, the Descendants of the *Scipios* ; her Father was Procurator of St. *Mark*, and her Name *Helena Cornelia*, or *Cornaro*. This Lady was very learned, and took her Degree of Doctor in Philosophy at *Padua*. Her Statue, which is of white Marble, is in a half recumbent Posture, with a Pen in her Hand, and encompassed with several other Statues of the same Marble. Though this Lady's Father was descended from the Conqueror of *Carthage*, related to the Queen of *Cyprus*, and Procurator of St. *Mark*, yet he was obliged to purchase the Nobility of his Son and his Daughters, because he had them by a *Gondolier's* Daughter ; and though he married her afterwards, yet the Laws of *Venice* declare Children of such Parents *Ignoble*, and a large Sum must be paid to get their Admission into the Body of the *Venetian* Nobility.

Tomb of the Earl of Arundel. There are likewise a vast Number of Epitaphs in the Cloisters, amongst others this Inscription upon a black Marble. *Interiora Thomæ Hoiardi Comitissæ Arundeliæ*, denoting that the Bowels of the famous Lord *Arundel*, who made a Present of the fine antique Marbles to the University of *Oxford*, and who died at *Padua*, are there buried.

Padua. *A fine Equestrian Statue, and its Inscription. The beautiful Church of St. Justina. A Bust and two remarkable Stones. The Bodies of St. Luke, and other Saints. The magnificent Abbey of the Benedictins. The Cathedral. Tombs of the Empress Bertha, and of several Learned Men. That of Charles Patin. Sarcophagus, or Tomb of the Counts of St. Sophia. Dominican and Eremitan Churches. That of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and Epitaph of an English Lady. A Cabinet of Curiosities. Antique Urns. A most remarkable Example of Chastity in the Life of Blanche de Rossi, an Italian Lady. Parallel between her and the ancient Lucretia. Origin, History, and Description of Padua. Other great Men this City has produced.*

IN coming out of this Church, we saw in the Square which faces it, a fine Equestrian Statue of *Gatta Melata* General of the *Venetians*. He got this Epithet of the *Wheazel*, from his great Vigilance and Application to the particular Duties of his Station. *Jowin de Rochefort* is so unpardonably inaccurate as to call this Statue, *The Figure of a Duke in Brass mounted on Horseback*, without any farther Explanation. This Statue is of gilt Brass, and of the Hand of *Donatello*. Upon the Marble Pedestal which supports it, are the following Verses.

*Dux bello insignis, Dux & victoribus armis
Inclutus, atque animis Gatta-Melata fui.
Narnia me genuit, mediâ de gente, * meoque
Imperio Venetum Sceptra superba tuli.
Munere me digno, & Statua decoravit Equestri
Ordo Senatorum, nostraque pura fides.*

And its
Inscrip-
tion.

From this we went to see the Church of *St. Justina*, which is reckoned one of the most magnificent in all *Italy*, and was built by *Paladio*. It is very spacious, and supported by four Rows of large Pillars. Its Portico inwardly stands upon several high Columns, and the Pavement of the Church is of red, white and black Marble. One can scarcely find a Church with so many Altars, all of them of fine Marble, and all different from one another. Above its magnificent high Altar there is a Picture by *Paul Veronese*, representing the Martyrdom of *St. Justina*, whose Body, we are told, is buried under that Altar. The Benches of this Quire are ornamented with Bas-reliefs nobly designed, representing several Histories of the Old

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Testa-

* This *mediâ de Gente* is not easily understood, considering that he was a Baker's Son.

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PADUA.

Busto of
Opilio Pif-
caurus,
and its In-
scription.

Testament. We are assured that this fine Work is by the Hand of a French Man named *Richard*, and that it employed him for two and twenty Years; from whence it would appear, that this excellent Artist was none of the most expeditious or indoltrious.

At the Entry of this Quire, there is a Busto on the Left-hand with the following Epitaph, in Memory of a Roman Patrician who had founded and helped greatly to endow this Monastery.

Memoriae

CI. Viri Opilionis Picauri Nobilis Patavini

Patris Patriae Patriciique Romani,

Qui, cum, Imper. Hadriano circa annum Christi 138.

Divino afflatu vetus quod erat Concordiae Templum,

D. Justinæ Martyri consecrasset, amplis hoc à fundamentis

addito, ac plurimis opibus ditato Monasterio, seipsum

in Angustissima cella Divæ Mariæ Virgini dicavit,

ac propè B. Prosdocimum voluit Sepeliri.

Monachi congregat. Cass. memores posuere.

M.D.LXI.

Mr. *Misson* assures us, " That there is only one Inscription in this Church, denoting that it was built at the Expence of the Convent," though he ought to have observed this Inscription, which is obvious enough.

Two re-
markable
Stones.

They show us in the Wall of the Chapel two Stones, which they value very much: The one of them is stained with some Drops of Blood, which they pretend to have been that of a great many Martyrs beheaded on this Stone, as we find from the following Inscription on it:

*Quàm Lapis hic pretiosus! ubi tot colla Piorum
Martyrii titulo deposuere caput.*

The other of those Stones is, that on which St. *Prosdocimus*, the Disciple of St. *Peter* and the first Bishop of *Padua*, used every Day to say Mass, as we learn from its Inscription, which is as follows:

*Hac super insigni petra Prosdocimus olim
Obtulit ò quoties munera sacra Deo!*

Don't you think this a rare Proof of the Antiquity of *Mass-saying*, especially as they tell us, that this Stone was put to the same Use by St. *Peter*.

Subterra-
neous
Place.

Our Guides likewise conducted us to a subterraneous Place, which formerly reached as far as St. *Sophia*. There they shewed us a pretty deep Well, which, as they told us, was filled with a vast Number of Bones of

Male

Male and Female Martyrs. Your devout Souls throw Pieces of Silver into this Well, but I suppose Care is taken that they don't moulder along with the Bones.

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But the Relick which they make the greatest Noise about in this Church, is the Body of St. *Luke* the Evangelist, whose Tomb is there shewn. The *Venetians*, who boast of having the true Body, say, that this is an Imposture; and the Affair once grew so serious, that it was brought before Pope *Pius* the II. who referred the Cognisance of it to Cardinal *Bessarion*. The latter ordered a Committee of Physicians and Anatomists to examine both Bodies, and they reported that that at *Venice* was the Body of a young Man, and that at *Padua* of an Old one. Though this Circumstance seemed to give it in Favour of the Latter; yet *Bessarion*, who was very partial in Favour of *Venice*, decided it for the *Venetians*. However, the *Paduans* are still very positive that theirs is the true St. *Luke*, so that here is a kind of Schism occasioned by the true *Luke* and the *Anti-Luke*, in the same Manner as was formerly occasioned by *Anti-Popes*. Were one to examine nicely into all this Trumpery of Relicks, we would find a great many *Anti's*, I mean *Counterband Relicks* among them.

PADUA.
Two
Bodies of
St. *Luke*.

We might still have seen the Bodies of a vast Number of other Saints, particularly those of three little Innocents murdered by *Herod*, and the Body of St. *Uriah* murdered by King *David*, after he had debauched his Wife. But as it would have taken up a great deal of Time to see these fine Relicks, we left the Church, which is extremely well lighted by means of eight or nine pretty high Domes, and entered into the Convent, which is a *Benedictine* Abbey with a very large Revenue.

Other Bo-
dies and
Relicks of
Saints.

The Magnificence of this Building, which is of large square Stones, is answerable to the Beauty of the Church. It may be called a vast one, having six Cloisters, several Courts, and I don't know how many Gardens. The Poet *Albertinus Mussatus* is buried in one of the Cloysters, which are almost all of them ornamented with Paintings.

Convent
of the
Church.

The Refectory is very fine and extremely neat; I observed there an excellent Picture of *Jesus* at *Emaus*, by *Titian*. They likewise put a great Value upon a Statue of the *Virgin Mary*, which was at *Constantinople* when the *Turks* made themselves Masters of that City, and was in such Terror from those *Barbarians*, that she flew directly to *Padua*, according to her Legend.

Its Re-
fectory.

What they here call the Library, is a very magnificent Building, but very ill furnished with Books, (the Cellars are much better furnished with Hogsheads of Wine,) their most ancient Manuscripts not being above four or five hundred years Old. The Regular Canons of St. *John de Viridario*, have a great many more curious Manuscripts, both *Greek* and *Latin*; but to counter-balance that, the *Benedictins* of St. *Justina* can boast of having discovered in their Gardens, the supposed Coffin of *Titus Livius*, and that this Convent is built upon the Ruins of an old Temple of *Concord*, some say of *Jupiter*.

Library.

The

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The

Square

called

*Prato del-**lo Valle.*

Cathedral

of Padua.

Many

Pictures

and Tomb

of the

Empress

Bertha

Wife to

Henry IV.

The Square which is near it, and is the largest in *Padua*, was anciently called *the Field of Mars*; at present it goes by the plain Name of *Prato della valle*. There is a small Spot in this Square distinguished by the Name of *Campo Santo*, or the *Holy Field*, because, say they, a great many Christians formerly suffered Martyrdom there for their Religion. This *Prato della valle* serves as a Walking-place for their Persons of Distinction.

The Cathedral is a very old Church, since it is pretended to be built by St. *Prosdocimus* the first Bishop of *Padua*, though several Historians affirm, that it was built by the Emperor *Henry IV.* We are told, that it has an hundred thousand Crowns of Revenue for maintaining twenty seven Canons, who must all be of noble Extraction, some Chaplains, and other Officers.

Besides a great many excellent Pictures of *Titian*, old *Palma*, *Giorgione*, *Bassan*, and other excellent Hands, which are in this Church and its Sacristy, we see upon the Right-hand in entering it, an ancient Tomb of red Marble with a Stone over it set in the Wall, representing in Bas-relief the Emperor *Henry IV.* and his Empress *Bertha*, in two little Niches, with the following four Verses betwixt them in very old *Gothic* Characters, without Points, Coma's or Diphthongs, importing that the said Princess was a great Benefactrix to the Church.

*Presulis & Cleri presenti predia fano
Donavit Regina jacens hoc marmore Bertha
Henrici Regis Patavi celeberrima Quarti
Conjux tam grandi dono veneranda per evum*

Gross

Mistakes

of some

Travel-

lers con-

cerning it.

Jourvin de Rochefort makes this fine Remark upon this Tomb. "It is that of *Henry IV.* King of *Padua*, and Queen *Bertha* his Wife, as appears from the Epitaph in four Verses." Indeed this City is highly obliged to him for having erected it into a Kingdom, who has even had four *Henrys* among her Kings. Besides, this Inscription mentions only *Berth.*, and not *Henry*, as being entered in this Tomb. Likewise, the Author of an anonymous Journal, &c. says, that it is the Tomb of the Emperor *Henry IV.* But if both these Writers had consulted History, they would have known that this unfortunate Prince, having been striped of his Dignity and Dominions by his own Son, died at *Liege*, and even in Prison, as some Authors assert.

Other

Tombs.

There are a great many other Tombs in this Church, especially in the Quire, where several Bishops of *Padua* are buried; but I shall only mention the most remarkable.

That of

*Cajetan**Vicenza.*

The first is that of the learned *Cajetan* of *Vicenza*, on which is his Busto, and a Library in Bas-relief, with the following short and plain, but comprehensive Inscription.

Cajetano

Cajetano clara ex Thienoea Familiā, Canonico Patavino, viro integerrimo proboque, Theologorum Principi, Philosopho eximio, cujus Doctrinā cuncta Orbis Gymnasia illustrantur, locus hic datus est.

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In English thus: "This Spot is allotted to Cajetan of the illustrious Family of Thieno, a Canon of Padua, a Man of a blameless Life and Morals, a leading Divine, an eminent Philosopher, and one whose Learning has enlightened all the Colleges in the World.

The second Tomb is that of *Bovetinus*, who was a famous Lawyer, as we learn from the following Inscription upon it in Gothic Characters.

Of Bovetinus a famous Lawyer.

*Mantua quem genuit Patavis Bovetinus & orbi?
A Bove nomen habens, patiens sine fraude dolisve,
Quam sibi, plus aliis vigilans, Pietatis alumnus
Largus erat studio, largus clero, sibi parcus;
Canonicum lustris docuit Jus ter tribus, annos
Deme duos: Obiit Augusto jam mille trecentis
Elapsis. Jacet hic; coluit te, sume colentis
Virgo Patrocinium, precibusque assiste colenti.*

The third, which is in the Chapel of St. George, is that of the famous *Speron Speroni* where we see his Busto in White Marble, with the following Words.

Sperone Speroni
Nacque
nel M.D. di XII. d' Aprile
Mori
nel M.D.LXXXVIII. di II. di Giugno.
vivendo si fecè l'infra scritto
Epitaphio

The Epitaph is likewise in Italian and very long, containing an Abridgment of his Life and his Praises. Upon a Stone Step, which serves as a Pediment to the Tomb, we read the following Words.

Al grande Sperone Speroni
Suo Padre, Giulia Sperona de Conti
M.D.LXXXVIII.

The

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And of

Charles

Patin and

his fine

Epitaph.

The fourth is that of *Charles Patin* the great Antiquarian, and the beloved Son of honest *Guy Patin*; his Epitaph, which is in Letters of Gold upon a black Marble with a Border of white Marble, is as follows.

D. O. M.

Carolo Patino Paris. Eq. D. M.
Prisc. Numismatum studiis Clarissimo,
Famam celeberrimi Patris æmulato,
E Patrio in Patavinum Lyceum excepto.
Post totam Europam lustratam
Præmiis & majorum Principum gratiâ aucto,
Cum Calomniâ feliciter luctato,
Ac pro fundamento virtutis
Fortunæ ruinis uso,
Ob veterem Eruditionem erutam
Posterorum cultum promerito,
Magdalena Hommetz Paris. Uxor,
Gabrielis-Carola Sancta Paulina, & Carola Cath. Filie,
Extremo Amoris argumento
Anniente Capitulo
Parentant.
Obiit A. D. M.D.C.XCIII.
VI. ID. Oct.
Æt. sue A. LIX. Mens. VIII. Dies X.

As this Epitaph is a very curious and a very fine one, we shall give the Substance of it in *English*.

“ The Wife and Daughters of *Charles Patin* Knight, D. M.
 “ eminent for his Learning in ancient Coins, the Rival of his celebrated Father’s Fame, received from his own University into that of
 “ *Padua*; one, who after travelling all over *Europe*, and being favoured
 “ with the Presents and Esteem of the greatest Princes, got the better of
 “ Calumny, and made the Ruins of his Fortunes serve as the Foundations
 “ of his Virtues; one who claims Reverence from Posterity, by his great
 “ Discoveries in Antiquity, have erected this Monument as the last Mark
 “ of their Affection, with Consent of the Chapter, to his Memory. He
 “ died in *October* 1693, aged 59 Years, 8 Months, and 10 Days.”

His principal
 Writings.

You know that this learned Antiquary, was Author of a great many Works, which have made him famous with the Curious. Among others, of a Treatise in *French* concerning *Peats* or *Combustible Turfs*, an *Account* of *Germany*; an *Introduction to the Knowledge of Medals*; a *Tbesaurus Numismatum*; of the *Numismata ex ære medio*; of a *Suetonius* with *Medals*; of a *Treatise de nummo Platonis*; of an *Ursinus de Familiis Romanis*; the *Orations* of *Avicenna*; *Optima Secta Medicorum*, and several others.

In

In coming out of this Church, I observed above an Arcade a large Stone-Coffin or *Sarcophagus*, erected to the Memory of the Counts *Sancta Sophia* by one of their Family, who was principal Physician to the Dukes of *Fharnefe*. This Family boasts of having furnished the University of *Padua* with twenty Professors of Medicine. The Inscription upon the *Sarcophagus* is as follows:

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Tomb of
the Family
of the
Counts de
*Sancta So-
phia*.

*Artis Apollineæ quondam decora alta, vetustæ
Gentis, & Euganei gloria rara soli,
Salvete indigetes Animæ, jamque addita Cælo
Sidera, & occiduas non subitura plagas:
Hoc pia Posteritas vobis dat pignus amoris,
Æternūque jubet nomina vestra legi.
Piis Avorum manibus
Comes Hyeronimus de Sancta Sophia
Olim in Patrio Lyceo Primus Medicinæ Prof.
Nunc in Parmensi Eminens,
Et Ser. Farnesiorum Ducum Archiater P.
M.DC.LXXXII.*

This Morning we finished our Visits to the principal Churches of *Padua*: In that of the *Dominicans*, which is built on a Spot where a Temple of *Mars* anciently stood, are the Tombs of the *Carrara* Family, who made themselves Masters of this City, after the Death of the famous *Exzelin*, the Lord or Tyrant of *Verona*, *Vicenza*, and *Padua*, which happened in the Year 1259. *Francis Carrara*, the last of this Family, was remarkable for his Lewdness and Cruelties, and strangled with his four Children and his Brother by a Sentence of the Senate of *Venice* in the Year 1405.

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Domini-
can
Church,
and
Tomb of
the *Car-
rara Fa-
mily*.

This Monster had contrived little Cross-Bows, with small Steel-Arrows, with which he took Pleasure to kill those to whom he had any ill Will, without any Body being able to perceive from whence the Shot came. He likewise invented Trunks, covered with Cloth, with little Guns within them, disposed in such a Manner that, by Means of certain Springs, they killed the Person who opened the Trunk, as happened to the Countess *Sacрати*, a Lady of Quality, to whom this Tyrant had sent one of them as a Present. This *Barbarian*, besides these diabolical Inventions, trained up large fierce Mastiffs, who were taught to tear in Pieces any Person he pointed at with his Finger.

Character
of the last
of that
Family.

In this Convent is also to be seen the Room of *Albert* the Great, with a long Inscription, which has nothing in it that is extraordinary.

The Church of the *Eremitans*, of the Order of *St. Augustine*, has nothing about it remarkable, excepting the Inside of the Roof, which resembles the Hulk of a Galley turned upside down; and the Tombs of *Marcus Benavidius* and *Paulus Venetus*, and a *John* the Baptist by *Guido Rbeni*.

Church
of the *Ere-
mitans*,
and ho-
nary
Tomb of
*Quaren-
gus*.

Numb. XI.

Q q q

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Rbeni. Though the learned *Antonius Quærengus* of *Padua* died, and was buried at *Rome*; yet one of his Nephews caused a honorary Tomb to be erected to his Memory in this Church, with the following Inscription:

Antonio Quærengo.

Utriusque Pontificiæ Signaturæ Referendario. Pauli V. Greg. XV. Urbani VIII. Praelato Domestico. Sacri Collegii à Secretis post Cardin. Antonianum. & Canonico Patavio. cujus merita eloquentis ac æruditiæ Sapientiæ, Probitatis, Judicii, Roma prædicat, scripta testantur. Nominis Antonii dignissimo ab Antonio Avunculo magno, Maximil. I. Imp. à Conciliis, & Tridenti Prætor. Flavius Quærengus Poia-ghi Comes, Pauli, Gregorii, Urbani, intimus Cubicularius, & Canonicus Patavinus, Fratris F. Patruo de se optimè merito P. C. vixit ann. LXXXVI. Obiit Romæ Ann. Salutis M. DC. XXXIII.

Story of
Luther's
Preaching
and Pulpit

They tell us here a Story of a little Pulpit, which we see in one of the Corners of this Church against the Wall in the Outside. They say that *Luther*, while he was studying at *Padua*, sometimes preached privately to his Comrades; and that this taking air, he was entreated by several Religious Communities to preach in their Churches. That having granted this Favour for some Days to the honest *Eremitan* Fathers, they found the Church too small to contain the Crowds that came to hear him. *Luther* therefore was obliged to preach in the open Street, and from this Pulpit, which he caused to be made on purpose, and which, as a Memorial of the Fact, is left still on the same Spot.

In the Church of *St. Thomas* of *Canterbury* there is the Tomb of an English Lady of the ancient and illustrious Family of *Talbot*. She was a Daughter to the Earl of *Shrewsbury*, and Wife to *Thomas Whitenbal*, Esq; Conjugal Affection made her undertake Voyages too severe for her Sex and Constitution; for she passed the Seas, visited the *Low Countries*, *France* and *Italy*, in Company with her Spouse, but died at *Padua*, as she was preparing to return to *England*, as we learn from the following Epitaph, on a large White Marble erected by her Husband.

Tomb of
a Lady of
the *Talbot*
Family.

*Dilectæ & æternæ Memoræ
Conjugis extra parem merentis
Catharinæ Whitenbal,
Ex alto Talbotorum Sanguine
Anglis venerando, Gallis tremendo, oriundæ,
Joannis Comitis Salopiæ, Waterford, &c. filiæ.
Quæ indignata arctiori se Britannico Mari
Ab orbe penè toto secludi,
Quum, ingentibus animis, majore pietate,*

* On Account of the famous *Talbot*, General of *Henry VI.* in *France*, who rendered his Name formidable to the *French*, and as a Reward for his brave Actions was created Earl of *Shrewsbury*. Both he and his eldest Son were killed at the Siege of *Chatillon*. My Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, whom we saw at *Augsburg*, is also of that Family.

Martii

through ITALY.

*Mariti amore longè maximo,
Belgio, Galliâ, Italiâque peragratîs,
Sæculari Anno Romam esset profecta,
Non contenta visis ibidem Cæli clavibus,
Ipsum usque Cælum
Et Portam Sanctiorem arsit intrare,
Angelicam in Patriam, non Angliam reditura
Nec jam Alpes superatura, sed Olympum.
Amans moerensque Conjux
Thomas Whitenbal, P.
Obiit Patavii pridie nonas Jul. M. DC. L.
Ætatis suæ flore, virtutum messe.*

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In the Church of the *Franciscans* we see the Tombs of the learned *Hieronimus Cagnolus*, *Christophorus Longolius*, *Leonicus Thomeus*, and *Franciscus Curtius*, the first and the last of whom were great Lawyers; the second was honoured by Cardinal *Bembo*, with the following Epitaph:

*Franciscan
Church &
Tombs of
learned
Men.*

*Te juvenem rapuere Deæ fatalia nentes
Stamina, cum scirent moriturum tempore nullo,
Longoli, tibi si cænos seniumque dedissent.*

*Epitaph
of Longo-
lius.*

In the Afternoon we visited some Cabinets of Curiosities. That of Signor *Carlo Torto*, who is a mighty well-bred, polite, and learned Gentleman, is filled with all Kind of Rarities. Besides a handsome Library, he has a good Number of Pictures by the best Hands, and puts a great Value upon a Portrait of *Charles V.* by *Titian*; but a greater upon a compleat Suit of that Prince's Armour, which is of polished Brass, indented with upwards of two thousand small double Eagles of Gold. He likewise shewed us the Portrait of *Silvester Valier*, the last Doge, and that of his Wife upon the same Piece, with the following Words in a Label: *Cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria*, that is, His Horn shall be exalted in Glory. This Lady, who is still alive, made a Present of this Piece to Mr. *Carlo Torto*, as a Mark of her particular Regard for him. She likewise gave him a Present of the *Corno*, or the Doge's Cap, which her Spouse used to wear at home, together with her own; the former is Cloth of Gold, with a Silver Ground, lined with Crimson Taffety. The other is Crimson Damask, with Gold Flowers, but not above half as large as the Doges. I shall not tire you with an Account of all the Minerals, Fossils, Shells, and Antiquities in this Cabinet, where we see in particular a most beautiful and compleat Suite of Golden Medals of the Emperors and Empreſſes.

*Cabinet
of Curio-
sities of
Carlo
Torto.*

I cannot however forbear mentioning one of his greatest Curiosities, which is an *Urna fœtilis*, or an Earthen Urn, found near to *Este* in the Year 1533. This Urn contains a lesser one, in which was found a burning Lamp betwixt two small Vials, the one of Gold, the other of Silver,

*A curious
antique
Urn, and
its Con-
tents.*

1707. both of them full of a very clear Liquor. Upon the largest of these two
 Feb. 20. Urns are the following *Latin Verses*, in pretty legible Characters, without
 PADUA. Diphthongs.

*Plutoni sacrum munus ne attingite fures,
 Ignotum est vobis hoc quod in Urna latet.
 Namque Elementa gravi clausit digesta labore
 Vasa sub hoc modico Maximus Olibius.
 Adsit fecundo custos sibi copia cornu,
 Ne pretium tantū depereat Laticis.*

In *English* thus: "You Thieves touch not the Gift that is consecrated
 "to *Pluto*. The hidden Contents of this Urn is unknown to you; for
 "Maximus Olibius shut up in this small Vessel Elements which he had
 "prepared with great Toil. May Plenty attend him with her fruitful
 "Horn, that the Price of so valuable a Vessel may not be lost."
 The Inscription upon the lesser one is in the same Characters:

*Abitè hinc pessimi fueres
 Vos, quid vultis vestris cum oculis emistitūs?
 Abite hinc vestro cum Mercurio petasato caduceatoque
 Maximus maximo donum Plutoni hoc sacrum fecit.*

"In *English*: "Be gone ye accursed Thieves, what do you want here
 "with your prying Looks? Be gone from hence, together with your
 "Mercury, with his Cap and Wand. Maximus has consecrated this Gift
 "to the great *Pluto*."

Conjectu-
 res upon
 them.

A great many learned Men who were then at *Padua*, entered upon
 endless Disquisitions with Regard to this Antiquity. They who thought
 themselves happiest in their Researches were of Opinion, that this *Maxi-
 mus Olibius* was an Inhabitant of *Padua*, a great Philosopher and Chymist;
 and that by the Help of his Labour and Study he had found out the Se-
 cret of transmuting Metals, and that this Secret was probably the Liquor
 enclosed in the two Vials, the one of Gold, the other of Silver; to make
 it understood that the one transmuted Metals into Gold, and the other in-
 to Silver.

They supported this Conjecture by the Line, *Namque Elementa Gravi
 clausit digesta Labore*; for, say they, all who have wrote of the Transmu-
 lation of Metals have assured us, that above all Things "Metals must be
 "purified, first the compounded Parts separated from one another, and then
 "re-united." That the burning Lamp denotes, that this Purification can
 succeed only by Fire. They farther say, that the Line, *Ignotum est vobis
 hoc quod in Urna latet*, and the Words, *Abite hinc vestro cum Mercurio petasato
 caduceatoque*, was a stinging Reflexion upon those ignorant Pretenders
 who flattered themselves with being able to make this wondetful transmut-
 ing

ing Composition, by means of common crude Mercury. Lastly, they strengthen their Opinion by maintaining, that the Words, *Maximus Maximus donum Plutoni hoc sacrum fecit*, signify nothing but that this great Philosopher *Maximus Olibius* had consecrated this wonderful Secret of transmuting Metals to *Pluto*, the God of Riches, who was the first that taught the Art both of digging and refining Metals. Without entering upon any Criticism, with Regard to those Conjectures, I shall only observe, that this Chymist's two Lines, by way of Prayer to *Pluto*,

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*Adsit fecundo custos sibi copia cornu
Ne pretium tanti depereat Laticis.*

was not heard; for the People who found the Urns, imagining that this precious Liquor was common Water, spilt it every Drop: So that the Secret of transmuting Metals is as much a Secret as ever.

From thence we went to the House of Count *Mantua*, who is as civil and obliging to Strangers as Signor *Carlo Torto* is. In the Court of his Palace there is the Statue of a naked *Hercules*, leaning upon his Club. It is of Stone, and so high that the tallest Man can reach no higher than his Knee, and proportionably thick. The Inscription upon the Pedestal is as follows:

House of
Count
Mantua.

*Hercules Buphiloponus Bestiarius,
Qui tristitiam Orbis depulit omnem,
Peramplo hoc signo
Mantuae curâ restituit.*

A large
Statue of
Hercules,
with its
Inscrip-
tion.

Upon his Club is engraved the following Words: *Bartholomei Ammannati Florentini opus.*

In this Court we likewise see the following Pieces of Antiquity; an antique Marble, with a small modern Statue, and the following Words, *Gen. Aug.* Another with this Inscription:

C. PAPIRIVS
C. L.
SODALIS.
SIBI ET ELONIAE MVRRAE
VXSORI *.
V. F.

An an-
tique
Marble.

A Busto of *Lucretia*, with the following Inscription, copied from an ancient Marble found near to *Viterbo*.

A Busto of
Lucretia.

* *Uxori* with an S.

I

COL-

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COLLATINUS TARQUINIUS DULCISSIMAE CONJUGI ET INCOMPARABILI, LUCRETIAE PUDICITIAE DECORI, MULIERUM GLORIAE. VIXIT ANN. XXII. MENS. III. DIES VII. PROH DOLOR! QUAE FUIT CARISSIMA.

The ancient *Lucretia* too much admired in all Ages.

I have been so long plagued with hearing the Wife of *Collatinus* cried up as the Mirror of Chastity, that I can no longer resist the Temptation of letting you see that People are mistaken when they give her the Pre-eminence of Virtue over all her Sex. I will therefore take this Opportunity to tell you that the Praises bestowed on this *Roman* Lady are only the Effect of Prejudice. The greatest Part of Mankind are prepossessed in Favour of venerable Antiquity; two thousand Years and upwards give a Kind of *Relief* to a famous Action; they aggrandize instead of diminishing an Object by the Distance of Time. In short,

Omnia post obitum pingit majora vetustas.

Far less admirable than the Marchioness of *Obizzi*.

For my Part, I have the greatest Respect for the Gentlemen of Antiquity, for those Qualifications that render them venerable; and as great an Admirer as you are of the Morals and Beauties of the Ancients, perhaps you don't esteem them more than I do: But after all, must we thus cry up for a Wonder, a Woman who stabbed herself, after having suffered her Virtue to be violated? In my Opinion she had merited greater Glory, if, like the illustrious Marchioness *de Obizzi* *, she had stabbed herself rather than admit the Violence of her brutal Lover; and if it were to be determined to which of the two *Lucretias* the Preference is due, it is certain, that the Plurality of Voices will be in Favour of the Christian.

Remarkable History of *Blanche de Rossi*.

But in order to put the Affair on a fair Parallel, and to shew you that I do not pretend to detract in the least from the Merit of the *Roman*, I will quote the Example of another *Italian Heroine*, who though she suffered the same Violence as the Wife of *Collatinus*, is in my Opinion her Superior. It is the valiant *Blanche de Rossi*, Wife to *John Baptista de la Porta*, Governor of *Bassano*. *Ezzelin* or *Acciolin*, Tyrant of *Padua*, having taken that Place by Assault, and the Governor being killed, fighting upon the Wall, this *Amazon*, who stood compleatly armed, fighting by her Husband's Side, was after a stout Resistance taken Prisoner, and carried in Triumph before the Tyrant, as the most valuable Part of his Victory.

She resolutely resists the Temptations of a Tyrant.

When he saw her thus armed, covered with Dust, besmeared with Sweat and Blood, he fell desperately in Love with her. He spared neither Prayers nor Threats, nor Offers to make her consent to his Desires. Seeing however that nothing could shake her Constancy, he was preparing to make use of Violence, when the chaste and courageous *Blanche* escaped out of

* See Page 470.

of his Hands, and running to the Window of a very high Apartment, cast herself down from thence upon the Pavement of the Street, where she was taken up all bruised and bloody. The Tyrant, astonished at her Resolution, ordered all the Care imaginable to be taken of her: She was laid on a Bed, and no means were spared for her Recovery, which yet was a long Time before it was perfected.

No sooner was she recovered, than *Ezzelin* renewed his Addresses with greater Ardour than formerly; but the second Attack was not more successful than the first: His largest Offers and strongest Threats made no Impression upon her. In short, finding nothing mean or weak in her Soul, despairing to gain her Consent by Persuasion, he made use, like a Tyrant as he was, of barbarous Violence. He ordered his Attendants to tie her upon a Table, and then satisfied his Brutality. The generous Lady scorned to survive this Injury, and therefore retiring to the Place where her Husband was buried, she ordered the Tomb to be opened under Pretence of seeing him once more; but as soon as the Stone was lifted up, the *Heroine* threw herself upon the Body, and in Agonies of Grief grasped it in her Arms; at the same Time pulling down the Bar, which supported the Stone, she was immediately crushed in the Grave; thus she buried herself, as it were alive, in the Tomb of her dear Spouse. This Tragedy happened about the Year 1253.

If you shall say that this Lady did not kill herself till after she was ravished like *Lucretia*, I answer, that it was not her Fault she did not do it by throwing herself over the Window; that even afterwards her great Courage made her naturally take all possible Means in order to avoid the impending Violence; and that she did not suffer herself to be debauched until the Tyrant's Slaves put it out of her Power to defend her Chastity, by tying her with Cords to a Table; whereas the young *Tarquin* being quite alone, could not do so to *Lucretia*. It is also certain, that without such Precaution a single Man can never force a Woman, who has a Mind to employ all her Strength in her Defence. In fine, to shew you that I am not singular in this Opinion, I shall transcribe an Epigram that was made upon it, and which I think is very *a propos*.

*Si tibi fortè fuit, Lucretia, gratus Adulter,
Immeritò ex meritâ præmia cæde petis,
Sin potius casto vis est illata pudori,
Quis furor est, hostis crimine velle-mori?
Frustra igitur laudem captas Lucretia; namque
Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelerata cadis.*

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She is ravished by him, and then kills herself.

In many Degrees superior to the Roman *Lucretia*.

A fine Epigram on this Subject.

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In *English* thus :

*If Tarquin's Force, Lucretia, pleas'd thy Soul,
Death was but Justice for a Crime so foul;
But if by down-right Force the Joy be had,
To die——i'oblige a Ruffian——proves you mad,
Then be thy Life no more the Matron's Pride,
You liv'd a Strumpet, or a Fool you dy'd.*

I hope you will forgive this small Digression, which I could not help making concerning the excessive Admiration generally paid for every Thing that favours of Antiquity, whilst very few bestow the least Attention on the greatest Actions of the Moderns; but, as I have already observed, the Distance of 2 or 3000 Years magnifies an Object.

'Twould be too tedious if I should describe to you all the Curiosities in the Count of *Mantua's* Possession; for he has spared no Cost to collect Rarities of all Kinds. After all, these Cabinets (or what they are pleased to call so) are almost all full of very near the same Things. The Gallery deserves to be viewed, for there we meet with very many fine Paintings, among which are several done by the Count himself, who values himself on being a good Painter. Here we also saw a very fine Organ, all of Wood, adorned with excellent gilt Carving. I likewise observed a Busto of *Titus Livius*, with the following Inscription on a Marble under it.

An intelligible Inscription, under a Statue of *Titus Livius*.

T. LIVIVS. G. F. SIBI. ET. SVIS.
T. LIVIO. T. F. PRISCO. F. T. LIVIO.
T. FILIO. LONGO. F. CASSIAE. SEX.
FILIAE. PRIMAE. VXORI.

Ingenuously, Sir, with all your Skill in decyphering Intricacies of this Kind, I believe you will find it pretty difficult to discover a Meaning in the above.

Two Academies.

I ought not to forget to tell you that here there are two Academies of Wits, one of which goes by the Name of *Gli Recovrati*, i. e. *the recovered*, the other by that of *Gli Inflammati*, or *the inflamed*.

These, Sir, are the Things we saw most remarkable in *Padua*, which pretends to be one of the most ancient Cities in *Italy*, according to an Inscription over one of the Gates, which is as follows :

Origin and History of *Padua*.

Hanc Antiquissimam Urbem Litterarum omnium Afylum, cujus Agrum Fertilitatis lumen Natura esse voluit, Antenor condidit Anno ante Christum natum M.CXVIII.

It

It was then built by *Antenor* long before the Foundation of *Rome*, at least if it be true, that that *Trojan* came into *Italy*, and if we must believe the Inscription, or the Poet *Virgil*, who in the first *Æneid* affirms: 1707.
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*Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, & fontem superare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum, & pelago premit arva sonanti.
Heic tamen ille Urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, & genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troia: Nunc placidâ compostus pace quiescit.*

But to return to *Padua*, the *Romans* formerly granted it the Freedom of a City, with Power to appoint its own Magistrates. It was afterwards destroyed by *Attila* King of the *Huns*, next by the *Lombards*, after it had been rebuilt by *Narses*, General to the Emperor *Justinian*. *Charles* the Great again re-established it, and founded an University in it, endow'd with great Privileges, which it enjoyed under his Successors, being governed by Consuls and a Senate, until it came under the Power of the Tyrant *Ezzelin*, who obtained a Gift of it from *Frederic II.* Afterwards it was subject to the *Carrara* Family, and lastly to the *Venetians*. This happened *A. D.* 1406.

Padua is situated in a Country so abounding with Corn, Wine, Fruit, and other Necessaries, that its Fertility has given rise to the following Proverb: *Bologna la grassa, Venetia la guasta, ma Padoua la passa.* It is at this Day the second City of the *Venetian* State, containing a Bishoprick Suffragan to *Aquileia*, and comprehended in the District of *Trevisiano*. The River *Brenta*, the *Medoacus* of the Ancients, fills the Ditches that defend it with Water, and washing the City in several Places, conveys many Commodities to the Inhabitants. Fertility
of its Ter-
ritory.

I must tell you by the by, that this River has by several Antiquaries been mistaken for the ancient *Timavus*, deceived, I suppose, by the above cited Passage from *Virgil* concerning *Antenor*. It is however certain, that the *Timavus* runs thro' *Friuli* beyond *Aquileia*, and that the two *Medoaci*, mentioned by *Pliny* and other Authors, are the *Bacchilione* which runs by *Vicenza* and the *Brenta*, whose ancient Course the *Venetians* have changed by a great Canal, in order to hinder it from choaking their *Lagunes* * with Sand. *Strabo* in his Description of *Padua* speaks of the *Brenta* thus: *A mari sursum habet navigationem fluvio per paludes delato CCL. stad. à magno portu; portus autem ipse eodem, quo fluvius, nomine vocatur Medoacus.* That is, "From the Sea upwards it has a Communication with the River, by "Canals two hundred and fifty Furlongs from the great Harbour. Yet "the Harbour itself is (as well as the River) called *Medoacus*." Brenta, a
River.

* Shallow Waters about *Venice*, always so called.

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Fortifica-
tions.

The City of *Padua* covers a large Space of Ground, but there are many void Places, and is what we may call very ill peopled. It is surrounded with double Walls, fortified with Bastions and Bulwarks, which though they are none of the best, yet put it in such a State as to secure *Venice* on the Side of *Lombardy* and *Romania*. The Walls of the old Town are still to be seen, nor were the Suburbs inclosed with the Town, until it came into the Hands of the *Venetians*. In *Padua* there are twenty six Parishes, four Hospitals, twenty three Convents of Men, and eighteen of Women. There are also two Castles, the old and the new, but neither of them of any great Strength.

Now very
indiffe-
rently
peopled.

Padua was formerly very well inhabited, as well on Account of its agreeable Situation and Air, which is extremely pure and wholesome, as for the Sake of the learned Men who filled the University. This was the Reason of giving it the Name of *Padua la Dotta*, i. e. *Padua* the Learned, and the *Athens* of *Italy*.

Etymolo-
gy of the
Name of
Padua.

We know not however very well whence the Name of this City is derived: Some have believed that it was first named *Padavium*, from *Padi*, vel *paludum vicinitate*, from its lying so near the Marshes. *Facius Ubertus* seems to have adopted this Opinion, when he says, *Lib. 3. Cant. 4.*

*Da Pado, O da Palude prese il nome,
Che presso ne assai questa Cittade:
Brenta la cerchia, chiude come un pome, &c.*

Enco-
miums of
this City.

However that may be, *Padua* has always held a very considerable Rank among the great Cities of *Italy*, and has produced many great Men. The learned Reader will perhaps not be displeased to see some Thoughts that were communicated to me thrown into *Latin* Verse, upon this and other Cities in *Italy*, and which I shall now and then take the Liberty of inserting here, as they perhaps may serve to embellish the Faintness of a Prose Description. This may in Truth be said of *Padua*, especially in Relation to its learned Men.

*Urbs magnis celebrata viris: hac Livius ille
Historiæ Pater est genitus: servantur eodem
Illius ossa loco, statuis tituloque superbo;
Hic ubi juncta Foro nullis fulcita columnis
Plumbea marmorei pulchrè stant tecta Palati.
Hic etiam Paullus Furis Legumque peritus,
Et statuas alii meruerunt Urbis Alumni.
Hæc quoque Valerio Patria est, qui Iasona laudat:
Hæc Patria Asconio & Stellæ: Prætoris in Aæce,
Effigies quorum & Titulos spectare licebit,
Ætria Romanorum referunt ubi picta Senatum.*

Besides

Besides the famous Historian *Titius Livius*, *Caius Valerius Flaccus*, Author of the Poem on the *Argonauts*, and *Lucius Aruntius Stella*, both Friends to *Martial*, *Quintus Asconius Pedianus*, and *Julius Paulus*, the first a famous Grammarian, the last an eminent Lawyer? *Padua* also boasts the Birth of *C. Volusius*, Author of those *Annals*, which the ill-natured *Catullus*, his Cotemporary enviously calls

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Other
learned
Men of
Padua.

*Annales volusi carata charta,
Votum solvite pro mea Puella, &c.*

The famous Soothsayer *C. Cornelius*, who, according to *Lucan*, *Plutarch*, *Aulus Gellius*, and *Julius Obsequens*, foretold the Battle of *Pharsalia*, and *Cæsar's* Victory; *Maximus Olybius*, the great Philosopher and Chymist; *Cecinna Pætus*, Husband of the brave *Arria*, and *Thrasea Pætus*, his Son-in-law. Of the Moderns, besides the celebrated *Peter de Abano*, it boasts of having produced *Marsilius Mainardinus* a famous Divine, who boldly espoused the Party of the Emperor *Lewis* of *Bavaria* against Pope *John XXII.* in his Book, intituled, *De potestate Papæ*; Cardinal *Francis Zabarella*, who died at *Constance* whilst a Council was sitting there; the celebrated and learned Mathematician *Anthony Maginus*, *Laurentius Pignorius*, *Anthony Quærengus*, and several others, whom I forbear to name lest I should be thought tiresome to you.

I have nothing farther to tell you of *Padua*: If I hear that there are any more Rarities in it worthy of Observation, I shall not fail to see them on my Return from *Venice*, where I hope we shall be to Morrow-night.

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VENICE.

C H A P. LXXIII.

Departure from Padua, and fine Passage between that City and Venice. Poetical Description of this last. The Gondolas, or Boats, and Gondoliers. Mendicant or Begging Poets at Venice. The Palace of the German Merchants. The great Canal. Bridge of Rialto exactly described. The Mercery and Masks of Venice. Impudence of a Mendicant Poet. The Square of St. Mark. The Broglia. Two remarkable Columns. The old and new Procuratories. Church of St. Geminianus, and History of that Saint.

Fine Pas-
sage be-
twixt
Padua &
Venice.

THIS Morning we embarked in a *Peota*, a Boat with a Kind of Chamber glaized in the Middle, where one sits as conveniently as in his own Apartment. To give you an Idea of the *Brenta*, from *Padua* to *Fusina*, you must imagine you see a Part of that fine Canal, which reaches from *Utrecht* to *Amsterdam*. The Banks of the River are adorned with several Villages and Summer-dwellings belonging to the *Venetian* Nobility. Almost all the Houses are of *Palladio's* Architecture. The only Difference I can find is, that the *Venetian* Houses are infinitely more grand than those of the *Hollanders*. One of the finest of them (to my Taste) either with Regard to the Building or Gardens, is that of *Giovanelli*, a noble *Venetian*, of a late Creation, and originally a *German*. It stands about two Leagues from *Padua*. Most of the Proprietors of those Country-houses spend about nine Months in the Year there, or at least as long time as their Business will permit.

Fine Pro-
spect of
Venice.

From *Padua* to *Fusina* our Boat was drawn by a Horse, but we were obliged to discharge him there, as we now entered the *Lagunes*. Presently the great and fine City of *Venice*, which *Baronius* calls *Orbis Miraculum*, *Urbs in bella potens*, & *in Concilio sapiens*, that is, *the Wonder of the World*, a *City strong in War, and wise in Council*, presented itself to our View. Many great Wits have written Eulogiums and Descriptions of it, as well in Prose as in Verse. Perhaps the following Lines, which describe the City, as it presents itself to a Traveller at some Distance; in a Word, that expresses its Form and Situation in a very lively Manner, will not be disagreeable.

Poetical
Descrip-
tion of
that City.

*Eminus Adriacis Venetam de fluctibus Urbem
Intuitus, nova quæ (dixi) spectacula surgunt !
Protinus apparet mediis (mirabile visu)
Æstibus emergens, tamquam Latonia Delos,
Extremus refluo quæ tunditur Adria fluctu.*

Vix

Vix oculis credo ipse meis; viso, atque reviso:

Demiror positumque loci, terramque natantem,

Inque salo superare solum, turreſque ſuperbas.

Mœnia nulla Urbem cingunt Lacedæmonis inſtar,

Nullus ſuſpenſo portas ſignavit aratro,

Nullus lata cavis ſanxit pomeria ſulcis;

Sed Natura ſitum muro potiore tuetur,

Æquoris effuſi latè ſtagnantibus undis:

Hinc brevior & Syrtes, via navibus invia celſis:

Quò vada cæca vetant hoſtes appellere claſſem.

Non equiti pediti vè patet; quippe altior unda eſt;

Non adeò intercluſa tamen, quin mercibus arcto

Implicitoque aditu venientibus explicet ulnas,

Si modo, qui novit, tutum monſtraverit alveum;

Nam varius reſſuo ſemper mutatur ab æſtu;

Nec tantùm maris amplexu conſiſſa, locique

Præſidio, longas domitrix inſigne per oras

Protulit Imperium; quantum quia munere Divùm

Legibus æternis concors Republica vineta eſt.

At cùm Urbes reliquæ ſtabili tellure locentur,

Cur tamen hæc medio conſtructa eſt unica ponto

Dic age, Calliope? quiſnam fuit ille Deorum,

(Quippe opus hoc hominum non eſt) qui prima per æſtus

Adriacos, Venetæ poſuit fundamina genti?

Tu meminiffe poteſ: quid enim longæva vetuſtas

Obſtiterit; vel quæ Divam te ſæcula fallant?

Mœnia Dardaniæ Divùm ſudata lacertis——

But it is enough for to Day, perhaps I may another Time ſend you the Remainder of this Deſcription.

The firſt Thing we did this Morning was to provide a good Gondola; for you muſt know that *Venice*, being ſituated as it were in the Middle of the Sea, and divided by a vaſt Number of Canals, which croſs it on all Sides, and have generally no Keys, our Coaches and Horſes could be of no Uſe to us. But what ſhall we ſay of your famous Biſhop *Burnet*, other than that the Works of that learned Man ought to be read with ſome Caution. After he has told us of the bad Wine, bad Bread, and wretched Manner of dreſſing their Victuals at *Venice*, he adds: “Here, as well as throughout *Lombardy*, the Coaches are extremely inconvenient “to ride in, being not hung upon the Carriages.” A very ſmall Share of Attention would have prevented this Miſtake in ſo accurate a Man, as was that celebrated Prelate; for every Body knows that Coaches would be quite uſeleſs there, and that taking the Air, Viſits; in a Word, all Kind of Buſineſs is done by means of Gondolas.

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The Gondolas.

Miſtake of Biſhop Burnet.

One

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Description of a
Gondola
cutwardly

One can hardly see any Thing better contrived than these small Boats : Their Shape and Lightness is surprising. They are generally about thirty two Foot long, and four, or four and a half Broad in the Middle, decreasing gradually in breadth at each End to a very sharp Point, which rises perpendicular to about the Height of a Man. The Prow is defended by a large sharp Piece of Iron about four Inches broad ; the upper End of which is bent in the Shape of a Swan's Neck, ending in a Kind of an Ax, something more than a Foot long. This Neck is also stuck below the greatest Part of it, with five or six flat Iron-spikes, about four Inches distant from one another. These are about a Foot long, and more than three Inches broad, being a little rounded towards the Point, insomuch that this Iron-headed Prow seems contrived to pierce through any Thing it meets with. The End of the Stern is commonly adorned with a long square Piece of Iron turning outwards like a spiral Line, and beautified with Flower-work or Bunches of Leaves, all so well filed and polished that 'tis an Embellishment to the Gondola.

The Inside.

In the Middle there is a Kind of little Chamber, seven or eight Foot long, so high as that one may stand within, covered with a Kind of black Serge tied with Ribbands, and Tossels of the same Colour. Six Persons may sit conveniently within, be defended from the Weather, and see thro' the little Windows what is doing on all Hands. The Seats are made of Plank, covered with black Leather quilted, supported by small Pieces of Boards nailed under them. The most honourable Seats are in the Bottom, and the Left-hand more honourable than the Right ; for this there are several Reasons assigned. Some say, that in that Place one is less exposed to the Water, raised by the Motion of the Oars ; others say, that 'tis because he, who sits on the Right-hand, does not see the Boatman's Face so well, and therefore cannot give him Directions so well as they that sit on the Left. However that may be, a Gondola is a very fine Machine ; and give me leave to tell you once more they have no other Kind of Coaches at Venice.

*Non hic arte regit celeres Auriga quadrigas,
Nulla Peletronios exercent frena bimembres,
Nullus Eriethonius, nullusque hic usus equorum ;
Innocui Venetis nisi qui edificantur Epæis :
Plurimus at Typhis, promptæque ad vota Carinae,
Artifici passim volitantes remige currus,
Duratæque levi gradientes flamine mule.
Ipse etiam muros pulsans pede Navita, lembum
Quolibet impellit spirante Valentius Austro,
Tota adeo in levibus Venetum stat cura Phaselis.*

Swiftnefs
of these
Boats, and
Dexterity
of their
Managers

'Tis indeed surprising to see with what Nimbleness and Skill the Boatmen, who stand with their Faces towards the Prow, manage their Vessels.

fels. They are commonly but two in Number; he that Rows before rests his Oar on the left Side, and he that is behind on the Right. The last of these is mounted upon the Prow, in order to see and manage the Vessel with the greater Exactness; but as he is supported only by a long Piece of Deal, which sticks out on the left Side of the Prow, one may affirm, that he is quite without the Gondola. Add to this, that keeping his right Foot almost constantly up in the Air, he is always in Danger of falling in the Water, especially when he happens thro' Inattention to strike against another Boat in a narrow Canal; but that happens rarely; for it is almost incredible to tell with what Facility these Fellows avoid one another, and with what Ease, Dexterity and Quickness, they pass by all Obstacles that are continually coming in their Way; how they turn the Ends of their Canals, and immediately stop in the Middle of their Course, or even pull their Gondolas back, if necessity requires. In a Word, the ablest Rowers you have on the *Thames* know nothing of their Business in Comparison with these Fellows. By a Regulation of the Senate all the Gondolas are black, and covered with black Cloth, except those of Ambassadors and Foreign Ministers, who are indulged the Privilege of having theirs carv'd, gilt, painted, or done over with Silver or Gold Stuffs if they please.

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You may be sure that so great a City as *Venice*, and with so many Inhabitants, besides the Strangers who crowd thither in Time of Carnival, and to see the Ceremony on *Ascension* Day, must have a great Number of Gondolas. The Nobility and other rich Inhabitants of the City have commonly two or three, and sometimes four a-piece, and the Boatmen wear their Liveries. So that some compute the whole Number to be above twenty thousand; others say, there is not above ten thousand, and some not so many. However that may be, it would be very difficult to fix the precise Number. One thing it is certain, that the Canals are covered with them.

Great
Number
of these
Vessels.

One great Advantage arising from thence is, that the great Number of Gondolas, procures a Subsistence to a vast Number of poor People, who would otherwise find great Difficulty to maintain themselves. Whereas when once they are Gondoliers they have more Ways than one to gain a great deal of Money; for they are very dextrous in managing an Intrigue, as well as a Gondola, and to procure an Assignment. Above all Things they boast that they are infallible in telling you how to nick the *Critical Minute*. Add to this, that these Fellows are of great Use to the State, as the constant Exercise of their Profession makes them good Sailors, they can supply it with a great Number of Mariners when Necessity requires.

Usefulness
of the
Gondoliers.

In a Word, one may be served with Gondolas several Ways: They who only want them for a Job, need but call *Gondola*, as you do *Coach* at *London* or *Paris*, and immediately they come to you. One may also have them at so much by the Voyage, or by the Hour; but the best Way is to have one quite to yourself, to come and wait every Morning at your Gate before you rise out of Bed. 'Twas thus I hired one.

How they
are hired.

U

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one at the Rate of eight *Venetian* Livres (the whole amounting to something more than a *British* Crown) a Day. Besides, our Boatmen are tied down to us during our Stay in the City, to wear our Livery if we please, to come every Morning, and wait at the Hour we set the Night before; to conduct us at any Hour of the Day to any Place of the City where we intend to go, and at Night to the Opera or Playhouse. In short, they are obliged to do whatever we please. Thus you see the *Coaches* of *Venice* are much cheaper than those at *London* or *Paris*; especially if you add to this, that they can travel at the Rate of eight or nine Miles an Hour.

Merry
Story of
a begging
Rhymers.

Just as we were going to set out in order to make some Visits, one of our Servants came and told me there was a Man at my Chamber Door who desired to speak with me; I ordered him to be shewn in; but judge my surprize to hear a Stanger, who I was sure had never seen me before, pronounce my Name distinctly five or six times, with as many *Illustrissimo Signioro's*, in a long Compliment which he poured out to me. This was not all; having ended his Compliment, he pulled out a small Silver Basin from under his Cloak, with a Leaf of Paper in it very neatly folded up, which he gave me with a low Bow. I could not yet comprehend the Plot of this Comedy; but having opened the Paper, I saw it contained a Sonnet wrote in great Letters, with my Name and those of my fellow Travellers in Capitals. Here we were compared to no less than *Aeneas* and *Acchates*, to *Pylades* and *Orestes*, *Damon* and *Pythias*; in a Word, we quite stunk with the Incense that was paid us. These fine Compliments soon opened my Eyes: I immediately found that this honest Man was some wretched Poet, who had a Sonnet that served him for all sorts of People, and that he had always a Number of Copies by him printed, so that he only needed to fill up the Blanks with the Names of his intended Patrons, which he could easily learn from the People of the Inn, whom he kept in pay for that Purpose. The Conclusion of the Story was, that I folded up the Paper again, and put it into the little Basin, which now appeared to be only Tinn, and coldly told the Poet I thanked him for his stale Sonnet, of which I supposed a thousand Persons had had the Maidenhead. He was very much surprized at a Compliment he did not expect, and was going to renew the Attack, but having told him in a pretty positive Manner, that I was obliged to go abroad immediately about Business, and that I should be obliged to him if he would let me alone, he began to withdraw, making me at the same time some awkward Bows, which I could have willingly dispensed with.

Good
Manners
of two
Noble *Ve-*
netians

We spent part of this Day with two noble *Venetians*, to whom we had Letters of Recommendation. The first is Mr. *Mocenigo*, whom you have seen in *England*, Ambassador of this Republic some Years ago. The other is Mr. *Cornaro*, the Brother of him who is now Ambassador there, and who was so kind as to recommend us to his Brother in a very obliging Manner. These Gentlemen received us very kindly, and have offered us
all

all the Assistance in their Power. The first of them told us, that being under a kind of Confinement in his own House, and banished the Council for some Time, (because he had refused to go Embassador into France) he was afraid he could not be of great use to us. He told us however, that he would omit no Opportunity to serve us, and would come frequently to our Inn to visit us. Mr. Cornaro has been also very obliging, and appears to pay the greatest Regard to his Brother's Recommendation. If they are sincere, the Conduct of these Gentlemen to us ought, in some Measure, to destroy the old Prepossession with which some Travellers have represented to us the Venetian Nobility; that they are a very haughty People, and inaccessible to Strangers.

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As Mr. Goll of Augsburg our Banker, gave me a particular Letter of Recommendation to a German Merchant, a Friend of his, we went this Morning to the *Fondaco de Tedeschi* to deliver it. This gallant Merchant, whose Name is Mr. Kubn, received us with the greatest Civility in the World, and offered to be our Guide in all our Excursions through the City. We accepted his Offer, because Venice is perhaps the only great City in Italy where you find none of those People who make a Trade of attending Strangers to see their Curiosities for Money. That you may know what the *Fondaco de Tedeschi* is, I must inform you that the Trade with Germany being one of the oldest and most considerable belonging to Venice, the Republic has omitted nothing that might contribute to encrease it. With this View, she has given to the Merchants of that Nation a large Palace near the Bridge of *Rialto*. But if we may believe *Lewis Helian*, Embassador of *Louis XII.* King of France, that Palace cost them very dear, for in the Latin Speech which he delivered before the Emperor *Maximilian*, the Electors, Princes and Bishops of the Empire, at the Dyet held at *Augsburg*, in the Year 1510. he positively affirms, that the *Venetians* hired out the *Fondaco de Tedeschi* to the German Merchants at thirty Ducats a Day, which amounts to 10,950 Ducats per Annum. It is a very large square Building of Free-Stone; over the Gate is the Lion of St. Mark, with the following Inscription.

The Fondaco de Tedeschi, or German Merchant's House.

P. ANNO M.D.LXXI.

PRINCIPATUS LEONARDI LAUREDANI
INCLYTI DUCIS ANNO SEXTO.

After passing the Gate, we enter into a grand Court which has four Rows of Porches above one another, with a vast Number of Apartments. Those below serve for Ware-houses, in which the Goods are locked up; in those above there are upwards of fourscore Persons conveniently lodged, without including the Servants and others employed in the Service. None but those who are born in the Imperial Cities of Germany can be of this Body,

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Description of it.

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Body, and these enjoy several great Privileges of great Conveniency to their Trade. All the Merchants eat together in two large Halls, one for the Summer and the other for Winter, with a great *German* Stove in it. One of them (as Steward for the others) lays out the Expences of the House for a whole Year; at the End of which he produces his Accounts, which are examined, and the Money re-imburfed him. In these Halls there are several fine Paintings by *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, *Palma*, *Contareni*, and other great Masters. The Out-side of the Palace is also painted in Fresco, by *Georgeon* and *Titian*; but the Painting is at present very much faded. It is out of the Revenues of the *Fondaco de Tedeschi*, or the *German Warehouses*, that the Republic orders the Doge's Appointments, and those for maintaining his Household, together with all the Expences of the public Entertainments he is obliged to give four times a Year to the Senators and foreign Embassadors.

The
Great Ca-
nal.

As the *Great Canal*, which is certainly one of the finest Objects in all *Venice*, is not far from the *Fondaco de Tedeschi*, Mr. *Kuhn* proposed our beginning with this, our Visits to the principal Curiosities in this City. I shall not here affect, as Mr. *Misson* does, to be quite an Original in my Relation; all I pretend to do is, to represent what I saw in the most natural Colours, and give the truest Description of them I possibly can.

Having then re-entered our *Gondola* in Company with Mr. *Kuhn*, who is a Man of good Understanding, and has made it his Study for some Years to be perfectly acquainted with this City, we rowed at our leisure from one End to the other of this Canal. I observed, that it was in the Form of an S inverted, and divides the City as it winds along: It begins at the Place called *Dogana de Mar*, and ends at the Convent of St. *Chiara*, which lies on the West opposite to *Fusina* the old Mouth of the *Brenta*, which makes it doubtful, whether the great Canal was not formerly the Channel of that River. Its Length is about 1300 Paces, and its greatest Breadth 50. Its Water is always clear because the Channel is very deep, and the Rapidity of its Course prevents its having the noisome Smell of the other Canals. Gallies and the largest Barks, though deep loaded, have Water enough always there to carry them without the least Rub from one Bank to the other.

Many fine
Palaces
upon it.

It is universally agreed, that the finest Palaces in *Venice* stand upon this Canal, and Mr. *Misson* himself is of this Opinion, tho' his Affectation of Singularity in Taste makes him say, "That they are vast Hulks of Buildings which would have no Beauty, were it not for the Mask he speaks of in his Letter from *Vicenza*, meaning their Fronts, which are generally adorned with two or three Orders of Architecture, and that all the rest is irregular and disagreeable to the Eye." Though he asserts this with a very majestic Air, yet all good Judges say, that the Masks (as he calls them) of the Palaces *Grimani*, *Cornaro*, *Pisani*, *Morosini*, *Loredano*, *Ruzzini*, *Vendramino*, with a vast Number of others dispersed up and down the City, may be looked upon as Models of the finest Taste in Building, and that several Princes in *Europe* are not so magnificently lodged as are those Noble *Venetians*.

tians. For my Part, I think the Sentence upon *Buckingham House* in ^{1707.} *St. James's Park*, *Spectator fastidiosus sibi met molestus*, is very applicable to ^{Feb. 23.} those squeamish Gentlemen, who find fault with every thing they see. ^{VENICE.} The Faults I found with this Great Canal is, that it has no fine Key running from one End to the other; and that so many mean Buildings are interspersed with those pompous Palaces, as to quite spoil the fine Effect of the latter, though some People think that this sets them off.

There being but one Bridge over this Canal it might likewise be looked upon as a Defect and a great Inconveniency for the Inhabitants, if they had no other way of crossing it but by this Bridge; but besides the prodigious Expence of building other Bridges over this Canal, I must acquaint you, that this Inconveniency is remedied by a Score of Ferry-boats at as many different Landing-places, called *Traghetti*, and disposed all along the Canal, where *Gondoliers* carry you over to the other Side for a Venetian *Sous* a Head; which may be about a Half-penny *Englisb*. ^{Ferry-Boats to cross this Canal.}

The Bridge I have mentioned is the famous Bridge of the *Rialto*, crossing the Canal towards its Middle, where it is narrowest, and lying almost in the Center of the City. There was formerly a Ferry in that Place; and it was so late as the Year 1205 that they made a Wooden Bridge there, ^{The Bridge of the Rialto and its History.} which being frequently in danger of being carried away by high Seas, the Republic thought proper to convert it into a Stone Bridge, in the Year 1591, while *Pascal Cigogna* was Doge, as appears from the Inscription upon a Marble Stone set in the Wall of one of its Arches, where we see a Stork, which is a *Rebus*, representing the Arms of that Doge.

PASCHALE CICONIA VENETIARVM DVCE.
ANNO CHRISTI M.D.XCI. VRBIS CONDITÆ M.C.LXX.
CVRANTIBVS ALOYSIO GEORGIO PROC.
M. ANTONIO BARAERO EQ. ET PROC.
JACOBO FOSCARBNO EQVIT. ET PROC.

Most People who have mentioned this Bridge say, that it was built in the Year 1587. Father *Coronelli* likewise, who entitles himself *Reader and Cosmographer of the most serene Republic*, and whom you may have seen at ^{Errors in other Travellers with regard to this Bridge} *London*, gives it this Date. But either the Date upon the Bridge is wrong, or those Gentlemen must be mistaken, the last of which is, for many obvious Reasons, most probable. Besides, all the Historians of *Venice*, and Father *Coronelli* himself, place the Foundation of that City in 421. Now the Inscription on the Bridge says it was built, *Anno Christi 1591, Urbis conditæ 1170*. consequently by adding the 421 to the 1170 *Urbis conditæ*, F. *Coronelli* will plainly see, that both the Numbers make up exactly that of 1591. mentioned in the Inscription. After such a Disagreement about the Date, no Wonder that those Gentlemen should differ widely with regard to the Elm Piles upon which it is built, some fixing the Number to

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Arch-
itecture
and Di-
mensions.

10,000, some to eight thousand, *Lassels* to six thousand, and *Coronelli* makes them the round Number of 12,000, as if each of these Gentlemen had counted them one by one.

This Bridge is built in a very solid Manner, and of a Kind of white Marble that comes from *Istria*, and called here *Pietra dura*, or hard Stone. It consists only of a single Arch, which is very broad and very high. I own that I did not measure this Arch, not having been so provident as Mr. *Misson*, who tells us, he took care to carry along with him from *London*, "a well twisted Packthread 50 Fathom long, with Knots each at a "Foot distance" which, by the bye, for more Reasons than one, I think must be a very inaccurate Way of Measuring. Mr. *Misson* measured it with his *well-twisted Packthread*, and found it on the Level of the Canal, only 90 Foot from one End of the Arch to the other; from whence he concludes, that the Arch is about 24 Foot high. Give me leave to observe, that it is next to impossible to measure exactly the Height of this Arch, by reason of the Tides which rise and fall twice every twenty four Hours very considerably, not only at *Venice*, but all over the *Lagunes*, especially at the New and Full Moons, and still more about the Equinoxes than about the Solstices. But however that may be, it is broad and high enough for a Galley with her Sails down, and all her Oars out, to pass through.

It is un-
questiona-
bly a fine
Structure.

I am of Mr. *Misson's* Opinion, that the Sweep of this Arch does not form a compleat Semi-circle; but he has not been aware that this was done designedly, and that it was not thought proper to elevate it in Proportion to its Diameter, that its rising might be more easy; yet he assigns this as a Reason why that Bridge is not, to his Taste, very extraordinary; and then he rambles as far as *Japan*, (I am surprised he does not go forward to *China*) to find Bridges to outdo it. However, notwithstanding all he says, there is not a Man, who has any Knowledge of Architecture, who does not look upon it as a very extraordinary and an expensive Work.

The up-
per Part
described.

Along both Sides of it runs a large Marble Balustrade, supported by a fine Cornish. Two Rows of Booths, the Timber-work of which is made in manner of a Vault and covered with Lead, divide it into three Streets, the broadest of which is the middle one. *Jourvin of Rochfort* nonsensically calls these Booths, "two Rows of twelve Houses divided into three great "Streets, and that, the Ascent to them is by means of a few Steps, where "Coaches and Horses cannot pass." What a Heap of Absurdities! The Author of the Travels thro' *France* and *Italy* says, there are near 400 Booths in those three Rows, which is making the Number of Booths a great deal larger than it is. On the highest Part of the Bridge there are two Openings on the right and left, each in Form of a Portico, and both over-looking the great Canal, which forms an agreeable *Visto*; the Beauty of which is heightened by the vast Number of Gondolas and Barks which always cover it.

This

This Bridge has its Name from the Quarter of the City where it is built, and which is the oldest in *Venice*, it being a pretty large Island on the other Side of the Bridge, where about 1300 Years ago the first Foundations of this City were laid. This Quarter is inhabited by a vast Number of Drapers and Mercers, who have large Warehouses there. I must inform you by the bye, that we meet here with Scarlet Cloth, of a much brighter Dye than either the *English* or *Dutch* Scarlets, but not near so fine. The Street opposite to the Bridge, is full of a vast Number of Jewellers and Goldsmiths Shops, who pretend to have the finest precious Stones in all *Europe*; it must be allowed at least that they have a great Trade.

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VENICE.
Island of
Rialto.

On one of the Sides of the little Square called the *Rialto*, we likewise see the Church of *St. James*, which is the oldest in the City, it being built the 15th of *March* 421, according to a long Inscription on a Marble built into the Wall of the Church, but too tedious and difficult to be copied, because it is very much worn out. There is nothing remarkable in this Church, excepting an Altar of White Marble, with a very fine Statue of *St. James*, by the Hand of *Alexander Vittoria*, a famous Sculpture, who is buried in *St. Zachary*, and some Pictures by *Lanfranc*. Behind this Church stands a large old Building almost all of Marble, which was formerly the Court of Justice for the whole City, but at present the Civil and Criminal Courts of the *Rialto* are only held there.

Church of
St. James

As every Body is masked in Carnival Time, we went to the *Mercery*, which is all the Space betwixt the *Rialto* and the Square of *St. Mark*, to provide proper Dresses. This Place consists of half a dozen Streets, all of them so narrow that you are extremely jostled as you go along. These Streets all run into one another, and are filled with Shops where one may be furnished with every thing that is rare or costly. All their Shew-boards are loaded with Cloths of Gold, Velvets, Damasks, and rich Brocades, with all Sorts of both Silk and Woollen Stuffs, Gold and Silver Laces, *Points de Venice*, Ribbands and other Merchandizes, besides a Collection of all Manner of Toys from all Places of *Europe* where they are manufactured, so that one may safely conclude, that it is one of the most agreeable Varieties to be met with at *Venice* in *Carnaval* Time.

The *Mercery*.

As the most common Way of masking one's self is to put on a Scarlet Cloak with a *Babute*, we preferred it to the *Jamberlouque* and the Waist-coat of the noble *Venetians*, having no Ambition to pass as such. The *Babute* is a Kind of little *Domino* of black Taffety, edged with a silk Lace about four or five Inches broad. This they put upon their Heads, but so as to leave only the Eyes and Nose uncovered, which may be hid whenever they have a Mind with half a Mask very neatly made of white Wax-cloth: The lower Part of the *Babute* which is edged with the Lace covers the Shoulders; and under this, and a great many other Kinds of Dresses, one may appear every where with great Freedom; but you must always have a Mask, a false Beard, or a large Past-board Nose, with some sort of a Whisker. 'Tis true, that sometimes the Chiefs of the Council take it into their

Habits of
the Mask-
ers.

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their Heads to forbid Masking, or at least to suspend it till some of the last Days of the Carnival; then, Heaven knows, what a Consternation they are all in, who have waited all the rest of the twelve Months before, for Opportunities of intriguing during this Season. But these Prohibitions happen but seldom, and never but when some Reason of State obliges the Council to lay them on: However, the Public is often threatned with them, as well as with a Prohibition for restraining expensive Dresses. But for all that, one is always at Liberty to go masked to the *Ridotti*, the Opera and the Comedy.

Rules for
Maskers.

Maskers are prohibited wearing Swords, or any Weapon, excepting a *Stiletto*; and Fire-Arms upon Pain of Death. No Quality, be it ever so high, can exempt a Man from running great Danger if he transgresses in this. The Persons of Maskers are in a manner sacred, and no body can abuse them without great Danger in Carnival-Time.

Feb. 24.
Strange
Piece of
Impu-
dence in a
begging
Poet.

As Strangers lodging in the same Inn generally grow pretty familiar with one another, we have become acquainted with two *Piedmontese* Abbés of very considerable Families at *Turin*; one of them is Son to Count *Gubernatis*, who was for several Years Ambassador from the Duke of *Savoy* at the Court of *Rome*; the other is Brother to the Marquis de *Bourfranc*, who is now in the Emperor's Service at *Vienna*. These Abbés have a good deal of Wit, and know the World perfectly well; they have proposed our going all together to see the Curiosities of the City, which we accepted of with Pleasure. As we were setting out this Morning one of our Servants came to tell us, that a Noble *Venetian* in a Mask wanted to speak with us. At first we believed that it must be the Noble *Mocenigo* or *Cornaro*, who had both of them threatned us with a Visit, and we accordingly went to receive this Nobleman, who was attended by a Gentleman in a Scarlet Cloak. Having brought them into our Apartment and taken Seats, the Gentleman in the Cloak pulled off his Mask, and after a long Preamble asked pardon for troubling us, but that his Companion was a Noble *Venetian* ruined by a great Number of Law Suits, and palpable Wrongs that had been done him, and that he was now forced to have recourse to the Generosity of Strangers for his Subsistence, and did not doubt but that as we were Gentlemen of great Charity and Generosity, we would compassionate the Misfortunes of People of Distinction. This unexpected Compliment was accompanied with a great many low Bows, which made me at first take the pretended Nobleman and his Orator for two *Gentlemen of the Road*; but understanding that at *Venice* there were a vast many poor Noblemen whom they call *Barnaboti*, from their generally living in the Quarter of St. *Barnabas*, I thought our Guest might be one of those, they making it their Business to address Strangers in this Fashion, and sometimes in the middle of the Streets. To get rid of him therefore, I slipped a Crown into the Orator's Hand, who greedily closed his Fist upon it, and took his Leave with a thousand Reverences.

As

As soon as they were gone, our Landlord came laughing to us and said, he defied us to guess who the two Gentlemen were who had just left us: He then told us that the pretended Nobleman who would not unmask, was the same Hackney Poet who had the Day before presented us with a Sonnet; and that his Companion, who was another hungry Dependant upon *Parnassus*, said to him as they were going away, "that if this Trick had failed them, they had a Dozen other cut and dry to put upon us, in order to squeeze the Money from us."

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Having laughed some time with our Friends the Abbés at this Trick, which was so ingenious that we could not be angry at it, we conveyed ourselves all in a Body to the famous Square of *St. Mark*, and here it may be justly said:

*Nil habet urbs vulgare, illi magna omnia: Summo
Materies æquanda Polo, & sublimibus astris.
In primis dictam Divi de nomine Marci
Contemplar Plateam, atque ornata Palatia circum,
Dein altam vasto suspectu, & culmine Turrim
Aurato longè tecto, radiisque coruscam,
Cujus ad excelsi valeant fastigia tecti
Fumenta acclivi conscendere leniter actu.*

This is undoubtedly one of the finest Squares in *Europe*, both on account Square of its Largeness, it being, as we were told, 500 Foot long and 130 broad, *St. Mark.* as the Grandeur of its Buildings that surround it. There are, as it were, two different Squares, the first and the least of which has a View of the Sea, and forms the finest Prospect of the City. This Square is called the *The Broglio*, that is, the Place where the Noble *Venetians* every Day meet and *glio.* form State Intrigues; for all the Caballing and Solliciting of the Noblemen at *Venice* for public Honours go there the Name of *Broglio*. Formerly intriguing for Posts was prohibited, but at present it is entirely the Fashion, and the *Broglio* is a Kind of a public Mart for the Corruption of Manners, and a Shop where all State Preferments are to be bought and sold. This Venality is a great Misfortune; the Rich buy the Voices of the Poor, who become thereby the Servants, nay the Slaves of their own Equals; add to this, that this Abuse entails a great many more upon a State. The Sea washes the Key of this Square, which is built of large hewn Stones, with several Stairs where the Gondolas land very conveniently.

Two very high Columns of Granite are erected upon this Key, towards Two fine the Extremity of the Square; each Column of one Piece, and as Tradition Columns. says, brought from *Egypt*, together with a third which fell into the Sea as they were taking it out of the Ship, and could never be found again, notwithstanding all the Search that could be made. The Arms of *Venice*, or the *Lion of St. Mark*, are upon the one, and the Statue of *St. Theodore* trampling

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ling a Dragon under his Feet, upon the other. A Man, who is distinguished both by his Learning and Family, and who has wrote a Description of *Venice*, mistook the Figure of this ancient Patron of their City for that of *Justice*; which is a Proof that let one be ever so exact, he may be deceived.

Erected
by one
Baratier.

We were told that those two Columns, after they were brought hither, were left a very long time lying upon the Key, and that no Engineer would undertake to erect them, till one *Nicholas Baratier* placed them where they now stand. You could never be able to guess what Reward this able Artist asked of the Republic for his Trouble. All his Ambition was confined to a Request, that leave might be granted for playing at all kind of Chance Games upon the Steps that are round the lower Part of the Columns, and not in the Space betwixt the two Columns, as Mr. *Misson* says, after *Lassels* and *Huguetan*. *Baratier* was indulged in his Request, and the Senate settled a handsome Annuity upon him all the Remainder of his Life. This Artist probably had as great an Itch for Gaming as *Galet* in *France*, who had the Honour to play with *Henry IVth*, and having lost his All, was forced to beg; yet could not forbear gaming away the little Money he got in Charity, with Footmen.

An armed
Galley al-
ways kept
here, and
why.

The Walk upon the Key is very agreeable, from the great Number of Gondolas, Barks, Gallies and other Vessels, which are seen coming from all Quarters. Amongst those which front the Square, there lies always an armed Galley with her Prow betwixt the two Columns: She is never unrigg'd, and we are told that she is designed to serve in any dangerous Conjunction that may happen, or for the Defence of the Doge's Palace in some popular Commotion, or of the Mint-house which they call *la Zecca*. However that may be, the Galley Slaves of the Republic serve their Apprenticeships on board this Galley.

The old
Procura-
tories.

In coming from the Sea, the *Broglia* is bounded on the Right-hand by the Palace of *St. Mark*, and on the Left by a Wing of the New Procuratories, which are on that Side only one Story high, with a Balustrade above adorned with a great many Statues. This noble Building, which is of a Kind of Marble and very regular Architecture, after turning in a Right Angle, forms the whole Side of the other Square, by a much longer Wing and much higher: Another Turning of the same Procuratories, joining with the little Church of *St. Geminien*, forms the Bottom Row. The old Procuratories, which are opposite to the New, reach in the same Proportion to a beautiful Clock, and form the third Side; and the fourth is bounded by the Church of *St. Mark*, which advances into the Square opposite to that of *St. Geminien*.

Church of
*St. Gemi-
nien*.

This Church of *St. Geminien* was first built by *Narses* General to the Emperor *Justinian*, after he had driven the *Goths* out of *Italy*; and afterwards rebuilt by the Senate with more Magnificence than before, as appears from the following Inscription upon the Front.

Ædem

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Ædem hanc Urbis non vetustissimam solum, sed etiam Augustissimam, Senatus Venetus antiquâ Religione obstrictus, magnificentius pecuniâ publicâ reficiendam decrevit An. post Christi nat. M.D.LVII. Summâ Benedicti Manzini Antistitis curâ.

In Substance this: "The Senate of Venice, from a just Regard to the
"Reverence due to Antiquity, decreed that this Church, not only the
"Oldest but the most Majestic of the whole City, should be repaired at
"the Public Expence. A. D. 1557.

The Architect was the celebrated *James Sansovin*, who ordered that he should be buried in that Church, and who filled most of the great Cities in *Italy* with many fine Works. But how can we reconcile this Inscription, with the Antiquity of *St. James's Church* of the *Rialto*, which passes as the first built of any upon the Isles. If so, then the *Ædem Urbis vetustissimam* in this Inscription must be a Mistake. In the same Church of *St. Genemien*, there is a very fine Picture of *Tintoret's* Hand representing *St. Catherin* with an Angel, who informs her of her approaching Martyrdom. Both Out-side and In-side of the Organ is painted by *Paul Veronese*.

The new Procuratories are very magnificent, and of *Sansovin's* Architecture. They stand upon a grand Piazza which runs all along them, with Arches supported by a vast Number of Pillars, and ornamented with very fine Bas-reliefs. The old Procuratories have a Portico too, but they are of plainer Architecture than the New ones. The Shops under these Piazzas are choak-full of all Kinds of Goods almost like the *Mercery*, and all this, together with a vast deal of Company walking there either with or without Masks, greatly enliven the Place.

The new
Procurato-
ries.

But what is very unsuitable to this Magnificence, and greatly disgusts Strangers, is to see the Street, the Pillars, and the Steps of those fine Porticos perpetually deluged with an Inundation of Urine, with *Sir-reverences* swimming in it like so many floating Islands. This nasty Sight is so far from being disagreeable to the Inhabitants, that they account it Part of their boasted Liberty, to evacuate those Superfluities of Nature, when, where, and before whom they please. This is so true, that the Doge himself and his Attendants, in going to *St. Mark's Church*, are regaled with the Sight and Smell of those Ordures all the Way from the Gate of his Apartment, along the great Stairs of his Palace, to the very Church Door.

Nastiness
of the Ve-
netians.

T R A V E L S

C H A P. LXXIII.

Venice. *The Carnival described. Prodigious Number of Strangers of all Ranks it draws to Venice. Great Variety of comical Shews in the Square of St. Mark. Its Steeple and beautiful Prospect. Penalties inflicted on the Nobles who refuse an honourable but burthensome Employment. The Church of St. Mark and its Magnificence. Four curious Brass Horses, and their History. Description of the said Church, and its remarkable Relicks. Public Spirit of the Venetians, and their Liberality to the State when in Danger. Spiritual Treasure of St. Mark. History of the Corpse of that Saint. His Gospel in Manuscript, and curious Observations upon it. Temporal or real Treasure of St. Mark, and the immense Riches it contains. History of a bold Fellow who attempted to rob it.*

The Car-
naval de-
scribed,
and great
Variety of
Shews in
the Square
of St. Mark

THOUGH in Carnival-time the whole City is full of Masks, and all is in a general Stirr and Hurry, yet the Grand Masquerade is held in the Square of St. Mark, which notwithstanding its Largeness is quite crowded on this Occasion, so that one can scarcely move in it; and it may well be said in a literal Sense, that this is a Theatre upon which one sees Actors from almost all Parts of the World playing their several Parts. Scaramouches, Harlequins, Jodelets, Quacks, Scapins, Pierots are here in Scores, and evaporate into *Concetti* (Whims). Swaggering Captains, Spitfires and such like Bullies, here vent whole Volleys of endless Rodomontades: Juglers, Gamblers, and *Hocus Pocus* Men shew away here to the best Advantage; Tooth-drawers, Puppet-show Men and Mountebanks, are here equally diverting to the Great and the Mean, by the Nostrums and Conundrums they disperse. In short, Ladies of Pleasure come by Thousands thither to display their Charms, either natural or artificial, and with so good Success, that they generally give those who are taken in very good Reasons for remembering them; and I can't help again saying, that the Square of St. Mark is a Rendezvous for People from all Parts of the Globe.

*Undique collecti variis è partibus Orbis
Certatim huc properant: hinc & septemplicis Istri,
Tigridis & longè rapidi, Tanaisque nivalis,
Et septemgemini non defuit accola Nili:
Divisi penitus toto licet orbe Britanni,
Quique sub Arctoi nascuntur sideris axe,
Queis totum venit una dies, nox una per annum,
Tendimus huc omnes varia de parte profecti:*

Vidi

through ITALY.

*Vidi ego Sauromatas, Nomadas, pictosque Gelenos,
Crisposque Aethiopas, fuscique coloris Iberos,
Atque Catervatim Gallorum accurrere turbam,
Quoscumque Ausoniis sparsos retinebat in oris
Discendive ardor, cultæ vel gratia linguae,
Ingenti studio spectacula tanta videndi.
Non aliam ob causam Mundi commune vocatur
Emporium, Venetâque Orbis spectatur in Urbe.*

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In effect, the Variety and Numbers of Strangers now at Venice, almost surpasses what you can imagine; for Foreigners, who are curious of seeing this City, generally reserve their Journey till this Season, when Curiosity makes a prodigious Resort to it of all Nations, Sexes, Ages, and Professions, to gratify their Expectation, which is very high, from what they have heard of the Carnival Diversions.

Prodigious Number of Strangers at Venice upon this Occasion.

Yet after all most People are disappointed, for here are neither magnificent Shews, such as Carroufels, Running at the Ring, expensive Masquerades, nor other Diversions that are common at most Courts. I even believe it would be difficult to assign a true Reason for the great Reputation which the Venetian Carnival has attained to, other than the vast Freedom with which the Maskers walk about, the inviolable Regard that is paid them, and the daily, nay hourly Opportunities which the Sensual have of plunging with Impunity into the most exquisite Debauches. There a Mother without the least Scruple of Conscience, hires out her Daughter for so much by the Week or Month, not only to a Nobleman, a Citizen, or a Stranger who will go to her Price, but even to the Superior of a Convent, or some Monk, who, without any Ceremony, carries her out under the Noses of all the Company, if they won't bid so high as he does. Stages, Gaming-houses, and Bawdy-houses are here open to all the World. But the greatest Pleasure for Foreigners, who are Rich and make a Figure, lies in the Ladies of Quality, or Wives of the Noble Venetians, who in Carnival Time, are likewise at liberty to wear a Mask; and those who have any Dispositions to intriguing find, during this Season, a thousand Ways of deceiving their Vigilant Husbands and Keepers, spite of all their Precautions, there being scarcely any Place into which a Mask may not find Admittance.

The chief Motives that draw them thither.

One may venture to say, that they whom Curiosity prevails upon to undertake long Voyages to learn the Customs, Manners, and Morals of different Nations, may in part answer their End, without going farther than Venice. 'Tis surprizing, for Instance, to see there different Dresses of People of all Nations who resort to the Carnival. They who don't care to go in Masks, and these are a good Number, come thither with all the Fashions and Dresses of their several Countries. These often appear odd and whimsical to Strangers, but on the other hand, they who wear them maintain, that they are handsomest and best contrived; each sticks to his

Of what Use the Carnival may be to a sensible Stranger.

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Fortune-
Tellers in
the Square
and their
Dexterity
in cheat-
ing the
Credulous
out of their
Money.

own Usage and Manners; and he pities those of a different Nation, however ridiculous his own are. So true it is, that Prepossession can recommend the greatest Extravagancies as reasonable.

Among all the Mountebanks in the Square of St. Mark, to my Fancy, the *extempore* Casters of Horoscopes are the most diverting, as well as the greatest Impositions upon the Credulity of the Vulgar, both great and small. These Horoscope-mongers are seated by a little Table, upon a Scaffold of about half a dozen Boards. Upon this Table is a Celestial Globe, on which they measure with a pair of Compasses the Distances of the Lines of the Hand, which they peruse, as well as the Features of the Face, with great Attention. They then carry the same Measures to a Parcel of Astronomical Figures and other Gimcracks all round. They then mark out several Circles, muttering some barbarous Sounds, and with a great many other Grimaces they at last convey their Oracles to their Votaries through a long Tin Pipe. If the Party is a good likely young Fellow, they promise him *Success in his Amours*; if a decent, substantial-like Citizen, *speedy Preferment in the State*; if an Ecclesiastic, *a Bishopric*, or somewhat better. In short, they have Answers for all Sorts and Sizes of People, and the Credulity of the poor Devils are hereby tickled: But all this while the Farce is acted with great Solemnity by the Horoscope-monger, and with a respectful Silence on the Part of the Consultors, who are persuaded that he sees into the very Womb of Futurity. I should not be so much scandalized at these Fooleries, did I not perceive that Numbers of those curious Impertinents are *Gentlemen of the Cloth* even of all Degrees, who for three or four *Sous*, come to consult the *Tin Pipe*, and spend more Time there than Laïcs do. Speaking of those Horoscope Professors puts me in Mind of an Epigram of Sir Thomas More's upon one of that Profession, who happened to be a Cuckold without his knowing it.

*Astra tibi Æthereo pandunt sese omnia vati,
Omnibus & quæ sint fata futura monent.
Omnibus ast Uxor quod se tua publicat, id te
Astra, licet videant omnia, nulla docent.*

Masking
used at
Venice
at other
Times be-
sides the
Carnaval.

It is not in Carnaval-Time alone that Masking is in fashion, for there are several Diversions here all the Year round, in which Masking is used; such as Ascension Day; Entry of Ambassadors, and other Foreign Ministers; on the Entries of the Procurators of St. Mark, Marriages of Noble *Venetians*, the *Fresco* Diversions; rowing with Boats for a Prize; in short, Masking enters into all their solemn Feasts and public Diversions.

The
Steeple of
St. Mark.

The Tower, called here the *il Campanile di S. Marco*, the *Steeple St. Mark*, is looked upon by the Inhabitants, as one of the finest Buildings in the City. It lies twenty Paces from the Angle formed by the two Wings of the New Procuratories: Its Form is square, and it is built of Brick, ornamented with Cornishes and a great many Marble Columns; each Front of

it is not above 25 Feet in breadth, though *Laffels* and *Huguëtan* say 40, they likewise make it in height only 230 Foot; Mr. *Misson*, with his well-twisted Packbread 316, including the Angel on Top. But a creditable Person, who said that he had measured it very exactly, told me that it was 340 Foot high. The Roof of the Pyramid is covered with flat Tiles and Plates of Copper, which formerly have been gilt, but the Gilding is now worn off by the Impressions of the Weather, as it is off the Angel which stands on the Top of all with his Wings extended, and serves for a Weather-Cock.

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One winds insensibly up to the Clocks by an Ascent, but no Steps of The Stairs; and from a Gallery which goes quite round, one sees the City of *Venice*, its *Lagunes*, the Islands, the *Lido*, or Dyke which Nature seems to have opposed for about 35 Miles to the Violence of the Sea; the Ports and Fortresses of *Malamocco* and *Chiofa*: Nay we have a full Prospect of the *Adriatic* Sea, the Coasts of *Dalmatia*, the Mountains of *Istria*, and *Friouli*, the Mouths of the Rivers *Po* and *Adige*, Part of *Lombardy*, and almost the whole *Terra Firma*. You may figure to yourself what a fine Prospect all this forms. We are told, that the Founding this Tower cost almost as much as the Tower itself; that it was built in 1146, and its Architect was one *Bartholemeo*, without any Addition to his Name.

beautiful
Prospect
from it.

At the Bottom of this Steeple there is to be seen a small Tribunal, called *la Logietta*, fronting the Doge's Palace and the great Council Hall. Some of the Procurators of St. *Mark* are always sitting here upon some Business or other. This *Logietta* is built of Marble, adorned with Bas-reliefs and some Statues by *Sansovin*, as is the Architecture of the whole, which is enclosed with a Marble Balustrade. *Jourvin de Rochefort* takes this Court for a small Chapel.

The
Logietta
described.

This Evening we saw two *Mask Errants* like ourselves fauntering about the Square; the one, we are told, is the Duke of *Mantua*, the other the poor Electress of *Bavaria*, both unfortunately striped of their Dominions on account of the present War.

The Noble *Modenigo*, formerly Ambassador from this State to *England*, did us the Honour of a Visit this Morning; and after the usual Compliments, he told us very obligingly, that he would send us the Keys of his Boxes in the Play-house and the Opera-house, which we might use when we had a mind. This Gentleman, as I have before observed, stirs very little from Home; for refusing to go Ambassador to *France*, after being named by the Senate, he is as it were banished from the Great Council and the *Broglio* for two Years, besides, he is fined two thousand Ducats. This is the Punishment inflicted upon those who refuse to go where the Senate sends them, either in Quality of Ambassadors or *Podestats*. But both these Employments being very heavy to be borne, a great many Noblemen chuse rather to undergo the Censure of the Laws, than accept of them.

Feb. 25.
How
Noblemen
who re-
fuse a pu-
blic Em-
ployment
are pu-
nished.

are

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are two Reasons for this Conduct in them. The first is, that the Republic obliges their Embassadors to appear in great Splendor at Foreign Courts, and their Appointments from the State does not defray half the Expences they are at in maintaining the Honour of their Country. The second Reason is, that though to Appearance those Embassadors are vested with full Powers to treat, yet their Powers are in reality so limited, that they can come to no final Resolution without first writing to *Venice* for Instructions from the Senate, which they must punctually follow. They have not even the Power of opening Packets and reading Dispatches by themselves.

Spies
placed by
the State
about
their Am-
bassadors.

They are assigned Secretaries, who are Citizens of *Venice*, and People of good Sense and Experience in Business; and these have a Right to be always present at opening all Dispatches. Besides the Reports which these Secretaries make, either by Writing or in Words, to the Senate have so much Weight as to ruin, or at least discredit any Embassador if they are unfavourable to him. These Ministers, 'tis true, have the Pleasure of travelling with a Character of Distinction, are at Liberty to wear the Dress of the Country they reside in, and to live in another Manner than they do at Home, (which is more than the other Magistrates and Officers of the Republic dare to do) but all those Advantages cannot compensate for the Mortification that it gives a Noble *Venetian* of an old Patrician Family, at the Head of an Embassy, and generally a Man of Wit and Merit, to see himself obliged, in so distinguished a Station, to submit to have a mean Citizen placed as a Spy over his Actions.

The
Author's
Intimacy
with the
Noble *Ve-
nier*.

The Noble *Peter Venier*, who I hear is since dead, a Man more illustrious by his personal Merit than by the Advantages of Birth, and had for nine or ten Years supported with great Dignity the Character of Embassador from the Republic to the Court of *France*, being at *Madrid* when I was there, in the Year 1696, did me the Honour to be frequently discoursing with me upon this and several other Matters; and 'tis from him that I learnt what I have now told you, and a great deal more, which I am yet to inform you of with Regard to this Republic.

The
Church &
Treasure
of *St. Mark*

Soon after the Departure of the Noble *Mocenigo*, we went to see the Church and Treasury of *St. Mark*, in Company with our two *Piedmonteze* Abbés, and our good Friend *Mr. Kubn*, who seldom leaves us. Before we came there, we saw in the Square that is before the Church, three Pedestals of Brass at equal Distances from one another, on which they hoist three large Flaggs, with the Arms of the Republic, on Festival Days. These Arms are a Golden Lyon in a *Field of Azure*; the Lyon is winged and sitting, holding out in his two Claws a Book open *Argent*.

Three
Brass Pe-
destals and
their Use.

The His-
tory of
the Church
of *St. Mark*
and its
Magnifi-
cence.

The famous Church of *St. Mark*, according to the *Venetian Annals*, was built in the Year 827 or 828; under the Doge *Justinian Participatius*, to bury in it the Body of *St. Mark*, which certain Greek Priests of *Alexandria* had given to two *Venetian* Merchants who carried it to *Venice*. Soon after it was built

built it was burnt down, but re-built with greater Magnificence than before, and afterwards enriched with all the most precious Spoils which the Republic won from its Enemies. This Church, which properly speaking is no more than the Doge's Chapel, is built in the antique Manner, with five Domes covered with Lead; it is neither very high nor well lighted, but extremely rich and magnificent, and engages all the Attention of all who see it. For the whole of it consists of variegated Marble, Jasper, Porphyry, Gold, Moosaic, Paintings and Columns. Its Front has five great Gates adorned with a great many Pillars of Porphyry and other fine Marble, Bas-reliefs and Statues.

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Over the middle Arch, which is higher and more capacious than the others, and stands upon a kind of a Platform enclosed by a Balustrade which runs all along above the whole Front of the Church, there are placed upon Pedestals, four Horses of Bronze gilt, surprizingly beautiful.

Four
beautiful
Horses of
Bronze.

*Contemplor fani valvarum in parte suprema
Quatuor infrenes, nudosque ex ære caballos
Arte Corinthiaca fusos vivente metallo,
Cypria quos peperit Temese jam effoeta fodinis;
Ardua queis cervix, caput acre, auresque micantes,
Prægrandes oculi: meat amplis naribus ignis,
Spumantique ardens erumpit Spiritus ore:
Tum juba subsultans in fronte alludit, & armo
Luxuriante toris; tergumque, & pectus obesum.
Spinaque lata duos diducit concavalumbos,
Ut nihil hic præter sonitum binnitumque requiras.
Talem Actæa tuo, Neptune, impulsa tridenti
Fudit equum telus Argivi in munus Adraſti.
Artifices summi, quibus hæc animare potestas
Est data! Praxitelis sive hos industria finxit,
Phidias seu sunt manibus curaque politi;
Humanâ jures opus haud imitabile dextrâ.*

Poetical
Descrip-
tion of
them.

Mr. Miſſon ſays, that he would not mention the four Horses of Bronze which are above the great Gate, because, ſays he, they are foreign Pieces, and placed there only by Accident. Yet he adds, he was informed by a learned Antiquary, that those Horses were yoked in the Chariot of the Sun which adorned the Trium- phal Arch erected by the Senate of Rome for Nero, after that Prince's Victory over the Parthians, as may be still seen on the Reverse of some of his Medals. That Constantin the Great carried them from Rome to Constantinople, where he erected them in the Hyppodrome; and lastly, that the Venetians, when they became Masters of Constantinople, brought those Horses from it amongst other rich Spoils. Now I must inform you, that this Learned Antiquary of his is neither more or less than St. Didier's Book, from which he has transcribed

Their
History, &
some Ob-
servations
upon Mr.
Miſſon's
Account
of them.

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History of
the taking
of Con-
stantinople
by the
French &
Venetians.

A Story
about the
said Hor-
ses.

every Word he says with regard to those Horses. There is a Specimen for you of Mr. *Misson's* boasted Character, as an Original in what he relates of *Venice*; and of his Candor as a Critic upon other Travellers for copying from their Predecessors. Tho' I can never be brought to think this to be a Fault, because if you give a right Account of Things it is impossible to avoid saying somewhat, perhaps a great deal, that has been said by others. In my Opinion it shews a great deal of Negligence to tell the Public nakedly, *that the Venetians when they became Masters of Constantinople, brought those Horses from it among other rich Spoils?* Now three Parts in four of Mr. *Misson's* Readers, knowing nothing of the History of this Taking of *Constantinople*, will naturally imagine that the *Venetians* alone conquered it. Though the Truth of the History is, that upon this Occasion, they did no more than joyn their Army under their Doge *Henry Dandolo*, with that of the *French* Princes who were going to recover the *Holy Land* upon the fifth Crusade, and which having set the young *Alexis*, Son to *Isaacus Angelus*, upon the *Greek* Throne, afterwards attacked *Constantinople*, to revenge the Death of that young Prince, whom the Traytor *Murtzuphlus*, who was his Bosom Confident, had strangled with his own Hands, the better to seize that Empire, which by this Sack of *Constantinople* passed from the *Greeks* to the *French*.

But to return to our Horses: We are told by the Learned *Georgius Sabinus*, in his Poem called *Iter Italicum*, that those four Horses were placed where we now see them, to acquit the Emperor *Frederic I.* of a Vow he had made, to make the Chief Church of *Venice* a Stable for Horses. I don't know whence he had this Anecdote, but I will give you his Words:

*Maximus Imperii juraverat Arbiter olim,
Infestus Venetis qui Fridericus erat *
Quod foret è Templo stabulum facturum Equorum,
Hadriaci caperet mœnia quando maris:
Acre sed in longos cum bellum duceret annos,
Nec Venetæ posset frangere Gentis opes,
Hos ibi jussit Equos in summo culmine poni,
Nominis extarent ut monimenta sui.*

This is as absurd an Imagination as can enter into a Man's Head. I shall conclude my Observations upon this Church with a general one, which is, that it is built after the *Greek* Fashion in Form of a Cross *Coupée*, with a great many *Gothic* Ornaments of Architecture; and that its Gates are all of Brass worked with open Bass-reliefs. Its whole Pavement is a *Mosaic* of Marble, Porphyry, and other fine Stones, joined with so much Art, that they in many Places represent with their different Colours, several Kinds of Animals, and other very pretty Figures.

We

† *Fridericus I. Ænobarbus.*

We likewise see a Piece of Porphiry set in the Middle of the Portico of the Church, which they pretend to be the very Spot where Pope Alexander III, whose true Name was *Orlando Bandinelli* of a *Siennese* Family, set his Foot, not, as is commonly said, upon the Neck, but upon the Shoulders of the Emperor *Frederic Barbarossa*, while the latter was prostrated before him.

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The Author of the Journal of Travels thro' *France* and *Italy* positively asserts, that upon this Stone are engraved the Words, *Super Aspidem & Basiliscum ambulabis*. It is not at all surprising that so inaccurate an Author as this is, and one who reports Things too much upon hearsay, should be mistaken in his Accounts; but I am astonished that the learned Father *Mabillon* has said the very same Thing in his *Iter Italicum*, with this Addition, *that those Words are engraved upon a Plate of Metal set into a reddish Stone*. Yet it is certain, that there are neither Plate nor Letters upon this Stone. *Huguetan* calls it a *Plate of Copper fixt to a red Stone*.

A remarkable Stone, and Mistakes of several Travelers.

The whole Nef consists of several Arches, the Walls and Pillars, which support them, are crufted over with a light green Marble, veined with Black, which has a very pretty Effect. From the lowest Part of the Arches to the five Cupolas on all Sides we see nothing but Gilding, with the finest *Mosaic* imaginable in Pictures, in Copartments, and a hundred other Shapes. The Choir is divided from the Nef by Marble Balustrades, supported by Pillars, and the high Altar is extremely magnificent. We there see four Columns of White Marble, worked with a vast Number of Bas-reliefs, representing the whole History of the Old and New Testament: Several Statues, and a great many large Lamps of Silver gilt. But their greatest and most valued Curiosities in this Church are some Pillars of Oriental Alabaster, as transparent as Chrystal, with others, which they pretend formerly belonged to the Temple of *Solomon*. *Credat Judæus Apella*.

The Inside of the Church very magnificent.

But I will tell you of somewhat still more curious. Sure you could never have taken it into your Head to have sought for the Rock of Mount *Horeb* in *St. Mark's Church* at *Venice*, yet we are shewn it here in a Chapel dedicated to the Virgin *Mary*: At least we are shewn the Place of the Rock which *Moses* struck with his Rod in the Desert, from whence he made to issue Torrents of Water, of which all the People of *Israel* and their Cattle drank. But what is most marvellous of all is, that those *Torrents of Water*, as they are called by Holy Writ, flowed in great Abundance thro' three small Holes we see in this Rock, thro' each of which the Stream could be no bigger than a small Thread, and that this Water so issuing, quenched the Thirst of Millions of living Creatures, who were parched up by Drought.

The Rock of *Horeb* shewn here.

They likewise shew us here the Chair wherein *St. Mark* sat while he wrote his Gospel, together with the Table, upon which our Saviour distributed the five Loaves and two Fishes; tho' we are positively told in the Gospel, that *Jesus* commanded his *Disciples* to make all sit down by Companies.

And other Curiosities.

1707. *nies upon the green Grass, and they sate down in Ranks by hundreds and by*
 Feb. 25. *fifties.*

VENICE.
 Tomb of
 Cardinal
 Zeno.

In the same Chapel we also see a magnificent Tomb, resting or supported by six Brafs Statues, of very valuable Workmanship, containing the Bones of Cardinal Zeno, Nephew to Pope Paul II. I should take up too much of your Time were I to inform you of all the curious Particulars to be found in this Church, as to fine Columns, Sculpture, Painting, Mosaic, and a Variety of fine Marbles, so that one cannot help being a little Poetical.

Poetical
 Description
 of
 this stately
 Building.

*Quis celebret prisca tot sculptas arte columnas
 Dispersis maculis insignes, sive Laconum
 Rupibus excisas, Phrygiæ seu Sinados antro?
 Quis pulchro Prasii laqueariae fornice saxi
 Fulta, & mille locis emblemata mille colorum
 Vermiculata, nihil tabulis cedentia pictis,
 Et constrata solo variis Asarota figuris?
 Ut vidi tam multa sacri miracula Templi
 Circumsparsa oculos, dubium me copia fecit
 Artificumque manus, Priscorumque æmula virtus,
 Hæsit & incertæ titubans sententia mentis.*

The
 Chapter
 of this
 Church,
 and par-
 ticular
 Usages.

Though, as I have already observed, this Church is properly speaking no other than the Doge's Chapel, yet it is a Collegiate Church; its Chapter being composed of a *Primicerio*, who is the Dean, and twenty six Canons, all of them named by the Doge: The Dean officiates with the Mitre, and a Crossier, the same as a Bishop wears; he is taken from among the Nobility, and has by his Office about 6 or 7000 Ducats a Year. During the *Passion Week*, and upon some other solemn Occasions they follow here the Ritual of the Church of *Alexandria*, because they are told by Tradition it was from thence that St. Mark's Body was transported to *Venice*. On *Good Friday*, about Nine in the Evening, they make a Procession quite round the Square, in which they carry the Holy Sacrament with great Solemnity in a Coffin, covered with black Velvet; a Ceremony which no Pope has ever been yet able to abolish, and still subsists, as well as a particular Privilege which this Church enjoys, having Mass sung in it at Six o'Clock on *Christmas Eve*. They pretend, that the Lewdness and Indecencies, formerly committed at Midnight Masses, gave rise to this Custom of having Mass said at Six in the Evening.

Wonder-
 ful public
 Spirit of
 the *Vene-*
tians in
 the great
 Exigen-
 cies of the
 State.

When we left the Church we entered the Treasury, which is never opened but in Presence of one of the Procurators of St. Mark, who have the Keys of it. What most People believe to be the Treasury of *Venice* is far from being so. They imagine that it consists of a vast Heap of Money locked up in a certain Place, and that they draw from thence the vast Sums which they employ in the public Service. But the true Coffers wherein

wherein the *Venetian* Revenues are shut up are the Hearts of their Nobility and Citizens, which are inexhaustible Resources in the great Exigences of their State. The Love of their Country, with the Dread of being subjected to a Foreign Power, makes them despise all Considerations of private Interest, which in other Respects they are very tenacious of, and give liberally, nay profusely more than they are asked for. The State having suffered very great Losses in a War with the *Turks*; the noble *Pezaro*, who was afterwards elected Doge, raised the sunk Courage of his Countrymen by a generous Exhortation and his more generous Example. He offered the Senate all his Revenues for five Years, amounting to at least 60,000 Ducats a Year. By this heroic Proposal he confirmed the Resolution of the most wavering, he recovered the Courage of the most desponding, and opened by these means Resources for continuing the War; the Citizens, jealous of being outdone in Patriotism by the Nobility, spared nothing in that Extremity, and gave the greatest Part of their Effects to preserve their Country.

The Treasure I am now to mention is of a quite different Nature. It may be divided into Temporal and Spiritual, that is, the Treasure belonging to the Church, and that belonging to the State. The former consists of a vast Number of Relicks held here in great Veneration, in Cases of Gold and Silver, enriched with precious Stones. They here shew one of the largest Pieces of the Holy Cross that is to be seen in all *Europe*, and which was miraculously saved out of the Flames that consumed Part of the Treasure in 1230. One of the Nails that fastned *Christ* to the Cross; one of the Thorns of his Crown; and a Rag of the Robe he wore when he received a Blow at the House of *Caiaphas*; but Travellers differ as to the Robe of which this Rag was a Part: We likewise saw a Piece of *St. John* the Baptist's Leathern Girdle; it was Pity they could not produce one of the Locusts he lived on, had it been but to have satisfied the World as to their Species. But to be serious; the Gentlemen of *Amiens*, who boast of having the true and entire Head of this Saint, need but repair hither, and they will see his Skull, with a good formal Attestation of its being his real one. There is also here a Finger of *St. Mary Magdalen*; the Sword with which *St. Peter* cut off *Malchus* the Link-boy's Ear, though the People of *St. Denis* in *France* pretend to have this likewise. A Leg of *St. Matthew*; some Hair and some Milk of the Virgin; miraculous Blood which issued from a wooden Crucifix that was struck by a *Jew*; in short, the precious Blood of *Jesus Christ* himself, which is exposed several Times a Year in a Vial, and instantly dislodges all the Devils who enter into the Bodies of those who apply here for Cure. I had almost forgot the Stone from which *Jesus Christ* preached, and which was brought from the East by a Doge.

Tho' we are told by Tradition, that *St. Mark's* Body was brought to *Venice* quite entire; and tho' the Author of the *Mercurius Italicus* says expressly, that he lies under the high Altar, yet we see no Part of him excepting

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Strange
Account
concern-
ing his
Body.

cepting his Thumb, which they tell us he himself cut off that he might not be made a Priest, together with the Manuscript, which they pretend to be the true Original wrote by the Saint's own Hand.

Having expressed a good deal of Surprise to see so few of this Saint's Relicks, I could not help asking what had become of his Body? I was answered, that the Devotion they at first entertained for this new Protector of the State was so cold in Process of Time, that for two hundred and seventy Years after his Translation, no Body knew where his Corpse was interred. Upon which some devout Souls represented to the Senate so strongly, that this horrible Neglect would infalliably draw down upon them the Resentment of their Protector, that they resolved to publish a very austere Fast for three Days. This Fast was kept *with Tears and Contrition*; afterwards the whole Senate, and as many People as the Church of St. Mark could hold assembled there, and supplicated the Saint with great Humility, that he would by some Token signify the Place where his Body was buried. The good Protector suffered himself to be mollified by the Tears and Sighs of his afflicted Votaries; one of the Pillars of the Church instantly opened in the Middle, and all who were present saw the Hand of the Saint, with a Ring upon one of its Fingers coming out of the Pillar. Mr. *Misson* differs here from the Legend; for he says, that St. Mark shewed his Arm to the Doge, and that he made him a Present of a Ring. So surprising a Sight struck the whole Assembly with Religious Horror; they redoubled their Tears and Prayers; they conjured the great St. Mark to be pleased to grant to his penitent People the Ring which was upon his Finger, as a certain Token that his Body was in a Chest, which appeared in the Middle of the opened Pillar. But those Prayers and Tears were for a long Time all in vain, for the Arm had neither Eyes nor Ears to regard them, till the noble *Dominic Delphino*, one who had more Faith and greater Boldness than others, approached it with great Confidence; and then the Hand of the Saint, bringing itself lower, presented him with that precious Relick, as a Reward of his Faith; then the Pillar closed, without its being possible to distinguish the smallest Mark of its opening.

And the
Ring that
was on his
Finger.

In Memory of this great Miracle, the Day of this Apparition is kept with great Solemnity every Year; but as ill Luck would have it, they at present don't know from which Pillar of St. Mark's Church this Arm issued; yet the People believe that this Secret is not hid from the Doge, the Procurator of the Treasury, nor the Dean of the Chapter; but that they are obliged by Oath strictly to conceal it. As to the Ring, they likewise assured us, that, after a long Train of different Accidents, it entirely disappeared without any Body's knowing what became of it. Mr. *Lassels* says however, "that they shewed him a Finger of St. Mark, with his Ring, and a Stone in it, and that none of the Lapidaries knew any Thing of its Nature." Honest *Lassels* need not be surpris'd at our Lapidaries not knowing the Name or Nature of a Stone, which the Saint had brought

from

from Paradise ; a Country with whose Product and Commodities no Body is acquainted.

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As to the famous Manuscript which they call St. Mark's Gospel, I examined it with all possible Attention, but I will venture to assure you, that it is impossible to distinguish any Thing about it, excepting some Strokes and Marks of imperfect Characters. It consists of Parchment-leaves in Quarto ; but so disfigured, and so consumed by the Moisture, that when they were touched with one Finger they mouldered into Rottenness. All that one can do is to lift some of them with the Point of a Needle, and that too with Difficulty ; in short, I do assure you there is nothing here from whence you can discover in what Language it was wrote.

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The pretended Original of his Gospel.

Ciaconius and Cardinal Baronius say it is wrote in Latin, Mr. Misson in Greek, he happening, as he says, to meet in it with a KATA ; Father Montfaucon on the contrary maintains, that it is a Latin Manuscript, and for the future ought to be looked upon as such. For my Part I find that the two latter decide a little too boldly ; but what is pretty surprising is, that they don't give their different Decisions till after both of them have agreed that the Manuscript is so wasted and effaced that it is scarce possible to make any Thing of it ; this is so true, that, with all the Pains I took, I could by no means discover any Letters so well formed as for me to make any reasonable Conjecture upon that Head. Mr. Broughton the English Consul at Venice, and who waited on us to the Treasury of St. Mark, assured us, that Signior Giacomo Grandi of Modena, Physician and Professor of Greek and Anatomy, had told him, that having examined this Manuscript many Times during twenty five or thirty Years, he had distinguished several imperfect Greek Characters in the Corners of the Pages ; but that this was no direct Proof of its being a Greek Manuscript.

This Manuscript not legible

Bishop Burnet says, that he could not see this Manuscript because it is not given to Strangers to read ; this, in one Sense, is true ; for it is impossible either for Strangers, or any Body else to read it ; but it is not true that they refuse to shew it to Strangers of any Distinction, or tolerably well recommended. The learned Father Mabillon has fallen into the same Mistake, when he says, *Sigillo obfirmatur, nec cuiquam aperitur.* That is, *It is sealed up, that it may not be opened to any Person.* They who say that this pretended Gospel is wrote upon the Bark of a Tree, or upon Palm-leaves, are mistaken likewise ; for it certainly consists of Leaves of Parchment. It was brought from Aquileia where it was discovered ; and it is preserved with great Veneration and Care in a Box of Silver gilt in form of a Book, and esteemed one of the most valuable Pieces in the whole Treasury. I omit to inform you of a great Number of consecrated Vessels, Crucifixes, Candlesticks, Gold and Silver Lamps, that I may proceed to the temporal Treasury, which is by far the most real.

Mistake of Bishop Burnet, and others

In a Chamber adjoining to that, where the Relicks are, they shewed us this Treasury by Candle-light. The Particulars of it are ranged upon the Shelves of a large Armory, the Back Ground being covered with black

The temporal Treasury of Saint Mark.

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black Velvet, probably to set off the Riches to greater Advantage. They are enclosed within a Balustrade, within which the Procurator, who keeps the Key of them, and the Officer who shews them, are placed, least any Body should touch them.

I shall not trouble you with *Lassels's* ridiculous Recommendation of two Unicorns Horns that are shewn here, it being pretty certain, that an Unicorn is a Creature of the Imagination only, but proceed to give you the best and most distinct Account I can of what is most remarkable.

The Ducal Crown

The Ducal Crown here called *il Corno*, with which the Doge is crowned, is indisputably one of the richest and finest Pieces in all the Treasury. It is a Crimson Velvet Bonnet, the hinder Part of which stands up in a round Point, which inclines a little forwards. It is closed like a Royal Crown, with Golden Semi-Circles crossing one another, of about two Fingers-breadths each, covered with a great many precious Stones of an extraordinary Largeness: Upon the Point of this Cap is that thick, bright Diamond, which *Henry III.* of *France* presented to the Republic, on his Return from *Poland*; but the richest Part of this Piece is the Circle that goes round the Head, which has in its Front a Ruby, reckoned worth 60,000 Crowns, set quite round with a Row of Pearls shaped like Pears, as large as Hazel-Nuts, and inestimable of themselves.

Twelve rich Breast-knots, as many Crowns, and a vast Number of precious Stones.

We see here likewise twelve Breast-knots, and as many rich Crowns, which they say formerly belonged to the Queen of *Cyprus*; others say, to twelve Maids of Honour, who formerly wore them, when upon certain Occasions they walked in State before the Empresses of *Constantinople*. In Truth I don't believe that in any Part of *Europe* so many precious Stones of so extraordinary a Size are to be seen together. Amongst others, they shew us six prodigious big Rubies, the largest of which, they say, weighs six Ounces; and uncut as they are, appear with great Lustre. We likewise admired here a very fine Sapphire, which they told us weighs ten Ounces; a Cup made out of a single *Turquoise*, which is as big as an ordinary Porringer, and was sent in a Present to the Republic by *Usuncassan*, King of *Persia*; a little Vessel made in Form of a Seal, out of a Granite, full eight Inches deep, and almost as much in Diameter; a Pearl of a prodigious Bigness, set in Gold, with Diamonds and precious Stones all round it; the two Crowns of the Kingdoms of *Cyprus* and *Candia*; a great Number of Crosses, Chalices, and a Mass-Book, covered with Pearls and precious Stones.

Other rich Curiosities.

Besides this, in that Treasury we see a vast Number of very fine Vases of different Shapes, of Emerald Root, Agate, Cornelian, and Mother of Pearl, which they say formerly belonged to the Table Furniture of the *Eastern* Emperors. Each of these Vessels is transparent, of a single Piece, and very large. But the greatest Curiosity in my Eyes was a Portrait of *St. Jerom* in Mosaic, so fine and soft, that it appeared to be painted. I will not mention to you a vast Number of other rich Pieces, such as Golden Scepters, Sword-hilts, Censers, and Candlesticks, of exquisite Work-

Workmanship, and of prodigious Value; for this would be undertaking an endless Labour; but I will give you the History of a Man who was bold enough to form a Plot for stealing and carrying off great Part of this Treasure.

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When Prince *Borsio d'Este* was at *Venice* in the Year 1427. he went to see the Treasury of *St. Mark*; and one *Stamati*, a Native of *Candia*, found means to get Admittance likewise, by mixing with the Prince's Servants. At first he was dazzled with the Sight of so much Riches; but after admiring them, Covetousness succeed to Admiration, and being of a bold enterprising Nature, he soon formed a Design to make himself Master of Part of them. After a narrow Search into the properest Way of succeeding in this, he resolved to break thro' the Wall of the Armory where the most valuable Riches all lie. The first Night he wrought so well, that he pulled out a pretty large Piece of Marble, and made a considerable Breach in the Wall, carrying off the Rubbish, and throwing it into the next Canal; then stopping the Hole very nicely up with the same Piece of Marble, he daubed the Seam over with a Plaister of the same Colour, which he had prepared on purpose, so as that no Alteration should be discovered. This Work employed him for several Nights; at last, he made a Passage into the Treasure, of which he carried off to his Lodgings at several Times as much as he pleased. At last, judging that it was impossible for him to make off with his Booty, without some other trusty Person's Assistance, he resolved to trust a Countryman of his own, his particular Friend and Godfather, one *Zachary Grio*.

History of
an At-
tempt to
rob this
Treasure.

Stamati immediately put this Resolution in Practice; he went to *Grio*, How the told him the Manner of his committing the Robbery, and carrying him to Robbery his Lodgings, convinced him by ocular Demonstration of the Truth of was discovered what he had told him. *Grio* was so astonished at the bold Action of his Friend, that an universal Shaking, as if he had been in a Fit of an Ague, seized him all over, which *Stamati* perceiving, and doubting that his Secret might not be safe, he thought of stabbing him upon the Spot; but *Grio* mistrusting his Design, embraced him, and told him, that the Disorder he perceived him to be in was owing to his Joy at seeing such a Treasure in Possession of the most intimate Friend he had in the World. These Words composed *Stamati's* Spirits, who, to make himself the more assured of *Grio's* Fidelity to him, made him a Present of an extraordinary large Ruby; the same, as we were told, that is now set in the Golden Circle of the Doge's Crown, and valued at 60,000 Crowns. *Grio* parting with *Stamati*, on Pretence of some Business, run to the Doge's Palace, and earnestly requesting to be conducted to his Serene Highness's Apartments, that he might make a Discovery to him of the utmost Importance, he gave the Doge, and those who were with him, an Account of *Stamati's* Robbery; and, as a Proof of his Sincerity, shewed them the Ruby which the latter had made

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The

Robber

punished.

made him a Present of; he then told them that there was no Time to be lost in preventing his Flight, or his concealing himself and his Booty.

This Information, and the Proof that *Grio* brought did not a little startle the Doge, and those who were with him; they instantly sent to apprehend *Stamati*, whom they seized with his whole Booty, without the least Thing being a misfiring, and it is said the whole amounted to two Millions of Gold. The Wretch owned the whole, and was condemned to be hanged. Some Writers say, that he begged it as a Favour to have a gilt Cord, which, if true, proves him to have been a very whimsically wicked Fellow; however that may be, *Grio* the Informer was rewarded with a good round Sum of Ducats, and a Pension all his Life.

The following is an *Italian Concetti*, but does pretty well in *Latin*; it is inscribed upon one of the Walls of St. Mark's Church, and is a Dialogue betwixt an old Man and a Stranger, upon the Original and Beauties of *Venice*.

Concetti
on the
City of
Venice.

Dialogismus inter Advenam. & Senem.

A. Dic antique Senex, Venetæ quis Conditor Urbis?

S. Juppiter: A. Undè Arces? S. Attica: A. Scorta? S. Venus:

A. Mænia? S. Neptunus: A. Nummi? S. Dido: A. Bellica? S. Mavors:

A. Artes? S. Mercurius: A. Jura? S. Minerva dedit.

A. Non mirum est, si alias inter caput extulit Urbes,

Cum tot cælestes composuere Deæ.

C H A P. LXXIV.

Venice. *Accurate Description of the Palace of St. Mark. The Hall where the Grand Council meets, and its Paintings. This Honourable Assembly exactly represented, as also the Manner in which the Elections are performed. The Arsenal of the Palace. The Use of it, and its several Singularities. Busto and History of Bragandin. Account of the State-Inquisition at Venice.*

WE this Morning received a Visit from the Noble *Cornaro*, Brother to him who is Embassador in Ordinary from this Republic at your Court. Nothing could be more engaging than that Gentleman's Behaviour to us. He not only offered us to do all that was in his Power to oblige us, but told us, with an Air very different from the ordinary Loftiness of Noble *Venetians*, that as the Great Council was to meet at Noon, he had come on purpose to shew us the Nobles who composed it, the Hall where it is held, and the rest of the Palace. We made no Difficulty in accepting of his Civility, and he conducted us to *St. Mark's* Palace.

Politeness
of the
noble
Cornaro
to the Au-
thor.

It is a large oblong square Building; and notwithstanding all the *Gothicism* about it, it may pass for a *Palazzo superbissimo*, and therefore it would perhaps be rash in a Man to undertake to give a perfect Description of it. The several Burnings which have so often ruined it, have occasioned the Architecture of it to be a little irregular. One of its two principal Fronts faces the *Broglio*, the other to the Sea-shore; here we see two Porticoes one above the other, the Arches of which being pierced in the *Gothic* Taste, are of Marble, and supported by a vast Number of Pillars. The rest of the Walls as high as the Battlements, is wholly painted with Lozenges of different Colours, each with a Cross upon it. The Covering is all of Lead, but very low.

The Pa-
lace of *St.*
Mark
described.

The third Front opposite to that facing the Square looks into a narrow Canal, where there is a Landing-place for Gondolas. The Architecture of this is more Modern than that of the other Fronts; it is likewise much more esteemed; and were all the Building like this, it would be a most magnificent Palace. This Front is of *Istrian Pietra dura*, cut into Diamond Points for two Fathom high, the rest is of common Marble covered with a vast many Bas-reliefs, and adorned with two Stories of large Balconies. The lower Steps of the six great Gates by which we enter here, are always covered with Water, and this great Shell of a Building is so extraordinary high and long, that we may say truly of it;

*Hic quoque fundatæ pelagi sub fluctibus imis
Altius assurgunt vicinæ nubibus ædes.*

Numb. XI.

X x x

Near

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Two Pil-
lars and
their Use.

Near the great Gate of the Palace on the Outside, we see two large white Marble Pillars, which they believe were brought from *Acra*, formerly *Ptolomais* in *Syria*. The simple common People believe, that these Pillars are to serve as a Gibbet for the Doge to be strangled on, when he does any thing that is contrary to Law, and that in such an Event, his first Serjeant must be his Executioner; but all this has very little or no Foundation.

Pietra del Bando,
and its
Use.

Near this Place we likewise see the End of a Porphyry Pillar, called *Pietra del Bando*; that is, the Place on which the Sentences of Banishment and Proscription are read. It is likewise upon this Stone, that one who has killed a Proscribed Person mounts to display his Head, that it may be owned to have been that of the Proscribed, before he receives the Reward that is fixt for such a Head.

The great
Gate.

The principal Gate looks into the Square, and is in the Corner adjoining to *St. Mark's Church*. It appears to be very ancient, is adorned with several Figures, and opens into a long Portico which leads on the one hand to the Church, on the other to the Court of the Palace, and ends at the Foot of an open Stair-Case.

The
Court.

The Court is pretty large, surrounded with very fine Apartments adorned with Porticoes supported with Marble Columns: The finest of them all is that which we see in entering from the Square, and the Front of it opposite to that which faces the little Canal. All that stands above the second Portico of this Building is adorned with Pilasters and a great many Marble Bas-reliefs, in Festoons, Grotesque Figures, and other Ornaments very delicately wrought.

An extra-
ordinary
Well, and
two fine
Statues.

But for those Gentlemen who believe in *Unicorns*, the greatest Curiosity in that Court, is a Well that can by no means be poisoned; they having thrown into it two Horns of those rare Animals, which neither *Noah* nor his Wife, nor any of his Children ever saw in the Ark. But as Tastes differ, the two Statues representing *Adam* and *Eve* over the Entry opposite to the Square, are much greater Curiosities to me than all the Unicorns Horns in *Europe*. These Statues are extremely good, and done by *Sansovin*, or as others say, by *Riccio*.

The
Giant's
Stair-case,
why so
called.

The great Stair Case is of Marble and one Flight, as far as the Portico of the first Story. It is called the *Giants Stair Case*, because of two Marble *Colossus* which are on the Top of it; they are said to represent *Mars* and *Neptune*, and to be of *Sansovin's* Hand. I must again take notice of what a monstrous Nuisance it is to Strangers, to see this fine Stair-Case quite filled with Filth and Nastiness; this the *Venetians* never mind, as being accustomed to it.

Descrip-
tion of the
first Story
of Saint
Mark's
Palace.

The first Story of this Palace contains a vast Number of Rooms, which look both into the Court and the Square, all of them designed for different Magistrates and Officers of Justice. We mount by another Stair-Case still more lofty than the first to the Doge's Apartment, which is upon the Left-hand. His Anti-chamber, his Dining-Room, and his Hall of Audience are magnificent,

magnificent, being all over Painting and Gilding. The Roofs and the 1707.
Ceilings are exquisitely beautiful, as well as the Halls of the College, the Feb. 26.
Pregadi, the State Inquisitors, the Scrutiny, and the Council of Ten. They VENICE.
are adorned with a vast many fine Pictures, by *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*,
Palma, and a great many other great Painters.

These Apartments are all of them very spacious and lofty; but the The
Great Council Hall undoubtedly surpasses them all in its Length, Breadth, Council
and Paintings. It was burnt with great Part of the Palace, in Decemb. 1577. Hall.
without their being able to save any of the Pictures done by the Brothers
Gentil and *John Belini*, which were esteemed Master-pieces; nor a great
many other valuable ones representing the most famous Actions of the Ve-
netians. All this has been since re-painted at a great Expence by *Frederic* And its
Zuccherro, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, and *Horace Vicelli*, Son to *Titian*. There beautiful
we see the Wars, the Battles and Victories of the *Venetians* upon both Ele- Paintings.
ments represented in so animated a Manner, that one cannot do them
Justice in Prose.

*Hic terrestre, illic ingens navale Duellum,
Transstra, & aplustra simul, simul & fluitantia passim
Fragmina ruptarum conspeximus antennarum,
Concertasque illic acies decernere ferro,
Scuta virum, galeasque & corpora trunca jacere :
Hic fugit, ille premit sævos magno impetu Turcas ;
Istic victor agit victâ de gente triumphum,
Captivos manibus ducens post terga revinctos.*

The taking of *Constantinople* by the *French* and *Venetians* in 1192. is
there wonderfully well represented, with the Bickerings betwixt the Em-
peror *Frederic Barbarossa* and Pope *Alexander III*. The Victory of the Doge
Sebastian Ziani over *Otho* Son to the same Emperor is not forgotten, any
more than the Humiliation of that Emperor, and the Haughtiness of the
Pope, who was insolent enough to trample him under foot, with the fol-
lowing Expression out of *Psalm XCI*. *Super aspidem & basiliscum ambula-
bis, & concukabis Leonem & Draconem*: "Thou shalt tread upon the Asp
"and Adder; the Lion and the Dragon shalt thou trample under thy
"Feet.

We here likewise see the Pictures of all the Doges from the Life, ex-
cepting of one *Murinus Falerius*, who was put to death for attempting to
enslave his Country. Instead of this Doge's Picture there is a plain black
Marble, with the following Words inscribed; *Locus Marini Falerii de-
capitati* "The Place for *Marinus Falerius*, who was beheaded.

The Motive of this Doge's Conspiracy, was the Senate's not doing him Conspi-
Justice upon *Michael Sten* one of the Nobles, who had debauched his Wife; racy of a
and to revenge himself, he resolved to massacre the principal Senators. Doge.
But one of his Accomplices discovered the Plot to the State Inquisitors,
who

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who that very Day ordered the Doge's Head to be cut off, in the first Year of his Regency. In Memory of this happy Discovery, there is an Anniversary general Procession upon the 16th of *April*, round the Square of *St. Mark*. This Doge *Marin Falier*, was the Third of his Family who had been raised to that Dignity.

Account
of *Tinto-*
ret's Paint-
ing, and
his Cha-
racter as a
Painter.

But the finest of all those Pictures is that called *Tintoret's Paradise*, which fills the whole lower End of the Great Hall. They tell us, that in this Piece there are near two thousand Figures, which surpass all the Works of this Painter. His Admirers cry up the Excellence of his Genius, in the incredible Variety that is to be found in such a vast Number of Figures, without the smallest Confusion. They add, that he was the *Thunder-bolt of Painting*, and that he deserves the Epithet of *Fa Presto* infinitely better than the famous *Giordano*, who got it long after. As a Proof of this, they name an excellent Piece of his Hand, which is now shewn in the School or the Confraternity of *St. Roch*, which, say they, he finished in less Time than his Rivals *Salviati*, *Paul Veronese*, and *Frederic Zuccherò* would have taken in sketching such a Picture. The Roof of this Hall is likewise adorned with very fine Paintings Copartmentwise, in carved and gilt Frames, done by the same *Tintoret* and *Paul Veronese*.

The Seat
of the
Doge.

The Doge's Bench stands directly under *Tintoret's Paradise*. It is a plain Seat, and without any Canopy, only with some Foliage of Copper gilt on each Side. It is placed in the middle of a large Alcove rising by four Steps, and running the whole Breadth of the Hall. It is raised by means of a little Foot-board five or six Inches higher than the Benches on each Hand of it, upon which the Doge's six Counsellors, and the three Heads of the forty Criminal Judges, sit. All the Ornament of this Seat is a Piece of Crimson Satin stuck up behind it, with a Cushion of the same.

Other
Seats of
Magi-
strates.

The six *Savii Grandi*, the five *Savii de Terra ferma*, the five *Savii de gli Ordini*, the Heads of the Council of ten, the *Avogadors* and the Censors, sit round the Hall upon raised Benches, because they are to overlook the Nobles that they do nothing contrary to the Statutes; and lastly, the Nobles which compose this great Council sit upon Forms, which run paralel to one another along by the length of the Hall. Besides all this, there is a kind of a Pulpit, from whence the Chancellor and others make Harangues.

The
Grand
Council
describe.

The great Council being the general Assembly of the Nobles, it may be called the first Court of Justice, the Basis and the Support of the Republic. It has the absolute Disposal of all Magistracies, the Right to enact new Laws, to chuse Senators, to confirm the Senate's Elections, to nominate to all Posts, to create the Procurators of *St. Mark*, *Podestats* and Governors of Provinces; in short, it lies with the Great Council to correct all public Abuses, and rectify the wrong Steps of private Persons.

Patricio

*Patricio quicumque genus de sanguine duxit,
Progeniemque prius gemino si teste probarit
Nobilibus ductam majoribus, atque creatam
Haud vetito ritu, haud inconcessis hymenæis :
Tum cui jam fuerint ætatis quinque peracta
Lustra suæ ; claraque ab origine duxerit ortum :
Ipsi etiam externi, quorum virtutibus aucta est
Publica res Venetum, Venetijus civis adepti,
In magno possunt suffragia ferre Senatu.*

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All *Venetian* Nobles who are 25 Years of Age, that is, who have taken the Habit or the Robe of black Cloth, have a Right to enter the Grand Council, and vote in Elections. Sometimes indeed the Republic indulges young Noblemen in this Privilege before they are twenty, as a Reward for the good Services done the State by their Fathers. Sometimes too in Time of War, they sell Dispensations for Age at a moderate Price; a Practice which I don't think at all so blameable as a great many do, because young Noblemen are thereby early initiated in Business, and instructed in the most refined Politics.

The great Council meets on *Sundays* and Festival Days, excepting those of the blessed *Virgin*, and their Patron *St. Mark*. In Summer their Hours of sitting are from eight in the Morning to Noon, and in Winter, from Noon to Sun set. It is impossible to tell the precise Number of Nobles which compose this Assembly; their fullest Houses not being above six or seven Hundred, the rest being employed in Embassies, or in Governments of the Provinces, and other public Posts. Others have their own Reasons for their not appearing in Council; but 'tis certain, that no Business is finally concluded when there are under three hundred in the Assembly. When I speak of their fullest Houses being six or seven hundred, I only speak after the common Opinion, and other Authors who have followed that. For the Noble *Cornaro* assures us, that he has seen Assemblies of 12 or 1300, nay 1500; so that we may say of this Great Council and the Hall where it assembles,

When they meet, and their Number.

*Magna patet mille & quingentis civibus Aula
Patriciis, quibus est sortis permissa facultas,
Qui, quoties sacrata Deo septena refulget
Aurora, atque aliis etiam cum postulat usus
Lucibus, æqua tenet dum Phæbus culmina Cæli,
Conveniunt alacres, ut publica commoda curent.*

Besides the Days appointed for the Assemblies of the Great Council, the Counsellors of the Republic have a Power to summon them upon any pressing Emergency. On such Occasions they cause a Bell to be rung, which

How they are summoned.

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which is answered by the five other principal Bells in the City. This is the Signal for the Noblemen to repair to the Great Council, to which they are prohibited upon pain of Death to carry any Arms, not even a *Stiletto*, which they are obliged to leave in their *Gondolas*. This is a very wise Regulation to prevent the Disorders which may be occasioned by the Heats arising during the Ballotings.

Their
Ballots.

I won't take up your Time with an Account of the Manner in which they ballot for Employments, because all the World knows that already. I will only acquaint you that they are all done with open Doors, and that there is besides in the Hall a Bench, high enough for Strangers to see in what manner they give their Suffrages. 'Tis true, that all the Members have a Right to make Speeches when they give their Opinions upon any public Concern, and then all who are not Members are ordered to withdraw, that they may not know any thing of what relates to the State. It is in those Ballottings of the Great Council, that Diffimulation in a manner erects her Throne, and Family Differences and Animosities make them spring all their Mines of Revenge, which is the more sweet, in that their Enemies feel the Effects of it, without the Principals being exposed to their Resentment.

Reflexions
upon its
Nature
and Use.

I know that some People, who approve of those secret Ways of satisfying Resentment, say, that tho' this Practice should only hinder the Nobility from revenging themselves in a more cruel Manner, it would be always a very considerable Advantage to the State, which has nothing so much to dread, as a Division amongst its principal Members. But I answer to this, that besides its not being true that the Revenge of those Noblemen always is confined to the Prejudice they do their Enemies in those Ballottings, all Sense of Honour and Probity must be lost in a Man, who shall have the Assurance to go up to a Person, who has been excluded in an Election, and protest to him with an Oath, that he has done all he could to serve him as a most sincere Friend, and to reduce the poor Man to the Necessity of thanking him, who perhaps was a principal Mean of his Exclusion; not to mention the Mortification such a one must have in seeing his Expectations baffled.

Usefulness
of Ballot-
ing in
Elections.

But though I condemn this Conduct as unworthy a Man of Virtue, yet at the same time I am of Opinion, that the Method of Ballotting in Elections, and these Ballots being put into certain Vessels without any Subscription, or the least Mark by which it may be discerned from whence any one of them came, is the surest Method that was ever invented for securing the Freedom of voting. For when Voices are pronounced aloud in a full House, there are generally certain insurmountable Motives for disguising ones real Sentiments. Sometimes some great Man, whom one dare not disoblige openly; sometimes a Friend, whom one does not chuse to lose; sometimes a Man of Capacity, for whose Services we have Occasion, and who may repay one in our own Coin: But this concealed manner of Voting, both screens one from all Resentment, and leaves him at liberty

liberty to follow the uninfluenced Dictates of his own Conscience. It is likewise, in my Opinion, a very wise Precaution, to oblige the Relations of a Candidate for an Office to retire out of the Hall all the Time a Ballot is going on.

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After seeing all this at our leisure, we were introduced into the little Arsenal of the Palace, from whence there is a Gallery of Communication with the great Council Hall. This Arsenal has been built for the Security of the Nobles, that if any Attack were made upon them during their Sitting, they might find Arms to defend themselves. In effect, there are here a great Number of Muskets always loaded, with plenty of Pistols and other good Arms for upwards of 1200 Men. On the Side where the Muskets are ranged there is a Machine of Brass, which by means of a Train of Powder laid all round, lights up 500 Matches all at once; and the Pikes and Swords are disposed in such a Manner, that by pulling a String they drop into the Hands of those who want to use them; so that every body is armed in an Instant. This Precaution which is here dignified with the Name of *Prudent Foresight*, would pass in another Country for *unreasonable Distrust*; or at least for a Proof of the Consciousness of the Nobility, how little Affection the People bear them.

The little Arsenal of the Palace and its Use.

In this Arsenal they preserve *Attila's* Casque, with the Headstall of his Horse, both of them done over with a black Varnish to prevent their rusting: They likewise preserve the Sword of *George Castriot*, surnamed *Scanderbeg*, King of *Epirus*. It is said, that this Prince was so strong, that he cleft the Turks through the Middle with one Stroke of this Sword; and that Sultan *Amurath*, Father to the Emperor *Mahomet II.* who took *Constantinople*, having sent for it, proved it upon a Slave, by means of one of the strongest *Turks* he had in his Army; but not finding it answer Expectation, he sent it back to *Scanderbeg* with an Order to let him know, that the Sultan thought he had imposed upon him. Upon which the Prince is said to have answered, *that he had sent him his real Sword, but not the Arm that used to wield it.*

And its several Curiosities. The Sword of Scanderbeg.

They also shew us here, the Arms which the Doge *Sebastian Ziani* carried at the Battle he gained against *Otho* the Son of *Frederic Barbarossa*. They are very fine, and curiously wrought with Bas-reliefs; Likewise the Arms of *Henry IV.* of *France*, with this Inscription.

Other Curiosities.

Henrici IV. Franciæ & Navarræ Regis Arma, in tot tantisque periculis & victoriis hostili sanguine madefacta, immortal. ejus gloriæ Trophæum, ac veri & sinceri amoris erga Rempublicam Monumentum.

The compleat Armour of their General *Gatta Melata*, whose Equestrian Statue we saw at *Padua*; here they are satisfied with setting this compleat Suit of his Armour upon a Wooden Horse. Those of the last Duke of *Rohan*. The People of *Geneva* shew another of the same great Man in their Arsenal. Those of the old Doge *Henry Dandolo*, who assisted the *French* Princes to take

Constantinople.

^{1707.}
^{Feb. 26.} *Constantinople.* Those of a Commander of a *Galeasse*, one *Francisco Dodo*, who fought his Ship against 25 *Turkish* Gallies, run several of them a-ground, and forced the rest to retire very much shattered.

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And Singularities. They likewise shewed us the following Curiosities. A great Standard of a *Horse Tail*, taken in a Sea-fight against the *Turks* by a *French* Captain one *John Clotar*, who commanded one of the Republic's Ships of War, with the following Inscription.

Quod cernis signum, Turcicae classis Labarum est ad Aegaeum inter pugnandum x. Jul. 1651. Imperatore Venetae Classis Aloisio Mocenigo II. à Duce Navis Aquile aureae Joanne Clotar Gallo, vi ereptum, Seren. Reipub. fidei observantiaeque Monumentum Dono datum.

A Culverine of Brass gilt, about ten foot long, with a great deal of Work upon it; it was made by Direction of a Doge's Son named *Gritti*. A Falcon which discharges seven times without loading; a Machine which discharges 60 at once: Two Cannons made like Halbards; another of Iron finely chased, and carrying two Miles. One of the Stuff Coffers or *Devils Organs*, mentioned to have been invented by *Francis Carrera*, in my Description of *Padua*, as were the Pocket Cross-bows shewn us here, used also by this Tyrant, which discharge Steel Arrows half a Foot long, and kills People without any body being able to perceive from whence they are shot.

Several
curious
Busto's.

We also saw here a very fine Brass Busto of General *Morosini*, upon a white Marble Pedestal, and inserted in a large Nich all done round with *Turkish* Flags and Standards. Above his Head is the following Inscription.

Francisco Mauroceno Peloponesiaco adhuc viventi, Senatus anno 1687.

Three other Alabaster Busto's of three *Roman* Emperors, with that of *Francis Carrera* I have already mentioned. That of the brave *Sebastian Kenier*, who commanded the *Venetian* Gallies at the Battle of *Lepante*:

That of *Mark Anthony Bragadin* Governor of *Famagusta*, who was fled alive by Order of the *Turkish* General *Mustapha*, after making a noble Defence when besieged by the *Turks*, as appears from the following Inscription under this Busto.

M. Ant. Bragadenus Salaminae Cyprique Praefectus, in diuturnâ obsidione sustinendâ, singulari fortitudine clarus summâque pietate atque Constantiâ pro Christi fide & pro Patriâ, vivens gloriosissimè cute exutus xvii. Aug. 1571.

Who was
cruelly put
to Death
by the
Turks.

We are told, that *Bragadin* capitulated after a long and resolute Defence, but that *Mustapha* did not observe the Terms of Capitulation, for he ordered

the principal Officers of the Garrison to be murdered, and *Bragadin's* Nose and Ears to be cut off, loading him with Chains, and treating him with all manner of Indignities. At length, as a finishing Stroke to his Cruelty, he ordered him to be flead alive in the public Square, and stuffing his Skin with Hay sent it to the Arsenal at *Constantinople*, from whence the Brother and Children of the Deceased brought it 25 Years after to *Venice*, and placed it in the Tomb which is yet to be seen in the Church of *St. John* and *St. Paul*.

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The Resolution and Firmness with which *Bragadin* is said to have endured all those Cruelties, makes him to be looked upon here by most People as an illustrious Martyr: But they who know the true State of the Matter say, that the *Turks* are Men like other Men, and detest vile Actions; and that they put *Bragadin* to Death with the other Christian Officers, because they could not produce the Prisoners they had made in several Sallies during the Siege, and whom they inhumanly butchered when they found themselves reduced to surrender.

Falsly
called a
Martyr.

Besides all this, we were likewise shewn an Alabaster Statue of *Francis Sforza* last Duke of *Milan*, with another of *Mary Blanche Visconti* his Wife; both these Statues are very fine, but the Sculptor died before the latter was finished. A great Heart of massy Gold, a Present from the *Candiot*s to the Senator *George Morosini*. A Piece of *Persian* Tapisstry sent in a Present to the Republic, from a King of that Country upwards of 500 Years ago: This Piece is not only valuable for its Materials, but for a vast Number of excellent Figures wrought in it. A very fine Cabinet adorned with a great many Statues and Antiques, enriched with a great many Pillars of Jasper of all sorts; the whole very finely wrought, and was a Present from the Patriarch of *Aquilea* to the Senate. Another Cabinet full of *Greek* and *Roman* Medals, which we were told are very curious, but never shewn, least any of them should be purloined. I would not swear that they are not stollen already, even by the very People who appear so solicitous for their Preservation. This affected Care to conceal things that were formerly shewn, makes me still suspect some Mystery is at the Bottom; witness the Arsenal of *Nuremberg* which they formerly shewed with so much Parade, by Reason of the Number of fine Cannons contained in it; but all these have been invisible for several Years, to prevent Travellers saying, that this Arsenal is a ruinous Defart.

Curious
Pieces of
another
Kind.

But the most valuable Piece in this Arsenal, is a *Virgin Mary* by *St. Luke*. I must observe by the bye, that it is very surprizing to see the great number of Images of the *Virgin* which are shewn all over *Europe*, and pretended all to be of this Evangelist's Hand, though *St. Paul* tells us in express Terms that he was a Physician; *Luke the beloved Physician salutes you, Epist. to the Colossians*. But says a Painter, who is proud of having an Evangelist of the same Profession with himself, *Medicine and Painting are not inconsistent the one with the other*: No more they are; neither will I take the Advantage as I might do of inferring, that as *St. Luke* was a fellow Labourer with *St. Paul* in

Picture of
the *Virgin*
Mary by
St. Luke,
and Re-
marks
upon his
pretended
Paintings.

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the Lord's Vineyard, and as he got his daily Bread by his Skill in Physic, he could have but very little Time for amusing himself in Painting. But I would only observe to my Friend the Painter, that I defie him to prove that his Brother Painters in the Days of the Apostles had the Secret of shadowing their Pictures, as all the Pictures attributed to St. Luke are. But to return to the Arsenal of the Council Chamber of Venice.

Other fine
Pieces.

They here shew as a great Curiosity, a *St. Justina* by *Titian*, in a Frame covered with precious Stones; a *Virgin Mary* by old *Palma*; a Portrait of *St. Mark* and his Lyon about half a Foot high, containing all his Gospel in Writing. Two little Statues of *Adam* and *Eve* by *Albert Durer*, cut out with the Point of a Penknife, and a Tabernacle of Rock Chrystal adorned with Silver of exquisite Workmanship. With all due Deference, I think all the Pieces I have last named would be much more fit for the Chapel of the Palace, than for an Arsenal. The Chapel I mean is dedicated to *St. Nicholas*, and is handsome enough, being adorned with good Pictures; amongst which are the four Evangelists, a *Madona* attended by *St. Nicholas*, a Doge, and a *St. Mark*; all by *Titian*.

The Secret
Intelligence
Boxes
what.

In my Opinion, the greatest Curiosity in the Palace of *St. Mark*, and such a one as is perhaps not to be met with in any City of the World but at *Venice*, is what they call the *Denuncia Secreta*. Though Informers have in all Ages been looked upon as the infamous Tools of Tyrants, yet this State has found Means to screen the Shame attending this Practice, by means of certain Stone Mouths which are made to speak without their naming their Authors. As they are persuaded that the Preservation of their Government depends upon their knowing every thing that is said or done against their Authority, both in City and Country, they have very artfully spread this Net, which any Man who speaks or acts ever so little against the Government, will find very difficult to escape. The whole Palace of *St. Mark* is full of Heads, with strange Faces and open Mouths, into which they throw Billets, which fall down into Boxes set in the Thickness of the Wall. These dangerous Mouths are likewise to be met with through all Places of the City, where any of the Magistrates hold their Courts. The Informer receives the Reward affixt by the Ordinances to his Intelligence, either in Person, if he has Impudence enough to appear, or by some other Hand who can produce a Piece of Paper torn off the Billet thrown into the Mouth.

CHAP.

1797.
Feb. 26.

VENICE.

CHAP. LXXV.

Venice. *The Public Library of St. Mark. Some of its most curious Manuscripts and Paintings. Letter of Cardinal Bessarion on his making a Present of his Books to the Republic. Several Private Libraries at Venice. The Zecca or Mint-house. Venetian Sequins, what they are. Four Remarkable Statues of Porphyry and their History. Many strange Creatures shewn in the Square of St. Mark during the Carnival.*

Understanding that the Earl of Dorset was in Venice, we went to pay our Compliments to his Lordship this Morning, and met with a very obliging Reception, both from him and Mr. Lumley, second Son to the Earl of Scarborough, who travels in his Company. We likewise met there with Lord Irwin, who was very civil to us. As all those Noblemen are extremely well bred, and none of them wants Wit nor Mirth, we past the Morning very agreeably with them; you need not doubt of our having a good deal of Talk about Old England, London, and our Friends in those Parts.

After Dinner Mr. Imberti came to offer us his Services; he told us, that he had returned to this City only the Day before Yesterday; and that he only knew this Morning, from the Noble Mocenigo, of our being at Venice. This Mr. Imberti is a Man of Wit and Merit; he is Son to a considerable Citadini, who has been several Times employed by the State in public Matters, and formerly as Secretary to the Venetian Ambassador at London, where we knew him. This is the Gentleman, who when he came to London with the Ambassador, asked our Friend Doctor Morelli, whether he could not help him to a Silver Crucifix for the Ambassador's Chapel. The other telling him, that he was afraid he would scarcely find a Silver-smith in London who would be fond of making him one; he answered hastily, that he did not mean to have a new one, and that a *Crocefisso da Strapazzo*, that is, an old rusty, or second-hand Crucifix, would serve his turn very well, for all he wanted with it. This is right Venetian Devotion.

After taking some Turns together on St. Mark's Square, we went to see the Library. It is kept in one of the new Procuratories, opposite to the Palace, and on the other Side of the *Broglio*; We go to it through a Hall adorned with Statues, Busts and Marble Bas-reliefs, representing the different Sacrifices of Heathen Antiquity. The Library is remarkable, not only by the great Number of printed Books it contains, but by its great Number of Greek Manuscripts. They say that Cardinal Bessarion, who was a Native of Trebifond, and a Man of great Learning and Merit, presented it with Manuscripts to the Amount of 30,000 Crowns. Petrarch, who

1707. was a Canon of *Padua* with the Cardinals *Grimani* and *Aleander*, ordered
Feb. 26. their Libraries to be added after their Deaths to that of *St. Mark*.

VENICE. We there see a *Ptolomy* with very beautiful Maps, and a Manuscript
Several which they will have to be wrote by *St. Augustine*, though the Title of it
Manu- which is *De Consideratione Dei*, is not to be found in the Catalogue of that
scripts, & Father's Writings. But the finest Ornaments of that Library, are a great
very cu- many *Greck* Statues of an exquisite Beauty, most of which were given by
rious Statues & *John Grimani* Patriarch of *Aquilca*, and *Frederic Contareni* Procurator of
Paintings. *St. Mark*. Amongst others, there is a *Venus* exceedingly charming, an
Apollo, and a *Ganimede* carried off by *Jupiter* in Shape of an *Eagle*. The
excellent Paintings here, are as well worthy Notice as the Statues; they be-
ing of the Hands of *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, *Tintoret*, *Schiavone*, and *Palma*.
Some of them representing Sovereignty, Valour, Holiness; others, Paint-
ing, Architecture, Music; and others, the Liberal Arts. The three first
are by *Schiavone*, who was not very correct in his Designs, but recommended
his Works to the Liking of the whole World, by the Beauty of his Colour-
ing; so that *Titian* used to say, "That no Painter ought to be without
" a Picture of *Andreas Schiavone*, on account of his unparallelled Colouring;
" but that he at the same time deserved to be whipt, if he did not endea-
" vour to draw better than he."

Having recovered a Copy of a Letter wrote by Cardinal *Bessarion* to the
Doge and Senate of *Venice*, when he made them a Present of his Library,
I thought I could not do better than insert it here. It chiefly contains an
Account of the Trouble he had been at in gathering all these *Greek* Manu-
scripts, and of the Motives that induced him to present them to the Serene
Republic.

Letter of
Cardinal
Bessarion
to the
Doge and
Senate of
Venice,
whereby
he makes
them a
Present of
his fine
Library.

BESSARION Cardinalis, Patriarcha *Constantinopolitanus*, Illu-
strissimo Principi Christophoro Moro, & inclyto Senatui Veneto.

Ego sanè ab ineunte ætate, omnem laborem, omnem operam, omne denique
studium in conquirendis libris, in omni genere Scientiarum consumpsi, & ideo
plurimos exaravi propria manu, bancque exiguam pecuniam, quam in mea vita
frugali colligere potui, ad comparandos libros comparavi. Censebam enim me non
posse accumulare supellectilem pretiosorem & nobiliorem, neque thesaurum opesve
utiliores & excellentiores, quam libros refertos sapientum dictis, refertos legibus
& pietate. Hi vivunt, conversantur nobiscum, & leguntur à nobis: Hi instruunt
nos, admonent, consolantur, & ponunt nobis ante oculos res olim gestas, quarum
memoria aliàs non exstat: Tanta est ipsorum potentia & efficacia, tanta dignitas,
tanta denique divinitas, quod si illis destitueremur, omnino essemus inspidi & ru-
dès, absque notitia rerum præteritarum, & exemplorum laudabilium: denique
destitueremur cognitione Divinarum Humanarumque rerum, idemque Sepulchrum
quod contegeret defunctos, etiam eorum nomen aboleret. Etsi autem omni tem-
pore Collector Librorum sedulus fui, tamen majori assiduitate ac cupiditate hac in
re usus sum, post vastationem Græciæ, & miserabilem ac deplorandam ruinam
Urbis Constantinopolitanæ, adhibendo omnes vires, omnes cogitationes, omnem
operam,

operam, omnem industriam, omnes denique facultates meas, ut possem nancisci libros Græcos. Etenim dubitabam, & admodum verebar, ne perditis cæteris rebus, interciderent ac amitterentur tam multi excellentes libri, tanti labores præstantium virorum, tanti sudores, tantæ vigiliæ, tanta lumina totius Mundi, quemadmodum olim quoque tam magnam jacturam passi sumus. De ducentis enim & viginti millibus librorum (quorum Plutarchus meminit) qui in Bibliotheca Apameæ asservabantur, vix mille ad nos pervenere. Cæterum, non tam magnum numerum librorum, quam optimos & excellentes, deque singulis solummodo unum exemplum studui colligere, undè evenit, ut fere omnia volumina, quæ in ruinis univærsæ Græciæ remanserant integra, etque vix alibi reperiuntur, congesserim.

Verùm cogitanti mihi sæpe numero de hoc studio & intento meo, non potui cupiditati meæ satisfacere, neque quiescere, si non eodem modo illis libris, tam ingenti labore & industriâ, tam magnis sumptibus à me collectis, dum adhuc superstes essem, rectè prospectum esset, ut securus essem ne me defuncto dissiparentur vel alienarentur, sed reponerentur in locum quendam tutum & opportunum, ad communem utilitatem hominum studiosorum. Hæc inquam, cum sæpius animo meo revolverem, & omnes civitates Italiæ contemplerer, nullam, in quâ animus meus acquiescere vellet, præterquam vestram celebrem Civitatem reperire potui. In primis autem videbatur mihi non posse eligi locus tutior, quam talis, in quo gubernatur cum æquitate, leges florent, regnatur cum integritate & sapientiâ: Ubi conspicitur vera sedes & domicilium virtutis, gravitatis, justitiæ, fidei: Ubi Imperium tam æquum & moderatum est, quam amplissimum: Ubi prudentes & sapientes tenent gubernacula Reipublicæ, boni præferuntur malis, & post habito privato emolumento, unanimiter in commune consulitur. Hæc ubi sunt, meritò sperare debemus, id quod cupimus, fore, ut videlicet vestra Civitas latius Imperium suum & nomen propaget. Quamobrem potius Venetam Urbem quam alias ad Bibliothecam meam conservandam elegi. Dono itaque mitto sacratissimo Templo Beati Marci in vestra inclita Urbe omnes meos Libros tam Græcos quam Latinos, cum Indice, ut cognoscatis affectionem meam, & grati animi voluntatem; ut vos, vestri Liberi, & tota Posteritas semper percipere possitis fructum meorum laborum, & simul hunc communicetis pro amore & benignitate vestra reliquis studiosis bonarum literarum. Orans Deum, ut vestram nobilissimam Rempublicam felicissimam & tranquillissimam esse velit. Datæ Viterbii in Thermis pridie Calend. Junii, anno M.CCCC.LXVIII.

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St. Mark's is not the only Library in Venice. The Canons of St. Saviour, Other Libraries the Dominicans of St. John and St. Paul, the Theatins of St. Nicholas Tolentine, and the bare-footed Carmelites, have each of them very fine Libraries; as we likewise meet with Libraries at the Salute, at St. Stephen and St. Anthony de Castello, and a great many other Convents: But the most considerable and best provided one, is that of the Benedictins of St. George Major. There are also some private Person's Libraries which are open to every Body; such as those of the Procurators Antonio Nani, Baptist Cornaro, Philip Bono, and of the Nobles, John Cornaro of St. Paul, Father to him who was so civil to us; Bernard Trivisani, in which are a great many Greek Manuscripts.

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VENICE.
The Zecca
or the
Mint-
house.

What the
Venetians
Sequins
are, and
their va-
lue.

Four re-
markable
Statues
and their
History.

Manuscripts, some of them very old, *Martin Zani*, and others which may be seen on certain particular Days of the Week.

From the Library we went to the *Zecca*, that is, to the Palace where their Public Money is struck; whence comes the Word *Zecchino* or *Sequin*, the Name of the *Venetian* Gold Coin. This Palace is of hewn Stone and a Quadrangular Figure: It is composed of four Wings, which enclose a fine Court with Galleries quite round, entering into its Halls and Chambers. All the Cielings are vaulted, and the Windows guarded with Iron Barrs like a Prison. They tell us, that there is not a single Bit of Wood employed in all this Building; and this with a Design to render it less liable to be burnt down. We likewise see on all Hands those dangerous Mouths, for receiving secret Informations against the Officers of the Mint, who encline to be Rogues. Besides the different Species of Money coined here, they likewise draw a vast deal of Gold and Silver Wire. I don't know whether the Government have been obliged of late to pay away large Sums; but I know very well, that when I struck with my Cane against a great many very large strong Boxes which stood in those Rooms, they appeared to be quite empty. *Sonitum cava saxa dedere.*

These Sequins are of the same Value with the Golden Ducats of Germany and the Low Countries, and pass currently for the same Value, excepting at *Venice*, where they are worth a *Venetian* Livre, that is, about seven Pence *English* more than the *Ungari*, or *Hungarian* Ducats, which is the *Italian* Term for those Ducats of Gold. But there is a certain Kind of these struck in *Hungary*, very much resembling the Sequins on one Side, and passing for the same Value in Trade. It is from a very good Political Reason, that the Sequins should in their own Territories pass for more than the *Ungari*; because they therefore prevent the *Jews* and other Money-getting People from exporting them out of the Country, which might be of great Prejudice to the State.

There are Payments made upon the *Zecca*, in the same Manner as upon the Town-House at *Paris*, and the Exchequer at *London*. But since the Peace of *Candia*, the Republic has found means to discharge a great deal of that large Interest, which they were obliged to pay during that War, by converting them into Annuities at 3 per Cent. This Mint-house stands upon the New Canal behind the New *Procuraties*, as does the Granary for Corn, which is a vast Brick Building.

As 'tis impossible to take Notice of every thing all at once, I have not mentioned to you four Porphiry Statues, which stand against a Wall near the great Gate of *St. Mark's* Palace, and which I never perceived before to Day. Those Statues are represented as embracing one another. Some say, that the Senate caused them to be placed there in Memory of four Brothers, who having heaped up great Riches, left the Republic their Heir, at their Deaths. Others say, that four Foreign Merchants meeting with one another at *Venice*, contracted a Friendship and lodged together in the same House; but that shewing to one another precious Stones of

a great Size and consequently of great Value, two of them resolved to poison their Companions; who, in the mean time, had formed the like Design upon the others, in order to render themselves Masters of one another's Riches: That all four having by this Means been poisoned, the Senate confiscated their precious Stones, some of which, they say, were lodged in the Treasury of St. Mark. But all this is meer Tradition; and I know that you Gentlemen Sceptics treat all Traditions, especially Venetian and Roman Traditions, as Apocryphal.

Searce a Day passes in this Carnival Time, that this Place is not adorned with some new Decorations. Some People shew away with Lyons, Tygers, Rhinoceros's and Bears, others with Eagles, Pelicans, and I don't know how many curious Birds, even the *Phoenix* herself. But there is a very extraordinary Monster shewn here: It is a Human Creature with two Heads upon one Body, three Legs and a long blue Tail. It was born about a Year ago in *Dalmatia*; and its Mother, who carries it about every where, swears that she carried it twelve Months in her Belly.

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Many ex-

traordina-

ry Crea-

tures

shewn in

the square

of St. Mark

C H A P. LXXVI.

Venice. *The grand Arsenal described at large. Situation, Strength, and Conflagrations of it. Spanish Conspiracy against the Republic. Immense Quantity of Land and Sea Arms, of Naval Stores, and Ships of War in the Arsenal. Description of the Venetian Gallies, and their Importance. Great Severity of the Venetian Military Discipline. The famous Bucentaur, and the annual Ceremony of espousing the Adriatic-Sea, described. Fabulous Origin of this ridiculous Solemnity. Why the Venetian Ships are more durable than those of other Nations? Vast Number of Workmen, Rope-Yards, Foundries, and other Singularities of the Arsenal of Venice.*

WE spent all this Day in seeing the Famous Arsenal of Venice, which is celebrated all over Europe.

*Eloquar, an potius fileam Navale superbum
Non urbis Venetæ columnen solius, at Arcem
Et magnæ Hesperiae decus admirabile visu?
Sed dictu res digna; loquar, quantumque licebit,
Viribus exiguis ingentia pondera tollam.*

The great
Arsenal of
Venice.

This Arsenal of Venice is a Place of so great Importance to the State, that it is an Object of the greatest Public Jealousy. Not only the Security of their

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VENICE.
Situation,
Strength,
and Con-
flagrations
of it.

their City and State depends upon this, but likewise the greatest Part of their Power; since it is, as it were, the Foundation of all its Strength.

It is situated at the *East* Point of the City, from which it is separated by only a Canal which surrounds it on three Sides, having the *Lagunes* on the North; its Circumference is upwards of two Miles. All the small Towers upon the high Wall that encloses it proves a very strict Guard to it, especially in the Night-time. Every Tower has a Bell, by which each Centry can in an Instant give Notice to the main Guard in all Surprizes, whether proceeding from Accidents of Fire or Treason; and yet notwithstanding all those Precautions, it has been very often subject to great Burnings, particularly in 1507 and 1565. The latter reduced great Part of the Arsenal to Ashes, and the Fire was so terrible, that we are told in History, the Noise and Claps were heard forty Miles off.

Spanish
Conspira-
cy against
Venice.

It was by setting Fire to the Arsenal that the *Spaniards* in 1618. were to begin their Conspiracy, for making themselves Masters of *Venice*; and after lighting up this their charming Bonfire, the Conspirators, who were in the Heart of the City, were to have possessed themselves of the Palace of *St. Mark*, dispatched the Doge, the Nobility, and all they had met with there. But the Execution of this barbarous Conspiracy was prevented by one *Anthony Jaffier* of *Provence*, who, struck with the shocking Idea of seeing all *Venice* next Day in Flames, the Doge and the Nobility assassinated, the Cries and Tears of Women and Children, in short, all the Inhumanity generally attending such Undertakings, was seized with so violent a Remorse, that he instantly went and discovered the whole to the Council of ten. Some of his Accomplices saved themselves, but most Part of them being seized, and put to the Torture, confessed the whole, and were either strangled in Prison or drowned.

Marquis
of *Bedmar*
the Con-
triver of it

The Contriver and Conductor of this Conspiracy was Don *Alphonso de la Cueva*, Marquis of *Bedmar*, the *Spanish* Ambassador in Ordinary at *Venice*, and as great as well as dangerous a Genius as ever *Spain* produced. After his Plot miscarried, he was ordered by the Court of *Madrid* to serve it as first Minister in *Flanders*; and some Years after his Sovereign, as a Reward for all his eminent Services, got him a Cardinal's Cap.

Vast
Number
of Land-
Arms in
the Arse-
nal.

They won't show the Arsenal to Strangers *gratis*; the Porter must have large Fees, and they must leave their Swords at the Gate, where they are shewn the Lyons, which they pretend were brought from *Athens*, as well as an Inscription which has nothing about it that is very curious. They next enter several Halls, where they see a vast Quantity of all Kinds of Arms, both for Horse and Foot, and kept in great Order, well polished, and curiously disposed. They tell us they are sufficient for arming 100,000 Men.

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*Illic noctesque, diesque
Armorum omne genus scabra rubigine tersa
Perpoliunt, renovantque, reconcinnantque quotannis,
Ordine quæ pulchro distincta, locoque decenti
Collucent longè latèque capacibus aulis.
Nec Deus ignipotens magno sudata Gradivo,
Supremoque Jovi tumidorum in bella Gigantum
Tot pila & frameas, tot tela trifulca, tot enses,
Tot tragulas, gladiosque locum digessit in unum,
Quot martis memores cudunt, & cusa recondunt.
Queis hominum properè armentur propè millia centum
Fortè repentinus si quando invaserit hostis.*

There are likewise other Arsenals for the Sea-Armaments, one of them containing Weapons for fighting at Sea, sufficient for arming ten Gallies, another for arming twenty, and a third for arming thirty Gallies. In another Place, we see Storehouses of Arms for Men of War, and a little farther, those for Galeasses. In short, the prodigious Quantities of Arms contained in those Magazines are almost incredible to one who has not seen them. Under those Halls are separate Storehouses, containing all Manner of warlike Ordnance; some say there is here upwards of 2000 Cannons; others say about half that Number. For my own Part, as I had neither Time nor Inclination to count them, I shall only tell you, that there is a vast Number of Cannons, Mortars, Bombs, Bullets, Granades, Carriages, Waggon, and other Furniture of War.

They shew us, as a great Curiosity, a Brass-Cannon weighing 15000 Pounds, and which discharges Bullets and Bombs, and another which makes three Discharges at once out of three Barrels, upon which is inscribed the following Distich:

*Cerberus hic vomitat triplici de gutture flammæ,
Sulphura, sal nitrum, fulmina, tela, globos.*

A Culverine which carries twelve Miles, a great Cannon of Leather, and two of Brass in Shape of Pillars with Chapiters.

Masts, Yards, Oars, Sails, Shrouds, Ropes, Cables, and Anchors, with all that is necessary for Building and Rigging out a Ship, even to the very Nails, have all of them their different Repositories. If we are to believe those who shew us all these, there are sufficient for fitting out one hundred Gallies, Galeasses, or other Vessels. Add to this, Arms for 100000 Soldiers, and you may then conclude that Venice is invincible. But the worst is, that the Men and Money are not always at Hand for employing all those Arms and Armaments.

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Men of

War and

Docks.

Descrip-

tion of the

Venetian

Galeasses,

and their

Import-

tance.

The

Island *Tene-**dos* lost

by the

Treache-

ry of one

of their

Com-

manders.

Always

com-

manded

by brave

and noble

Venetians.

Severity

of the

Venetian

Military

Discipline

In three great Docks, which communicate with the *Lagunes* by a Canal, we see a great many Penthouses which shelter all the Ships of War. There are different Kinds of them; amongst others, several taken from the *Turks*, and kept here, in Memory of the Republic's Victories over them. It is here likewise that the Vessels and Gallies the Republic stands in need of are built.

As to the Galeasses, we did not see above half a Dozen, but they told us they had some at Sea; besides, they are so excessively expensive that they are unable to keep up many of them. They equal the largest Vessels as to length and breadth. Their Complement of Men is generally one thousand, and of Cannons sixty or seventy. Their Commanders are not called *Captains* but *Governors*, to denote the Importance of their Trust. And indeed these formidable Machines are floating Castles, where they mount and relieve Guard, plant Centinels, in short do every Thing as regularly as we do in Garrison-Towns. By means of their Sails and Oars they act both as Gallies and Men of War, having the Advantage of rowing with their Oars in a Calm, and using their Sails when there is a Breeze, and all with the same Expedition as other Vessels. Their Naval Victories generally depend upon their Galeasses, for when their Governors can once bring them up to the Middle of the Enemy's Line of Battle, they soon decide the Victory in their Favour. So great is their Confidence in those Vessels, that when they are aboard of them they think themselves invincible; and when a City has one of them lying in the Mouth of its Harbour, they think that City sufficiently fortified.

The principal Force of the famous Isle of *Tenedos*, formerly consisted in two of those Vessels, which covered it and its Fortress. But the *Basha's* Money found means to blow them to a different Quarter. This infamous Treachery lost the *Venetians* that Post, which was of the utmost Importance for their attacking the *Turkish* Ships with Advantage, and the Lives of five or six hundred poor Soldiers, almost all of them *French*, whose Heads were ranged in great Pomp along the Walls of the Fortress, and long cried out for Vengeance upon the Treachery that betrayed them into the Hands of those *Barbarians*.

These Galeasses are never commanded but by noble *Venetians*, who, besides the Honour that animates them, are indispensably obliged to be brave to the last Gasps, and to fight with intrepid Resolution, without their either giving or receiving Quarter. A Commander of a Galeass, who should yield to twenty five Gallies of an Enemy, would be sure of losing his Head in Sight of the whole Army, should he fall into the Hands of the *Venetians*.

This may serve as a Specimen of the Severity of their Military Laws, which, without Mercy, punish all Cowards and Traitors. They can have no Notion that a Man, who had Ambition enough to push himself into great Posts, has not enough of Courage to execute them as he ought: Thus when they put any one to Death for a Breach of Duty, it is not so

much to punish their Cowardice as their Treachery, in imposing upon their Country by a false Appearance of Courage. Were the same Severity practised in many Places, which we could easily name, we should have fewer Places lost, and not so many good Ships of War treacherously surrendered as soon as attacked; and a great many People would think a second Time before they solicited for Posts that might come to cost them so dear. 'Tis by this Policy that the *Venetians* teach People to know themselves, and never entrust their public Posts, but in Hands that are able to discharge them with Credit both to themselves and their Country.

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The *Bucentaur* is likewise a Kind of Galeas: It would seem as if I had not seen the Arsenal of *Venice*, if I did not speak of this magnificent Vessel, which by means of a little Money we had the Liberty to go aboard of, and examine at our Leisure. She is all gilt, both Outside and Inside: Along the Deck there is raised a Kind of Ceiling, carved and gilt, which runs from one End to the other; this Roof is supported by a vast Number of gilt Statues, and in the Middle by a great many others, so that it forms two parallel Galleries in like Manner, gilt and inlaid, with Benches on all Sides.

Description of the
Bucentaur

This *Bucentaur* is made use of every Year in the Ceremony of *Ascension* Day, when the Doge goes in great Pomp to espouse the Sea. On this Day all the Nobility repair early in the Morning to St. *Mark's* Palace, and the Order in which they proceed from thence is as follows: The Clergy of St. *Mark's* Church lead the Procession, and are immediately followed by the Beadles of the Palace, wearing long blue Cloaks reaching to their Heels, with *Barrettas*, or red round Caps, in the same Form with those of the Nobles. Eight of those Beadles carry each a Taffety Banner, two of which are Blue, two of them Red, two of them White, and two of a Violet Colour. The White denote Peace, the Red, War, the Violet, Leagues, and the Blue, Truces. If the Republic is at War, then the Red march first, if at Peace the White has the Precedency, and so of the others. After these come six other Beadles, with very long Silver Trumpets, and attended by five Hautboys, with red serge Vests, playing from Time to Time. Then follow the Doge's Equeries two and two, simply drest in Black, with plain Bands and short Cloaks.

Annual Ceremony of espousing the Adriatic Sea, and the Procession

Next to the Equeries marches the *Capitano Grande*, and the Master of Ceremonies, in Crimson Damask Robes. Then seven or eight Captains of the *Sbirri* in Crimson Damask Vests and long Gowns, which come no deeper than half their Legs. They have no other Arms than a Stilet stuck thro' their Girdles, which are adorned with large Plates of Silver. After these come the Secretaries of the Senate in Violet-coloured Cloth Robes, with Velvet Stoles. Next comes the great Chancellor in a Purple Habit, as are all the Senators who assist at the Ceremony. Two other Equeries carry, the one of them a folding Chair, adorned with Gold Brocade; the other a Cushion of the same; and a Clerk of the Chapel drest in Violet-coloured Robes, carries the Candlestick, and the white Wax-taper before

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the Doge, who follows immediately after, betwixt the Pope's *Nuncio* and the *French* Ambassador. If there are more Ambassadors at *Venice* they walk a Breast on each Hand of the Doge, and all according to their Precedency.

The
Doge's
Habit and
Retinue
on those
Occasions

The Doge in this and other public Ceremonies wears a Robe of Gold or Silver Brocade, with close Sleeves, buttoned down the Breast with a dozen large Silver gilt Buttons, and reaching to the very Ground. A long Ducal Cloak is thrown across his Shoulders, and its Train is supported by two Pages: His *Corno* or Cap of State is of the same Stuff, and his first Equerry holds above his Highness's Head the Umbrella or Parasol, made of Gold Brocade, and a Fringe quite round it. After the Doge, come his six Counsellors, two and two; the first has on his Right a Nobleman, who carries in both Hands a large Sword in a Scabbard of Crimson Velvet, and covered with Plates of Silver gilt, done in Fret-work. This Sword is a Badge of the Dignity of first Equerry of the *Eastern* Empire, with which the Emperor *Michael* invested the Doge *Peter Gradenigo*. It is carried behind the Doge, and immediately at the Head of the Signory or Senate, to intimate that the Doge has only the Shadow of Grandeur, but that the Power is vested in the Senate. The Procession is closed by the three Heads of the criminal *Quarantie*, the two *Avogadors*, the three Heads of the Council of *Ten*, the two Censors, and by a great many Senators two and two, dressed in very large Purple Robes. All this Procession marches thro' a vast Number of People and Strangers to the landing Place of the Square of the *Broglia*, whither the *Bucentaur* is brought from the Arsenal: Forty Workmen, who work in the Arsenal, make up its Crew; there are twenty on each Side below Deck, and who never appear.

The
Doge in
the *Bucen-
taur*, and
its Magni-
ficence.

The Doge is seated upon the Poop in the Middle, on a Seat raised about half a Foot higher than the others, with the Pope's Nuncio, and the *French* Ambassador on his Right and Left, together with the Counsellors of the *Signory*, and the Heads of the criminal *Quarantie*; all the rest of the Company take their Seats upon the Benches that are along the two Sides of the Vessel, without any Distinction of Rank. The ordinary Magnificence of the *Bucentaur* is that Day encreased by the majestic Appearance of the Doge and Senate in Purple, and a vast Number of Strangers and others richly dressed, who ask for leave to come on Board. It is likewise adorned with a covering of Crimson Damask, with Gold Fringes which runs the whole length of it, with Curtains of the same, quite round, betwixt the gilt Statues which support the Roof. The great Standard of *St. Mark* is hoisted upon the Poop; the eight Standards of different Colours, with the Trumpets and Hautboys are upon the Prow; so that all this cannot fail to render this Vessel a very agreeable Object.

And Pro-
gress to
the Sea.

As soon as all the Company is seated, the Mate gives notice by a loud Whistle to the Crew that it is time to row, which they begin to do under the Noise of Cannon, Trumpets and Hautboys; the Sea is covered with

with Foam, and the *Bucentaur* then proceeds with great Majesty, surrounded by a vast Number of Gallies, Galliots, Barks, and about two or three thousand Gondolas, towards the Mouths of the *Lido*. When she had got a Mile, or little more into the Sea, they say a Prayer, the Musicians sing certain Musical Compositions, and the Patriarch of *Venice*, who follows in a large Bark, blesses the Sea.

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*Finitis precibus, cunctisque faventibus ore,
Stans celsa in puppi Princeps gravitate verendus,
Summis splendentem digitis, similemque cadenti
Ostentans auro conclusam divite gemmam,
Hec ait: IN SIGNUM IMPERII VERI, ATQUE PERENNIS
HAC GEMMA ÆTERNUM MIHI TE DESPONDEO DORI.*

That is, "When Prayers are over, the Doge, amidst a profound Silence, advances with great Gravity to the Prow, holding betwixt his Finger and his Thumb a Ring, and as he appears ready to drop it into the Sea, he signifies by a Form of Words, that he thereby espouses her as a Sign of his true and lasting Sovereignty over her." No sooner has the Doge thrown the Ring into the Sea than it is instantly covered with Flowers, and all Kinds of odoriferous Herbs, in order, as they say, to crown the Bride.

The *Bucentaur* then returns with the same Order of Pomp in which she advanced, and stops at the Church of *St. Nicholas de Lido*, where the Patriarch celebrates Mass; when that is over, the Nobility re-enter the *Bucentaur* under the Noise of the Artillery both great and small in the Castle of the *Lido*, and all the Vessels in the Roads; then returning to *St. Mark's* Palace, the Bridegroom, with his Retinue, is there splendidly entertained without so much as thinking of his Bride.

Return of
the *Bucentaur*.

Perhaps you may not be displeased with the following *Concetti* upon this Subject:

*Aut Venus à Venetis sibi fecit amabile nomen;
Aut Veneti Veneris nomen & omen habent.
Orta Maris spumâ fertur Venus, & Venetorum
Si videas Urbem, creditur orta Mari.
Juppiter est illi Genitor: sed Mars Pater huic est;
Mulciberis conjunx illa; sed ista Maris.*

To be serious; I don't at all see the *Cui bono*, the Intention of this Ceremony, which most People of Sense think a very ridiculous one; or why this foolish Marriage is renewed every Year. If it is in order to assure themselves of their Sovereignty over the *Adriatic* Sea, was it not enough that they once espoused her in the Face of all *Europe*? Is a Woman the less married, that her Husband has only once pronounced the dismal for

Ridiculous
business of
this Pageantry.

better

1707. *better and worse?* And would not the latter pass for a very wrong-headed
 Feb. 27. Fellow should he repeat the Ceremony every Year? Besides I never heard
 of this pretended Sovereignty being disputed with the *Venetians*, nor, I be-
 VENICE. lieve, ever will it be disputed.

History of However that may be, the *Venetians* refer the Original of this Institu-
 tion to a Power granted them by Pope *Alexander III.* who had fled to
 its Origin- *Venice*, and whose Enemy *Otho* Son to *Frederic Barbarossa* was defeated,
 nal. and taken Prisoner by the Doge *Sebastian Ziani*. The following is a poeti-
 cal Abridgment of the whole Story:

*Antiqui ritus si vis cognoscere causam
 Expediam paucis (neque enim levis hujus origo est.) **
*Præsul Alexander Romanæ tertius Urbis,
 Ænobarbi armis solio depulsus ab alto,
 Quo fugeret dubius, cui se committeret Ora,
 Præ reliquis Venetum prudens elegit asylum.
 Illinc certa salus profugo, Et victoria fufis
 Hostibus à magno navali Marte Ciano †
 Quo Duce captus Otho Federici martia proles
 Captivas gemuit mergique trabique Triremes,
 Et se magnifico duci potuisse triumpho.
 Excepere Ducem festis applausibus omnes;
 Tum pius Antistes grato spectabilis ore,
 INCLYTE DUX, inquit, SI QUOD NOMENQUE DECUSQUE
 IN TERRIS GERIMUS, NOBIS AUCTORIBUS ISTO
 PIGNORE (de solido pignus fuit annulus auro)
 DESPONSA CARAM SUPERI MARIS AMPHITRITEN,
 ANNUAQUE INSTAURENT VENTURI PACTA NEPOTES.*

Entirely Without entering into any Disquisition whether *Alexander III.* after be-
 fictitious. ing deposed by the Emperor and a great many of the Cardinals, had a
 Right to bestow the Sovereignty of a Sea, which was no more his Pro-
 perty than that of other Princes; I say, supposing this Story to be true as
 represented to us by *Sabellicus*, the Jesuit *Delrio*, and some others; the
Venetians of those Days, and the brave Doge *Ziani*, must have been very
 simple People not to have required of him an authentic Concession of this
 Sovereignty.

The
Venetian
 Sove-
 reignty
 over the
 Adriatic,
 a mere
 Chimera.

If on the other Hand they had such a Concession, how happened it that
 their Ambassador *Hierom Donatus* answered Pope *Alexander VI.* who
 asked him where the Instrument of this Concession was? That "his Ho-
 "linefs needed only to produce the Instrument of the Gift of *St. Peter's Pa-*
 "trimony by *Constantine*, and he would find that of the Concession of the
 "Sovereignty of the *Adriatic* Sea to the *Venetians* endorsed upon that
 "Writing." Besides, the Senate returned the very same Answer in Effect

to

* Ironia.

† The Doge *Sebastianus Zani*.

to another Pope, who demanded what right they had to impose Imposts upon Barks and other Vessels trading in that Sea. From these Circumstances we may conclude, that both these Donations are equally well founded; I mean, that of St. Peter's Patrimony to the Popes by Constantine, and that of the Sovereignty of the *Adriatic* to the Venetians by Pope Alexander III. But to return to the Arsenal.

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'Tis certain, that the Gallies and other Vessels built in the Arsenal of Venice are infinitely preferable to those built elsewhere. *Pancirollus* assures us, that the Senate every Year expends 600,000 Sequins in Gallies; but he perhaps exaggerates in this, as he certainly does when he says, that they can put more Gallies to Sea than almost all the Princes of Europe together; for we are to consider that honest *Pancirol* was an Italian, and very much prejudiced in Favour of the Venetians.

They pretend, that their Vessels of all Sorts last three Times as long as those of any other Nation, because the Wood they are built of is never used till it has lain twelve, fifteen, and sometimes twenty Years in Salt-Water; so that it becomes so solid that it never shrinks after it is used in Building. And that the Builders may never be mistaken, every Piece of Wood is marked with the Day of the Month and Year in which it is put under Water. They likewise use another Precaution, which I think is a very judicious one, which is, that before they venture new-built Gallies to Sea, their Commanders make them every Day three or four Times perform their Exercise from St. Mark's Square to the Lido; and when they find they are quite sound and capable of Service, they send them in a Month or two to the general Rendezvous of their Gallies in the Gulph, which the Republic keeps in Time of War to guard the Entry of the *Adriatic*, and in Time of Peace to scour the Seas of the Pirates who insult their Coasts.

*Pancirol-
lus's Ex-
aggera-
tion about
the Vene-
tian Navy*

The Number of Workmen employed by the Republic, during the Time of Peace in the Arsenal, does not amount to above five hundred; but in Time of War to two thousand. These People are looked upon to be the most loyal Subjects of the State; for besides their ordinary Wages, there is a small Pay allotted to their Children as soon as they are old enough to be in the least serviceable to the Public. All the Workmen have separate Places for working in, and different Works.

Number
of Work-
men in
the Arse-
nal.

*Ingressus videas hinc atque hinc, plurima testæ,
In quibus Artifices varii, varique laboris.
Pars texunt funes, transfennas, vela, rudentes,
Pars fabricant tonsas, malos, carchesia, aplustra.*

The Roperie is indisputably the finest I ever saw in Europe; it is vastly long, and quite covered over-head. Two Rows of Pillars, which support two Galleries, divide its Breadth into three, and those Galleries serve as Store-

The Ro-
perie.

Store-

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Storehouses for the Hemp, which the *Venetian* Subjects upon *Terra firma*, are bound to furnish to the Arsenal at a certain Price which is fixt by the Government. I don't know whether this Hemp is better than that of other Countries, or whether they know how to spin, or to twist it better; but the *Venetian* Cordage and Cables are generally esteemed for their Strength and Wear.

The Ar-
mourers &
Forges.

In another Quarter are the Forges, where all Kinds of Iron-work for Shipping are made; and in another are the Armourers who make Arms of all Kinds, such as Swords, Cutlasses, Pikes, Partisans, Pistols, and Musquets.

*At parte ex alia, massa candente Cyclopes
Neptuni soboles, Opera ad fabrilis sudant
Nudi exercentes ferrum; pars utribus Euros
Includunt, gravidisque emissâ follibus aurâ,
Vulcani exacuunt acies, irasque laceßunt,
Rorantes tenui prunas aspergine lymphæ,
Quò magis ignescant tinctæ, quòque acrius urant,
Mollescantque avidis velocius æra caminis.*

*Haud procul arte nova, nec certo Auctore reperta,
(Hunc quamvis quidam Libin cognomine dicant)
Plurima sicanis veluti formata caminis
Longa terebrato fabricatur machina ferro,
A claro Sclopi cognomen adepta sonore,
Fistula letiales rutilæ per fulgura flammæ
Discutiens glandes, numerosæ grandinis instar,
Fulgure crebra micans, tonitruque horrenda frequenti.*

The
Foundry

The Foundry is likewise worthy of Remark, as well for its Largeness and the Quantity of Molds of Cannons and Mortars that is cast here; as for the Skill of the Workmen, who pretend to have *Nostrums* in this Art, which are to be found no where else. One of their Master-Workmen was at pains to persuade us that the Cannons and Mortars of their Arsenal never wear out in the Touch-holes, like those of other Countries, and imagined he was telling us somewhat that was very singular; but he was astonished at my assuring him, that in *Holland* they had the same Secret. But to cut me short, he told me it might be so; but that he was well assured their Manner of tempering Metals, casting Brasses, and observing the right Shape and true Bore of Guns, was quite unknown any where else. Whatever may be in this, he shewed us a very extraordinary Cannon, for it had four Bores, and some other ones of a prodigious Length and Diameter.

Hic

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*Hic etiam rapidum tandem liquefacta per ignem
Immensi Cyprio funduntur ponderis ære
Tormenta; ignitis (aurem exsurdante fragore
Terricrepe) immanes vomitura è faucibus orbes,
Queis æquanda solo quatiantur mœnia & arces.
Illuc Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani, Siculo translatus ex æquore dicas.*

The same Person who takes the Title of Intendant of warlike Machines, and of those for cleansing the *Lagunes* and Canals, values himself upon his great Knowledge of the Mathematics. He likewise shewed us a great many pretty curious Models, together with a Machine for raising the largest Cannons, and another for reducing their Bores to the utmost Exactness.

All the Workmen in the Arsenal are under the Inspection of a Director-General of the Works, who has the Title of *Great Admiral*. He, properly speaking, is only a Master-Workman, who by his Abilities, and by an assiduous Application has obtained the Intendantship of the Works of the Arsenal. He too wears a Red Satin Gown, and a Violet Damask Cap, with a large Golden Edging. He is the same Officer who, under the Title of *Pilot Royal* of the Republic, commands and steers the *Bucentaur*, when the Doge goes to wed his *Gentle Doris*. But what is pretty singular is, that this Master-Pilot is obliged, upon Pain of Death, to bring the *Bucentaur* back in spite of Winds and Tides, Tempests and Hurricanes, and all the Storm the Heavens can pour out. But this gallant *Typhis* is not such a *Don Quixote* as to risk a great deal this Way; for when he sees the least Appearance of unsettled Weather, or any Cloudiness in the Air, he ever finds means to put the Ceremony off till a better Day.

They likewise shewed us, in one of the Halls, a great many Pair of Colours taken from the *Turks*; together with the Lanthorn which *Don John of Austria* carried in his Galley at the Battle of *Lepante*, gained, as you know, by the *Christian* Princes in the Year 1571. over the *Turks*, who therein lost 189 Gallies, 25000 Men killed, 6000 taken Prisoners, and 20000 *Christians* released from Bondage. The Cuirass of General *Venier*, who commanded the *Venetian* Fleet at the same Battle; that of the brave *Morosini*, who surrendered *Candia*; that of *Scanderbeg* King of *Albania*, whom *Misson*; and all other Travellers I have seen misname *Scanderberg*; *berg* is a *German* Word for a Mountain; and *beg* is *Turkish* for Great (Big); and the Epithet given to this Prince *George Castriot* by the *Turks* is *Scanderbeg*, which is as much as to say *Alexander* the Great, on account of the gallant Actions they had seen him perform. We likewise saw in the same Hall a vast many Arms taken from the *Genoese* in their Wars with the *Venetians*; those of the famous General *Bartholomew Coglione*; a Halbert which discharges Steel-Arrows, an Ell long; a Coat of Mail made of

Intendant
of the Ar-
senal.

Curiosi-
ties shewn
there.

1707. Leather so thick as to be Pistol-Proof; in short, the Casque and the
 Feb. 27. Gauntlets of *Bajamonte Tiepolo* the Ringleader, in a Conspiracy that has
 VENICE. made a great deal of Noise at *Venice*.

C H A P. LXXVII.

Venice. Digression concerning the Conspiracy of Bajamonte Tiepolo, and his Confederates, against the Republic. Some of their Speeches. The Conspirators justified by Authentic Monuments. The Author returns to the Arsenal. It is one of the most considerable in Europe. Its Directors, and excellent Management. The Church of St. Luke. Tomb and Epitaph of the celebrated Aretin. The Ridotti, or Hazard Games. A singular Sport, called, The Herculean Strengths, and well known to the ancient Romans. Boxing Matches among the Venetians exactly described.

True History of the Conspiracy of *Bajamonte Tiepolo*.

ALL the *Venetians*, upon very probable Grounds, refer the Date of this Conspiracy to the Year 1310. but none of them have touched upon the true Motives that induced *Bajamonte* and his Accomplices to take this desperate Resolution. They unanimously agreed, that he designed to make himself the Master of his Country, and to abolish her Liberty, by murdering the Doge and all the Nobility; and upon those Presumptions they have branded him with the Appellation of a second *Catiline*.

Motives of it; the People being excluded from the Government.

But the Manuscript History of this Conspiracy, of which so many Copies are dispersed all over *Italy* and at *Venice* itself, without its being in the Senate's Power to suppress it, gives the following Account of it, viz. That *Peter Gradenigo*, a Noble, being by the Senate's Intrigues chosen Doge in Preference to the noble *James Tiepolo*, whom the Voice of the People pointed out for that Dignity; the former, to be avenged of the popular Party, was bold enough to reform the Council, to which he would admit only those Families who were acknowledged to be noble, and thereby taking from the Burghers and the *Plebeians* all Hopes for the future of ever entering the Senate, consequently changing the Form of Government from Democratical into a true Aristocracy. The Method he made use of to succeed in his Scheme was to carry a Decree into the *Quarantie Criminal*, a Body made up of forty Judges, importing, that all who composed the great Council, for the four preceding Years, should be ballotted for in that Chamber, and that such as had twelve Ballots in their Favour, should, they and their Descendants, compose the great Council for ever after. He caused this Device to be registered, in order to exclude all those who had opposed his Election; and this bold Innovation of the Government was termed, *Il ferrar del Consiglio*.

The Injustice of this Exclusion.

This was undoubtedly a very unjust Undertaking, not only with Regard to the People, but with Regard to a great many considerable Families

fies who were thereby excluded from the Council, in which they had fate before; such as the *Bendelots*, the *Berengues*, the *Balucchins*, the *Verardes*, the *Dentes*, and the *Trunzanos*, who descended from the ancient Tribunes. Such a Revolution could not be effected without occasioning great Disorders. The Resentment of the *Plebeians* was so much the keener, as they saw themselves out of all Manner of Hopes of ever sharing in the Government, and the Nobles too were provoked at seeing so many Families, inferior to their own, now made their Equals. A great many young Nobles had likewise exasperated some of the old Nobility by some personal Affronts, which I shall not mention here; but the *Ferrarese* War, which the Doge *Gradenigo* carried contrary to the Sentiments of the People and Part of the Council, put the finishing Hand to the Divisions of the City.

Bajamonte Tiepolo, the Head of one of the oldest Families in the Republic, joined with the *Quirini*, the *Badoer*, and some other of their most illustrious Houses, having opposed the Undertaking this War, but without Effect, resolved to dispatch the Doge *Gradenigo* for the Novelties he introduced into the Government. The Names of the chief Conspirators were *James* and *Mark Quirin*, *Bajamonte Tiepolo*, Son-in-law to the latter, *Lawrence Tiepolo*, *Peter Badoer*, *Mark Venier*, *Peter Maffeus*, *Bartemi* and *Marin Barocci*, *Marin Basse*, and *Nicolas Barbaro*.

Mark Quirin having assembled them at his House, encouraged them by an animating Speech, which we have at length in the Manuscript. "The Doge *Peter Gradenigo*, said he, having more of the Devil in him than of the Man, has procured a Reformation of the great Council. He saw annually some Heats and Disputes at Elections, but had not Judgment enough to prevent them by any other Remedy than by cutting asunder that Bond of Unity which linked the Affections of all our Fellow-Citizens into one common Interest. Thus he has taken from the Virtuous and Worthy the Means of ever becoming *Venetian* Noblemen; but what must be the infallible Consequence of this? Instead of our Fellow-Citizens, of all Ranks and all Degrees, being unanimous, and ready always to sacrifice their Lives and Fortunes in the Service of their Country, now that they are excluded from her Counsels, and cut off from the Honours that others enjoy, they will lay hold of that justifiable Ground of Dissatisfaction, and no more, as hitherto, venture their All for the Republic."

He was seconded by his brave Son-in-law *Bajamonte*, who said: "That the *Ferrarese* War was chiefly owing to the Ambition of the Doge *Gradenigo*; and that when the Pope sent his Monitory to oblige the *Venetians* to quit that City, the Doge had opposed it with all his Power. That this had been the Cause why a great many *Venetian* Citizens, having been imprisoned in different Places of *Europe*, were sold for Slaves, as being excommunicated, and Rebels to the Holy See. The Love of our Country, continues he, dictates to us that we ought to depose the Doge *Peter Gradenigo* from the Government of this City; and put in

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The principal Conspirators.

Speech of Mark Quirin to the Conspirators.

And of Bajamonte

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his Place a Man who loves the Peace and Happiness of his Country, and one who will suffer their ancient Forms to be neither changed nor innovated; since nothing is so unpopular, nothing so distastful as Alterations of that Kind, especially in Republics, where every new Institution in Governments may give a fatal Blow to Liberty. Let us then chuse a Doge who loves the People, and one who will give them no Reason for hating the Nobility: Mankind naturally is but too apt to entertain bad Notions of their Governors, but Injuries from Governors improve those Notions, and carry them into Aversion. Should we change our Head, I am in hopes that the Appearance of Confusion and Ruin which now prevails all over the City, will soon give way to Regularity and Happiness.

Justification of their Conduct, and fatal Consequences of it to themselves.

I own that I find neither the Spirit nor Fury of a *Catiline* breathing in these Speeches, but rather the Sentiments of Patriots, Enemies to Tyranny, and zealous for the Liberties of their Country. I shall not take upon me to say, that the Conspirators might not have intended to carry their Resentments too far; but why should we swell the Charge against them with Falshoods? The Event of this Conspiracy was unhappy and fatal to its Authors: Some of them were put to Death, their Houses razed to the Ground, and their Memories abolished, and others of them punished with Banishment and Confiscation of Goods. We see to this Day the Palace of the *Quirini* in the *Rialto*, and is now converted into Shambles: And at *St. Augustin*, the Parish where *Bajamonte* lived, a Marble Pillar with the History of the Conspiracy. It was discovered on the Day of *San-Vito's* Feast, being the 15th of *June*; and therefore the Senate, on that Day annually, goes to hear Mass in that Saint's Church; after which the Doge entertains the foreign Embassadors and the Senate at Dinner.

Bajamonte in particular justified.

Don Alphonso de la Cueva, whom we have already mentioned, Author of a Book called *Squitinio della Liberta Veneta*, and *Nicholas Crasso*, who has wrote Notes upon *Gianotti*, agree, that all *Bajamonte's* Design was to depose the Regnant Doge, without any Thoughts of usurping the Government for himself. For my own Part, as I think strict Justice is due to every body, I cannot bear that one, like *Bragadin* Governor of *Famagusta*, who had embrewed his Hands in the Blood of his Prisoners, and in Violation of the Laws of Nations, should pass for a Martyr; no more can I suffer that Patriots, who wish well to their Country, should pass for Traitors. But I don't chuse to burst that Imposthume of Reformation in the *Venetian* Government, which all their Writers take so much care to conceal, and the boldest amongst the Inhabitants of *Venice* dare not so much as mumble over. But to return to the Arsenal.

Further Account of the Arsenal.

I should write a whole Volume if I were to particularize all I saw there. Its Number of Arms and Stores is so great, that your Country-man *Lassels* treats all the Arsenals of *Paris*, *Genoa*, *Zurich*, *Berne* and *Geneva*, as so many *Armourer's-Shops*, in comparison of this one. But honest *Lassels* did not reflect, that this Arsenal is the only one that the Republic of *Venice* has

in *Italy*, and that all her Forces are assembled there. If those of all the Cities of the Seven *United-Provinces* were brought together in like Manner, they would form an Arsenal infinitely better furnished than that of *Venice*. 'Tis however certain, that it is a Place of great Importance, and contains a prodigious Variety of Curious Objects.

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Henry III. of *France*, in his Return from *Poland*, where he had been King, to take the Crown of *France* upon the Death of his Brother *Charles* the IXth, after viewing all the Arsenal, was magnificently treated in it, in a great Hall which is 60 Paces long, by 15 broad. During Dinner-time they entertained him with the Sight of a Galley, which they built and launched before his Eyes, and with the Making of three pretty large Cannons. Though this Fact of building the Galley has been very much exaggerated by all Writers who have described the Arsenal; yet if we reflect a little, there is not a great deal in it; for all the Boards and Pieces of the Galley were ready upon the Stocks, so that all they had to do was to put them together. This Prince was likewise conducted in the *Bucentaur* to *Murano* and the other Neighbouring Isles; but he repayed them for all those Civilities, by making them a Present of the fine Diamond which is now to be seen on the Top of the *Corno* in *St. Mark's Treasury*; besides his submitting to be made a *Venetian Noble*, which was no small Honour for that Body.

Henry III.
of *France*
regaled
in it.

Three of their Nobility, who reside in the Arsenal, are its Directors, or to make use of a *Venetian Term*, its *Providitors*, and govern it like a little Republic. They are changed only once in every three Years, contrary to the Usage of the State as to other Magistracies, which are generally determinable every 16 Months. They keep a good Guard at the Gate and upon all the Towers, of the outer Wall; and the Workmen, who are hired by the Directors, are always at work upon what is necessary for all Kind of Armaments. When they are thirsty they go to a Pump, which runs with Wine and one third Water, and there they are allowed to drink as often as they have a mind. We had Curiosity enough to taste it, but found it wretched Drink; though our Conductor swore to us, *per Dio*, that they drank in the Arsenal 50 or 60,000 Crowns worth of it in a Year. To conclude, there is no Mercy here for Frauds and Malversations; every Fault they are convicted in costs them their Life. Every thing that is made here is marked with the Arms of the Republic, and is so sacred, that if a Man is caught with so much as a Nail with that Mark upon it, he is condemned to the Gallies without Reprieve. I might prolong the Article upon the Arsenal, but I think it already long enough.

Governors of
the Arsenal, and
excellent
Police observed
there.

Having frequently heard, that the Celebrated *Peter Aretin* was buried in *St. Luke's Church*, we went this Morning to see his Tomb, with the *Latin* and *Italian* Epitaphs which some Accounts say are upon it. This Church is not far from the great Canal, immediately behind the *Cornaro Palace* (the Front of which, next to that of *St. Mark's Palace*, is thought

March 1.
St. Luke's
Church.

1707.
March 1.

VENICE.
The
Tomb &
pretended
Epitaphs
of Aretin.

to be the finest in all *Venice*) and they tell us here, that 'tis built exact in the Middle of the City.

The Sacristan of this Church, to whom our Friend Mr. *Kuhn* addrest himself, brought us to that Part of the Church where *Aretin* is buried, along with the Blind-Man of *Adria* * and *Lodovico Dolce*. The first Thing I did was to look out for the Epitaphs of *Aretin*, which we are told by several Travellers are there, the one in *Latin*, and the other in *Italian*, in the following Terms:

*Condit Aretini cineres lapis iste sepultos,
Mortales atro qui sale perfricuit.
Intactus Deus est illi: causamque rogatus,
Hanc dedit: ille, inquit, non mihi notus erat.*

*Qui giace l'Aretin Poëta Tosco,
Che d'ogn'un disse malo, fuor di Dio;
Scusandosi col dir, jo n'o l'conosco.*

House and
another
Epitaph
of the
same.

But I was a good deal surprized to find neither Tomb nor Inscriptions, only a square Stone with the following Words engraved on it; *Sepulchrum trium virorum illustrium*. To make us amends, the Sacristan carried us to the Door of the Church, to shew us *Aretin's* House, which stands on one Side of it, in a small Square called *il Campiello* (the little Field) to distinguish it from the large one, called *il Campo di S. Luca*. This House at present belongs to an Advocate, who lives in it. I remember to have seen somewhere *Aretin's Italian* Epitaph, in the following Manner:

*Qui giace l'Aretin amaro Tosco
Del Seme Human. La cui lingua trafisse
Et vivi & morti. D'Iddio mai mal non disse,
Et si scuso con dir jo n'ol conosco.*

All these Epitaphs upon *Aretin* are taken from an Epigram of *Politianus*, the Point of which is: That he *abused all Beings but God*; and being asked, *Why he did not abuse him*; he answered, *Because he did not know him*.

History of
Aretin.

You know that this Poet had so sarcastic a Turn, that he spared neither *Charles V.* nor *Francis I.* But perhaps you don't know, that one of those

* *Adria* is a small Town where this Person was born, who, though blind, was nevertheless an excellent Advocate, Orator, Philosopher and Poet. He harangued several Times before the Senate and many Doges upon their Elections. He kept up besides a Literary Correspondence with the Princes and learned Men of *Italy*.

Princes sent him a massy Gold Chain, all made of Links in the Figure of Tongues, by way of Hush-Money; and the other, one more massy all wrought into Ears. These Honours swell'd our Poet so, that he caused a Medal to be struck, with his own Busto on the one Side adorned with his Gold Chains, and these Words; *Il Divino Aretino*, (*The Divine Aretin*) On the other Side he is sitting on a Throne, with Royal Embassadors at his Feet bringing him Presents, with the following Motto; *I Principi Tributati da i Popoli, Tributano il servitor loro*. The Italian Princes, whom he had lashed in his *Satyr*s, found a better Way of silencing him than either the Emperor or the King of France, for they ordered him twenty Stabs with a Poniard; however he recovered, but this Chastisement made him wiser and more upon the Reserve afterwards.

The high Altar-Piece of this Church is by *Paul Veronese*, and the two Fine on each Side by old *Palmer*. That on the left represents a last Supper, of a very singular Design: An old Man is upon his Knees before *Jesus Christ*, who seems to stoop a little to put a Host into his Mouth. *Mary Magdalene* holds the Cup, and *Peter*, whose Face the Sacristan assured us was that of *Aretin* taken from the Life, beholds all this Mystery with a very grave Air, attended by two Priests in their Surplices and Stoles who represent the *Blind-Man* of *Adria* and **Lodovico Dolce*. There is here, another excellent Altar-Piece reckoned one of the best Pieces of *Paul Veronese*, representing *St. Jerom* and *St. Catharine*.

They preserve here three of the Thorns that crowned our Saviour, one of the Nails that fastened him to the Cross; which is at least the sixth of the Kind we have seen, and no doubt we shall see a great many more. A Vial full of the Blood of the Innocents slain by *Herod*: An Arm of *St. Athanasius*, and the Head of *St. Basil*, brought by the Doge *Henry Dandolo* from *Constantinople*. If we are to believe the Legend of this Church, they ought to have here likewise the Body of its Patron *St. Luke*, which was brought from *Bursa* to *Venice*, in 1464; but the *Franciscans* of *St. Job* have long made themselves Masters of it, and maintain strongly that the *St. Luke* of the Church of *St. Justina* at *Padua*, is a Counterband one.

We see here also a very fine Busto in White Marble of *Carlo Lotbo*, a famous Painter, with the following Inscription.

*Jo. Car. Lotb. Bavarus.
Suorum Temporum Apelles.
Ob virtutem Penicilli,
Ab Imperatore Leopoldo
Nobilium ordini aggregatus.
Umbram mortis depingere cepit,
VI. Octobris anno M.DC.XCVIII.
Ætatis sue LXVI.*

Busto and
Epitaph
of Carlo
Lotbo a
Painter.

In

* This *Lodovico Dolce* translated some of *Cicero's* Orations into Italian.

1707.
March 1.
VENICE.

The Ri-
dotti, or
Hazard
Games.

In *English*: "*J. Car. Loth. a Bavarian, the Apelles of his Time, nobilitated by the Emperor Leopold for the Excellency of his Pencil, * begun to paint the Shade of Death Octob. 6th 1698. Aged 66.*"

From St. *Luke's* Church we went to the *Ridotti*, i. e. the Place where the Noble *Venetians* keep an open Bank for Play, or what we may call the Academies for *Basset*, which is the only Game play'd here. There are a great many private Gaming-houses open at *Venice* all the Year round; but the Principal one in Carnival-time, is held in a large House near the Square. When their Hour of Walking is over, they who want to play repair thither in such a Crowd, that it is with Difficulty one can go from one Room to another. There are twelve or fifteen of these Rooms joining one another, with a great many Tables all round, at which the Nobility who Bank fit. These Tables have Heaps of Gold and Silver lying on them, and a great many Packs of Cards. No-body enters there without a Mask, or at least a false Beard, a Pastebord Nose, or somewhat to disguise their Face.

The No-
bles have
the sole
Right of
Tallying.

As the Noble *Venetians* have the sole Right of Tallying, they who play against them may lay what Sum they please, and march off with their Winnings, be they ever so high, without any body finding the least Fault with them. But if we are to give heed to private Report, these Noble Gamesters know so much of the matter, that it is seldom seen the Bank is not the Winner. However that may be, they generally understand the Business of Tallying so well, that even the best Gamesters are out-witted. Yet 'tis surprizing to see how madly fond most Strangers at *Venice* are of bringing in their Money to those Nobles, who laugh at them when they have stript them. Sometimes however a lucky Hit happens, which makes the Tallyers bite their Finger's Ends. The Elector of *Bavaria*, who was here in Carnival-time, some Years ago, had such a Run of Luck, that he broke three or four Banks, and won 50 or 60,000 Sequins. But this very rarely happens, and for one who wins, thousands are ruined. The same Nobleman does not always keep the same Bank all Carnival-time: The Tables are possessed by different Gentlemen, who sometimes associate with others, and sometimes play upon their own private Accounts.

Great
Phlegm of
the *Vene-
tians* at
Play.

But what I thought most extraordinary in all those *Ridotti*, was, that though there is always a vast Crowd of Company, yet there is observed the most profound Silence, greater even than in their Churches, and 'tis astonishing to see how coolly they win and lose the largest Sums; so that one would swear he had got into an Academy of Stoics, who came there to be taught Moderation either in good or bad Fortune.

The
Ladies re-
sort to
Gaming-
houses.

The Noble *Venetian* Ladies repair thither in great Numbers, as well as the Courtifans, who are seen there in great Crowds. But the former enjoy this Privilege only in Carnival-time, and even then they don't enjoy it with so much Freedom as they could desire, for they are watched wherever they go, either by their Husbands, or Spies whom their Husbands place upon them. However, this does not hinder but that Gentlemen, who have no

mind

* Or to keep to the Humour of the Original, *became himself the Picture of Death.*

Mind to play, may have some Chat with them in separate Rooms from those where the Playing goes forward, and where they may have for their Money, Sweetmeats, Liquors, Ice'd Water, and even Venison and Wild-Fowl, and Meat ready drest; so that one may come to sup here when they come from the Play-House or the Opera, to which People generally go when they leave the *Ridotti*.

1707.
March 1.
VENICE.

This has been a Day of real Confusion, the whole City is in a Stir, which will last all the rest of the Holydays. Early in the Morning they turned out a great many Bulls to run in the Streets. You will be surprized at this Whim; but softly, you shall know the Reason presently: Besides that their Running about makes their Flesh more tender, they serve to divert the young Nobility. 'Tis pleasant to see those Gentlemen, forgetting their usual Gravity, strip off their Gowns, and themselves holding the Ropes that are tied to the Bulls Horns, make them be baited by the Dogs, and run after them all over the City.

March 2.
Courses
and Bait-
ings of
Bulls.

The *Venetians*, who like the old *Romans*, live upon Bread and Shews, (*Panem and Circenses*) flock to the Squares to see these Bull-Baitings. They are enclosed only by slight Bars, because those Animals are not near so wild here, as in *Spain* or elsewhere; for two Men are sufficient to manage one of them, by a Rope tied to their Horns. As soon as they get within the Bars, the People then slip the Dogs at them, who course them about for some time, till they can find a fair Opportunity of fastening upon their Throat or their Ears, which they do with such Eagerness, that it requires prodigious Pains to make them let go their Hold; which they generally do by squeezing them strongly by their Testicles. In the same Squares they likewise bait Bears with Dogs, both which are bred up on purpose to give the People this Entertainment, for they are madly fond of all Kind of Shews. But the most diverting Sight of all is, when a Bull (as we saw happen to Day) who is hard beset with the Dogs, jumps over the Bar, overthrows some of the Scaffolds, which are erected all round the Square, and puts the whole Company into Confusion. The Cows and Bulls which they drive along the Streets likewise create a great deal of Confusion; for the Smallness of the Streets frequently puts those who are walking along under great Difficulties, especially when in turning one of those narrow Lanes he all at once meets one of those Animals with the Dogs at his Heels.

Venetians
very fond
of these
Shews.

If the Bull-Races and Baitings occasion great Noise and Disturbance, the Diversion here called *the Forces of Hercules*, are executed with great Order and Silence. The Common People are so much the fonder of these two Diversions, as they themselves exhibit them to the Public. The *Forces of Hercules* are represented by certain Companies of Bargemen, who inhabit the Quarters of *Castel* and *St. Nicholas*, which lie at the two Extremities of the City; so that the former pass by the Name of *Castellans*, and the latter by that of *Nicolotes*. Such is the Jealousy and Emulation that prevails

The
Forces of
Hercules,
described.

1707.
March 2.
VENICE.

This Sport
described.

betwixt those two Parties, that they are Foes to one another, and each of them exercise themselves in Boxing and in the *Forces of Hercules*, that they may get the better of their Antagonists.. This Diversion is performed in the following Manner.

A Score of young Fellows of the *Castellan* Party first appear upon a large Scaffold erected directly over against St. *Mark's* Palace. They are very neatly drest in Waistcoats and Drawers of Brocade, or some other party-coloured Silk, with little Bells fixt to their Garters. As they mount the Scaffold by an easy Ascent, each carries upon his Shoulders one of his Companions, in a very singular Manner. For the latter have only their Right-foot upon the Shoulder of those who support them, and lean forward Side-ways with their two Arms extended, the one up and the other down; so that marching in this Manner one after another, and each of them holding in one Hand the End of the Foot of the Person who is before him thrust out to him, they look like a Chain of Men in the Air, who seem to support one another only by the End of the Hand and the Foot.

When the first Figure is executed with the Applause of the Spectators, they then march in Cadence to the Whistle of one of their Company, and the Tinkle of the little Bells hung at their Garters. They keep always turning round, without ones hearing the least Discord betwixt the Whistle and the little Bells. From time to time, they throw themselves into different Figures, both as to their Situations and extraordinary Postures. Sometimes four of the strongest amongst them, forming an Arch with their Bodies bent back, support six, seven, and sometimes eight of their Companions all at once, upon the Arcade formed by their Bellies. Sometimes four others with the Ends of two large Poles upon their Shoulders, carry eight others upon them, all standing upright to the Height of five Men, including a Boy of fifteen or sixteen Years of Age, who keeps always standing on the Shoulders of the topmost Man, and as it were points the Pyramid. At another time we see them with two Men standing on one another's Shoulders, and sit and raise themselves several times with that ponderous tottering Load. At last, after throwing themselves into several Figures by their different Postures, which require equally extraordinary Dexterity and Prodigious Force, they march down the Scaffold in Cadence, to make room for an equal Number of young Fellows of the opposite Party.

Prodigious
Emula-
tion
among the
Perform-
ers.

Emulation prompts these latter to outdo the Performances of the others, both in Variety of Postures, and the Difficulty of executing the Figures. But it often happens that this Emulation of out-doing, makes some one or other of the Company, who is weaker and less perfect in the Exercises than the others, lose the Victory to his own Party by a Fall, and thereby demolishing the whole Œconomy of the artful Fabrick. 'Tis then pleasant to observe the Consternation of some, and the joyful Shouts of others, which joined with the Acclamations of the People ravished with those Spectacles, make such a Noise all over the Square, that one is frequently obliged to stop one's Ears, that he may not be deafned with the Noise.

The

The *Venetians* boast of having invented those several Figures; but with no Justice on their Side, for they were practised by the ancient *Romans*. *Claudian* mentions them in his Poem upon the Consulate of *Manlius Theodorus*.

1707.
March 2.
VENICE.
This Sport
practised
among the
Ancient
Romans.

*Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque ædificant celeri crescentia nexu,
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in artem
Emicat, & vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu. **

The Boxing-Matches that are fought by the *Castellans* and the *Nicolotti* which they do with such mutual Animosity, that upon those Occasions they hold one another as mortal Enemies. Even the Nobility become Parties, by their declaring for one or other of these Factions; only with this Difference, that the Nobility make a Diversion of what the others look upon as an Affair of the utmost Consequence, and strongly affecting their Reputation. The Senate, who refine upon the meere Trifles, are well enough pleased to foment those Divisions, because should the People form any Conspiracy against the Nobility, they would be sure of speedy Assistance from one or other of those Parties: Especially the *Castellans*, who looking upon themselves as of a Rank superior to their Rivals, appear most attached to the Nobility, and most loyal to the Government.

Boxing-
Matches.

The Passion to be esteemed a good Boxer runs so strong among the *Gondoliers* and the People, that it requires the Interposition of the Council of Ten, who are the Judges of Civil Polity, to prevent Boxing-Matches from being publicly fought every Day at *Venice*; and after all, the Captains and their *Sbirri* have their Hands full to prevent it. Even the little Children in the Street have their Parties and Quarrels; and when they know one another to be of different Sides, they never part without a Brush at Boxing. On such Occasions it is at *Venice*, just as it is at *London*; People stop to see the Match, they make a Circle, they animate the Combatants, and have a Pleasure in seeing them all over Blood.

Excessive
Fondness
of the
Common
People
for them.

The common Theatre for set Battles betwixt Man and Man, is the Bridge of St. *Barnabas*. This Bridge is equally advantageous to both Parties having an equal Number of Steps on each Side, with two Keys, each of which can contain an almost equal Number of Boxers; besides, the Canal being very long and strait, the Houses on its Sides are extremely convenient for the great Crowds of Spectators who are present at those Fights; and the Windows being quite full, the Roofs, the Keys and neighbouring Bridges covered with Spectators, without counting the prodigious Numbers that are in Boats and Gondolas upon the Canal.

The Place
where
they are
performed

4 B 2

Two

* Mr. *Addison*, in Conformity to his Plan, gives us rather an imperfect Hint, than a Description of this Diversion, that he may have an Opportunity of Illustrating this Passage of *Claudian*.

1707.

March 2.

VENICE.

Regula-

tions ob-

served up-

on those

Occasions

Manner of

Fighting.

No other

Reward

for the

Fighters

than Ap-

plauses.

Two noted Burghers, formerly celebrated Boxers, and frequently victorious, are Judges of the Combat. As soon as they come upon the Field of Battle, they throw off their Cloaks, and settle the Terms of the Match, which are as follow. "No striking an Antagonist when he is down, under Pain of being accounted a Coward. That the Victory shall fall to the Party who shall draw the first Blood of the other, either at Mouth or Nose. If after three several Attacks no Blood shall be drawn, the Combatants shall separate to give place to others, but that they shall first embrace upon the Field of Battle. That he who shall toss his Enemy into the Canal, shall win a double Victory." And lastly, "that if any Champion of one Party, shall appear too formidable for any of the contrary Party to take him up, the Honour he thereby gains shall be as great, as if he had beat several of his Enemies."

When those Preliminaries are settled, the two Judges place themselves upon the highest Part of the Bridge, which is a kind of a Platform of about four or five Feet square, without Rails or Balustrades. The Combatants immediately advance to the two opposite Angles of the Platform, leaving the two other Angles for the Umpires, that they may be the better able to judge of the Strokes that are exchanged. In a trice they whip off their Shoes, their Waistcoats and Shirts, gird up their Loins with Scarfs, tuck their Hair under their Caps, draw a Glove upon their Right-hand, and begin to box. The Blows they exchange are very severe and heard a great way off, especially when they fall directly upon their bare Sides; and very often a single one is enough to knock a Man down. Sometimes one of the Combatants is seen suspended aloft quite over the Bridge, and hanging in the Hair of his Adversary's Head, who after fruitlessly doing all he can to disengage himself, is often obliged to leap along with his Foe into the Canal, where their Animosity instantly ends.

Others amongst them are so strong, that by the Blows which they incessantly dart forward without ever closing in with their Antagonist, they force him to jump directly into the Canal; the Conqueror then makes use of a thousand antic Tricks to express his Joy for what the Laws of Boxing have determined to be a double Victory, and those of his Party shew their Satisfaction in a thousand redoubled *Vivats* or *Huzzas*.

These two Fellows no sooner quit the Field, than it is immediately filled with two others, each of whom are powerfully encouraged by their Party to behave manfully. The Noble *Venetians* animate their several Champions; they hang over the Windows, shaking their Handkerchiefs, and promising them Money as a Reward of their Bravery; for the Combatants fight for no other Prize than the Reputation of being the most expert at those *knock-down Arguments*. So vain are they of this Glory, that they cause themselves to be drawn in the same fierce intrepid Posture they use to engage in, with their Name and an Abridgment of the History of their gallant Exploits affixed. In the mean time, they are on both Sides very careful and exact in counting up the Number of their several Victories, that they

they may know which Side has the better ; but they most esteem those who have driven the greatest Number of Foes into the Canal.

There are two other Sorts of Boxing-Matches ; the one called *la Frotta*, is where several engage on a Side ; the other *la Guerra Ordinata* (a pitched Battle) is a general Engagement betwixt the two Parties ; but as we saw neither of those, I cannot undertake to describe them.

1707.
March 2.
VENICE.
Other
Boxing-
Matches.

C H A P. LXXVIII.

The Ceremony of cutting off the Head of a Bull, and Origin of that ludicrous annual Custom. The Opera's of Venice described, and Encomium of the Italian Music. Their Perfections and Defects. Criticism upon the French Operas, and all these Entertainments in general. Several curious Particulars concerning those of Venice. Excessive Fondness of the Venetians for Music. Their Comedies very bad. Monstrous Indecencies committed at those Plays. Other Sorts of Entertainments at Venice.

IF Yesterday was a Day of Confusion, this has been one of Trouble and Disorder. Two hundred *Turkish* Gallies at *Lido* would not have caused more Disorder and Bustle. The whole City ever since Morning has been in a perpetual Motion ; the Shops have been shut, and nothing seen all over the Streets but People armed with Hatchets, Cutlasses, Clubs, and Bludgeons, with other Kinds of Weapons, in the whole making a most horrible Noise and Uproar ; in short, the whole Air seemed to be in a real Sedition, so that I could not help calling to mind the following beautiful Passage in *Virgil* :

March 3.
The Ceremony of cutting off the Head of a Bull.

— magno in Populo sic sæpè coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus ;
Jamque faces & saxa volant, furor arma ministrat.

But our Friend Mr. *Imberti* happening to visit us in the mean time, upon my asking him the Reason of all this Uproar, he told us, that what we mistook for a Sedition, was no other than Preparations for a Public Festival, the chief Ceremonies of which are performed in *St. Mark's Square*, in Presence of the Senate and the foreign Embassadors. This Festival consists in cutting off the Head of a Bull, to commemorate the happy Success of the Republic's Arms in a War, wherein she assisted the Patriarch of *Grada*, against the Patriarch of *Aquilea*. The former having very often taken up Arms to oppress the latter, at last besieged him in his own City ; but by the Time in which he hoped to take it, he was himself attacked, defeated and taken by the *Venetians*. This unfortunate Prelate, whom the

And its
Origin.

History

1707. History names *Utric*, was condemned to have his Head cut off in *St. Mark's*
March 3. Square, with twelve of his most trusty Canons.

VENICE.
 Extraor-
 dinary
 Tribute
 imposed
 upon a
 Patriarch.

However, Tradition tells us, that they were contented with putting him to Death in Prison, and that they beheaded in Public a Bull and twelve Pigs, who are pretty just Representatives of Canons as to their way of Living. And further, to perpetuate the Memory of this Event, they imposed a pretty comical Tribute upon his Successors in the See of *Aquilea* and its Chapter, which was, to send every Year to *Venice* upon *Shrove-Thursday*, a Bull and twelve Pigs. But one of those Patriarchs and his Chapter making the Republic a handsome Present of Money during its War in *Candia*, the Tribute was remitted, and the State was satisfied with causing a Bull's Head to be publicly cut off, meerly to please the People. This, continued our Friend, is the noble Subject of all this mighty Bustle and Parade; and if you have any Curiosity to see the Ceremony, and to assist at this fine Festival, I am ready to attend you to *St. Mark's* Square. Having taken him at his Word, to the Square we went, and by means of a *Sequin* we got upon a Scaffold, where we saw at our own Ease the whole of this ridiculous Ceremony, which is as follows.

The Pre-
 parations
 of this
 Festival
 very lu-
 dicrous.

The Republic, which is always careful not to lose the Remembrance of any of their Victories, takes care that this Advantage, which their Arms obtained over the Patriarch of *Aquilea*, shall be annually celebrated on *Shrove-Thursday*; and though it has at first all the Appearance of a deep Tragedy, it ends in a very ridiculous Farce. All the Butchers and Farriers in the City dressed up in a very comical Manner, with every thing they can borrow that is fine, repair tumultuously in Companies to *St. Mark's* Square, and 'tis the most diverting Sight in the World to see some of them armed with rusty Halberts, others of them with Hatchets and large Scymiters, others with Pikes and Partisans, others of them with old broad Swords, which take both their Hands to wield; in short, it is a Masquerade of the most Burlesque Kind. This diverting Militia passes, as it were, in Review before the Nobility and the Embassadors, who are in a Hall in the first Story of the Palace, and the Irregularity of their Procession, together with the whimsical Diversity of their Arms and Dresses, is certainly a most diverting Shew. Some of them marching along with the greatest Gravity, and making profound Reverences, others of them running and looking fiercely upon the Nobility without uncovering themselves, with Trumpets marching on foot at the Head of each Company, and being sometimes obliged to run as others do, and blow as they run; in short, the whole has rather the Air of a Popular Emotion, than that of a Solemnity.

As also
 the Festi-
 val itself.

When the Procession is closed, the Nobility repair to the Gallery which looks into the Square, and then the formidable Butcher, who is destined to give the fatal Blow to the Bull, which represents the Patriarch *Utric*, comes gravely up to the poor Animal, and cuts off his Head with a single blow

Blow of a Cutlass. This thundering Stroke draws Peals of Applause from Numbers of People in the Square, the Palace, the Procuraties, and on a vast Number of Scaffolds which are erected on purpose for this ridiculous Ceremony. Afterwards we were entertained with the Exhibition of a Fire-work in broad Day-light, which was but very indifferent. Then the Boatmen and Tumblers divert the Nobility and the Assembly with their Dancing and Tumbling: But what draws the loudest Shouts from the People is, a Fellow who flies along a Rope, stretched from the Top of St. Mark's Steeple to the Mast of the Galley, which always lies betwixt the two Pillars of the *Broglio*.

1707.
March 3.
VENICE.

Mean time, and amidst all this Tumult and Confusion in the City, some devout Souls are busied in performing Works of Piety, as it were, to atone for the Extravagances of their Neighbours. Seventy two Pilgrims and thirty three Orphans go in solemn Procession in the Forenoon to the *Oratory of Incurables*, where the Fathers of the Oratory give them a good Dinner, and serve them, as a Mark of their Humility; so that one may easily conclude that they go rather to fill their Bellies than to pray to God. What a Medley of Farces here is in one Day!

Religious
Cere-
mony per-
formed
at the
same
Time.

As they let loose all this Day a great many Bulls all over the City, and even in a great many Parts of it fight with them, every Body is at Liberty to arm themselves with what Weapons they think fit, excepting Fire-Arms, which are very rigorously prohibited at all Times. But this Indulgence makes People, who are at Enmity with one another, be upon their Guard, and very strictly watch one another's Motions.

Ball-bait-
ings.

As soon as this Ceremony and the other Diversions upon the Square were over, we went to the Opera; but don't imagine that it was for the first Time. On the contrary, we have been there very often, and at the Playhouse too; and the Reason why I have not as yet spoke to you of those Entertainments is, because I wanted to speak of them with the greater Certainty. The noble *Cornaro* has several Times done us the Honour of giving us a Place in his Box, and we have more than once made use of the Key which the noble *Mocenigo* was so kind as to send us of his. Both these Civilities are Proofs that the noble *Venetians*, as I have already observed, are not always so haughty towards Strangers as is generally given out.

The
Opera's of
Venice
described.

Give me leave, Sir, to take this Opportunity of giving you my Sentiments about the *Italian* Music. The more I hear it, the more I am persuaded that it outdoes by far all other Music in the World. The Airs of it are divine, the Trills wonderful, and nothing can come up with the Silver Voices of their Eunuchs. These are Truths wherein all People of Sense and Taste are agreed, excepting perhaps one single Man, I mean Mr. *Misson*. His critical Ear was by no Means delighted with these *Inspid Entertainments*, as he calls them, much less with the *Italian Recitativo*. In short, he finds something aukward, perplexed, and disagreeable in their Chant-

The Ita-
lian Mu-
sic pre-
ferable to
all others,
and piti-
ful Rea-
sonings of
Mr. Mis-
son.

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ings, and to that Degree *that he waits with Impatience for the Conclusion of the Piece, before he has heard one fourth of it.*

This unaccountable Taste and Decision appears the more absurd by what he adds concerning the *Castrati*: *That these Wretches have been so mean-spirited as to suffer themselves to be thus mutilated, merely for the Sake of having a finer Voice.* How could this Notion enter into our learned Traveller's Head? since it is known to every one, that these poor Fellows did not *cease to be Men* with their own Consent, but merely thro' the Avarice of their Parents, who reduced them to that Condition, at an Age so tender, that scarce one in a hundred remembers any Thing of the Operation? It is allowable to censure the Vices of the *Italians*, as well as those of all other Nations: But it is the highest Piece of Injustice to charge them with those they are certainly not guilty of.

Perfections and Defects of the Operas Italian

I grant, with Regard to the Opera, that their Machines are pitiful, especially if we compare them with those of the Opera of *Paris*. But this is not surprising, when it is considered, that in *France* it is a great Monarch who defrays the whole Expence, whereas at *Venice* it is only supported by private Persons. If their Theatres are ill-lighted, they are nevertheless grand and magnificent; and if their Ballets are paltry, their Decorations are splendid and well diversified. Their Dresses are not *very wretched*, as Mr. *Misson* again asserts; on the contrary, most of those I have seen were exceeding rich. I own that their *Castrati* are in general miserable Actors as to Gesture; but then their charming Voices compensate in a good Measure this Defect, and all others I have mentioned.

But this is not all. Besides the Eunuchs, the *Venetians* also make choice of the finest Singing-Women in all *Italy*. Nay, they will invite a Girl or Woman of Reputation to come to them from any Country in *Europe*, and allow her no less than five or six hundred Pistols, besides travelling Charges, tho' it be but to sing in Time of the Carnival. Add to this, that you are sure to be entertained with a charming Symphony, composed of Lutes, Theorbos, Harpsicords, and some excellent Violins, not indeed in so great Numbers as in *France*, but which accompany the Voice with admirable Justness.

The principal Fault in those Entertainments.

The greatest Fault I find in the *Italian Operas* is, that they are, for the most Part, wrote by Poets who are ignorant of the true Rules of the Theatre; therefore no wonder if their Plots are commonly ill conducted, and that Probability in them is almost always shocked even to an incredible Absurdity. Besides, it is a Thing monstrously incongruous in my Opinion, to see the Personage of a *Junius Brutus*, of a *Mutius Scaevola*, of a *Manlius Torquatus*, or some other brave austere *Roman* in the Time of the Republic, represented by so ludicrous an Actor as a *Castratus*, a half Man, almost without Gesture, without Fire capable sufficiently to express the great and noble Passions of the Soul, and what is worse, with a shrill squeaking Voice, more proper to personate the Character of a Woman than that of a Heroe.

I

—*Mutium*

— Mutium sævumque Neronem

Quàm malè vultus agit, quem non exasperat ulla
Barba, decemve pili saltèm! Non crista minacem,
Ensis, & aurata captivi casside crines,
Actorem præstare valent, si clune soluto
Cervet, & impuro jugulantur gutture voces.

But notwithstanding all this, let Mr. Mifson ask an *Italian* what he thinks of the *French* Operas? He will answer, that they are infinitely more deficient than those of his own Country. He will say, for instance, that in *France* they often sing so low, and pronounce so indistinctly, that most of the Audience, especially Foreigners, even the most expert in the Language, have the greatest Difficulty imaginable to understand any of the Words. He will also object that the grand Chorus of Music, which so often fills the whole *French* Theatre, is exceeding shocking to an *Italian*, who thinks, not unreasonably, that such a Multiplicity of Instruments is more suitable in a Church than at an Opera: That the great Number of Violins drown, as it were, all the other Instruments, and can please none but the *French*, who, for the most Part, are naturally fond of great Noise; that, tho' they succeed to Admiration in the Dancing Part, they mix too much of it in their Operas: In fine, that in his Opinion there is not Plot enough in the *French* Operas; that their Compositions are too short, and that he cannot endure that Name to be given to continued Sets of Dancing and Music, which have not any just Relation to, nor natural Connection with the Subjects.

A Criticism on
French
Operas.

Upon the whole, and to speak freely, I am no very great Admirer of what is called Tragedies in Music or Operas. Their Magnificence pleases me well enough; the Machinery is somewhat surprising; the Music is moving in several Parts; the Symphony, and the fine *Overtures* are ravishing: In a Word, the whole at first Sight appears marvellous; but all these Wonders vanish to my Eyes, when I consider that those Pieces are at Bottom absolutely repugnant to common Sense; and that it is the most ridiculous Thing in Nature to make all those Compositions be sung from the Beginning to the End. In fine, nothing to me seems more impertinent than for one to impart a Secret to his Friend in Song, to hold a grave Consultation in *Recitativo*, to call a Servant in Music, and to knock down People in hakes Sand Quavers. For these Reasons I think we may call the Operas, as they are managed at present, *magnificent Fooleries*, set off with *Music, Dancing, Machinery, and Decorations*. The worst of it is, that the excessive Fondness for those pompous Trifles, which has diffused itself at this Day almost over all *Europe*, will perhaps soon be the Ruin of Tragedy, which I look upon as the most proper Entertainment for rational Souls, and the fittest to inflame them with the Love of Virtue, and noblest Actions.

Judicious
Reflexions upon
Operas
in general.

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Several

curious

Particula-

rities con-

cerning

the Ope-

ras of Ve-

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The En-

thusiasm

of the Ve-

netians for

Music.

And

Fondness

for Sing-

ing Wo-

men.

Their Co-

medies are

very bad.

Before we leave this Article of the Operas of *Venice*, I shall observe farther, that there are acted in that City five or six different Operas all at once: So much are its Inhabitants captivated with the Charms of Music! The Theatres belong to some of the Nobility, who raise a considerable Revenue from the Boxes which they let out, either for the whole Carnival, or only for a Day. The Ladies of Quality frequent those Entertainments every Night, especially towards the End of the Carnival. There they make (for they are allowed to use them at that Time) their Appearance all sparkling with Jewels; and the Brightness of the lighted Tapers which they have in their Boxes, set them off to all Advantage in the Eyes of their Gallants, whom they give to understand, by certain Signs, that they are pleased with their Assiduity, or dissatisfied with their Coldness.

There is something very diverting to hear the noisy Clamours which the Gondoliers or Watermen raise, when an excellent Voice has made an End of some moving Air. These Fellows, who are, as I have said before, in great Numbers, may always enter *Gratis*, and scarce do any Thing else at the Operas than applauding the Actors. Nothing is more entertaining than the Vows and Prayers which they put up in Favour of him or her who has been singing; and the Burden of all commonly is: *Blessed be thou; blessed be the Father who begat thee!* Nor are they the only People who make such a Bustle in giving their Applauses. You often see several of the Nobles bending forward at once half out of their Boxes; and you hear them crying out aloud, especially when it is a Woman, *Cara, Cara*, adding in their Enthusiasm, *that they are going to throw themselves down headlong thro' Excess of Pleasure.*

Amidst these Acclamations, others toss into the Boxes or Pit Sonnets, or other Verses, composed in Honour of the excellent Singer, whom they always call *divine incomparable Beauty*, tho' she be often ugly in the highest Degree. Nevertheless, ugly as she is, the Charms of her Voice induces many of the Nobles to make it a Point of Honour to get her into their Possession, and the Strife is who shall carry her by Presents of the greater Value. The History of a Nobleman of the *Cornaro* Family is known here to every Body. He took it in his Head to dispute a celebrated Singing-Girl with the Duke of *Mantua*, and won her at last against that Prince, by the immense Sums he would needs sacrifice to his headstrong Humour. This is all that I can say of the *Venetian* Operas, which are reckoned the finest of all *Italy*. And no Wonder, since it is to the *Venetians* we owe the Invention of those Entertainments.

As for Comedy, it is only acted among them during the Carnival; at present they have three different Companies of Comedians, and all of them extremely bad. Formerly the *Italians* used to compose some pretty regular Pieces, as the *Pastor Fido* of *Guarini*, the *Aminta* of *Tasso*, the *Filis* of *Scyre*, and several others; but their present Compositions do not deserve to be called Comedies, they are scarce any Thing but pitiful Rhapsodies, patched up with different Shreds, taken out of several Plays, to which every

every Actor adds out of his own Head whatever he judges proper. Thus you find nothing in them of a consistent Plan, no Connection of Subject, nor any Character well kept up to the End. They are void of all Taste; a false Wit reigns throughout, and all from first to last is but a Heap of *Concetti* in the Mouths of mad Lovers, of *Fustian* in the Mouths of their Doctors, and cold Jokes from their Harlequins. These miserable Productions however fail not to give great Diversion to the Spectators; for whatever has the Name of Entertainment, throws the *Italians* in general, especially those at *Venice*, into such a strong Enthusiasm of Pleasure, that they are disposed to take every Thing that offers indifferently, be the Subject ever so pitiful and uninteresting.

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I must however confess that they are inimitable in their Grimaces, and in their Postures; that they excel in Agility; that they are incomparable in changing and turning their Faces into what Shapes they please. In a Word, I allow them to be the best Pantomimes in the World. But all is out of Nature in the other Personages, except that of the Pantaloon, who is the only one that exceeds not Probability. This Character is indeed no other but a true Copy in Dress, in Words and Actions, of what the noble *Venetians* exhibit in Life every Day; who, however surprising it may appear, suffer themselves to be thus acted, and ridiculed upon the Stage without the least Concern, because it pleases the Multitude.

The *Italians* in general good Pantomimes.

Le Festin de Pierre, or *Peter's Banquet*, which we saw acted, is, in a Manner, the only *Venetian* Play wherein there is any Thing like a Coherence; and therefore highly esteemed among them. The Throng was so great upon that Occasion that we had much ado to get a Place. Now this Comedy, which is scarce tolerable even in *French*, is execrably bad in *Italian*. Yet the People of Distinction, as well as the Mob, claped immoderately at every Impertinence uttered by Don *Juan*, or his Valet. For my Part I was not able to see the whole of it, without wishing more than once, that the Author had been Thunder-struck with his Atheist.

One of their best Plays is yet very bad.

The young Nobles frequent Comedy, not only to laugh at the gross Obscenities which the Actors pronounce still more plainly than upon the *English* Stage, but also to act there themselves very indecent Parts. They have commonly Courtizans in their Boxes, and do Actions so shocking to Modesty, that it is scarce credible except one see it. Another of their fine Diversions is to spit upon those in the Pit, and to let fly among them ends of lighted Candles, rotten Oranges, and other like Things, which they chiefly fling at those who are somewhat genteelly dressed. Those Gentlemen may commit all these Abuses with Impunity, because the Comedy and the Opera are privileged Places, where the least Violence is a Kind of State-crime; not to mention, that there is always at the Door a Set of *Ruffians* armed and masked, whom they constantly keep in their Pay, to protect them in Case of Necessity.

Indecencies of the young *Venetian* Nobles at Comedy.

The

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Other
Abuses
there com-
mitted.

Many
Italian
Plays full
of Im-
pities.

They are
much
more or-
derly at
the Opera

Other
Enter-
tainments
at Venice.
The *Fref-
co* and
Regates.

The Disorder is heightened by the Watermen, who applaud with loud Uproar the least Buffooneries of the Harlequins or Scaramouches. On the contrary, when an Actor does not please them, they raise such terrible Hissings at him, that they oblige him to withdraw with Confusion, to give Place to those who are best able to make them laugh. The young Nobles often join them, and by their Clamours outvay those of the Watermen. All this joined to the unbounded Freedoms in which the Comedians indulge themselves, makes sober People be much more disgusted than entertained with their Comedy.

I forgot to take notice that several of their Plays, and some of those we saw represented, are so full of Impieties, that they raise Horror in the Minds of all who have any Notion of Religion. Without the Bounds of the State of *Venice*, the Inquisitors would infallibly take Cognizance of such Things; but here the Power of that *Holy Office* is so limited, that the People say and do whatever they please. In short, nothing is scarce reckoned criminal here but what is said or done against the Republic.

To conclude, most People go in Mask to the Comedy and Opera, that they may be there with more Freedom; but all Things are managed at the Opera with much more *Decorum* than at the Comedy: On the one Hand, because the *Venetians* are generally in Love with Music, even to Distraction; and on the other, because it is frequented by the more polite and sober Sort of People.

There are a great many other Entertainments at *Venice*, which are only for the Summer-Season. The *Fresque* or *Fresco* is a Kind of airing upon the Water, and is held at the Extremity of the great Canal, because there are fewer Barks towards that Side. It begins generally the second *Sunday* after *Easter*, and continues till towards the End of *September*. The *Regates* are Rowings of Barks for a Prize proposed by the Nobility from one End of the great Canal to the other. A wonderful Order is observed in this, and nothing can be finer than to see the Windows and Balconies of the Palaces and Houses all along the Canal, adorned with Tapistry and Cushions of different Colours, with a prodigious Number of People, which cover on all Hands the Roofs, the Bridge of the *Rialto*, and a vast Number of Gondolas. There scarcely being a Person in the whole City who is not a Spectator at those agreeable Entertainments. But one of the greatest Singularities in those Diversions is to see the Women bearing their Parts, as they very often do among the Men. For by being used to go a Fishing along with their Husbands, they row with almost as much Skill as they do, and have Strength enough for a Bout of two Miles.



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*Si quem dura manet Sententia Iudicis olim
 Damnum erumnis suppliciiisque caput ;
 Hunc neque fabrilis lassent ergastula massa,
 Nec rigidas vexent fossa metalla manus :
 Lexica contexat ; nam cetera quid moror ? Omnes
 Penarum facies hic labor unus habet.*

JULIUS SCALIGER.



F I N I S.

